The Real Story of Groucho and Margaret Dumont

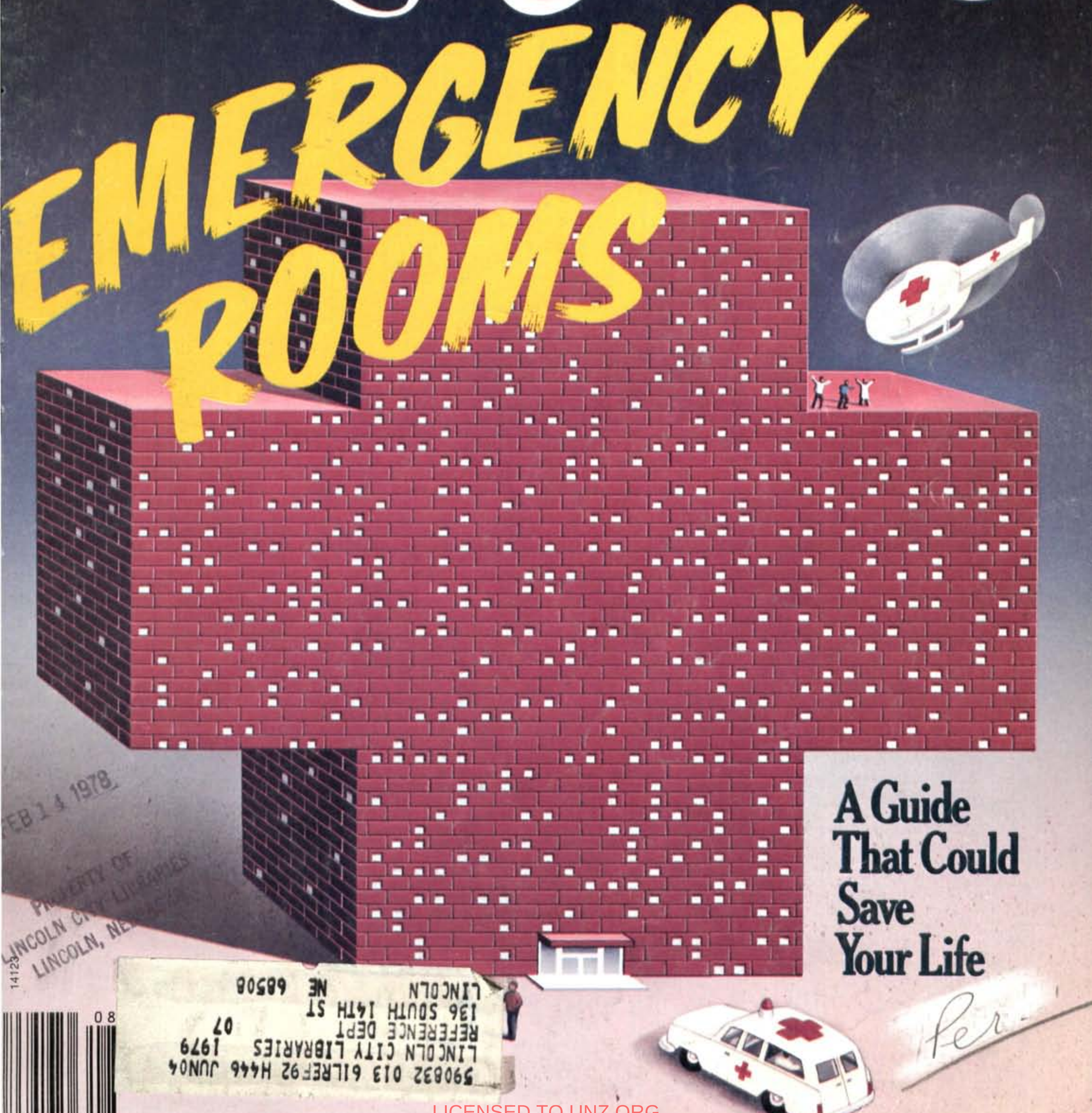
Can the Rookies Save the Knicks?

Carter Against the Big Cities, by Michael Kramer

ONE DOLLAR
FEBRUARY 20, 1978

NEW YORK

EMERGENCY ROOMS



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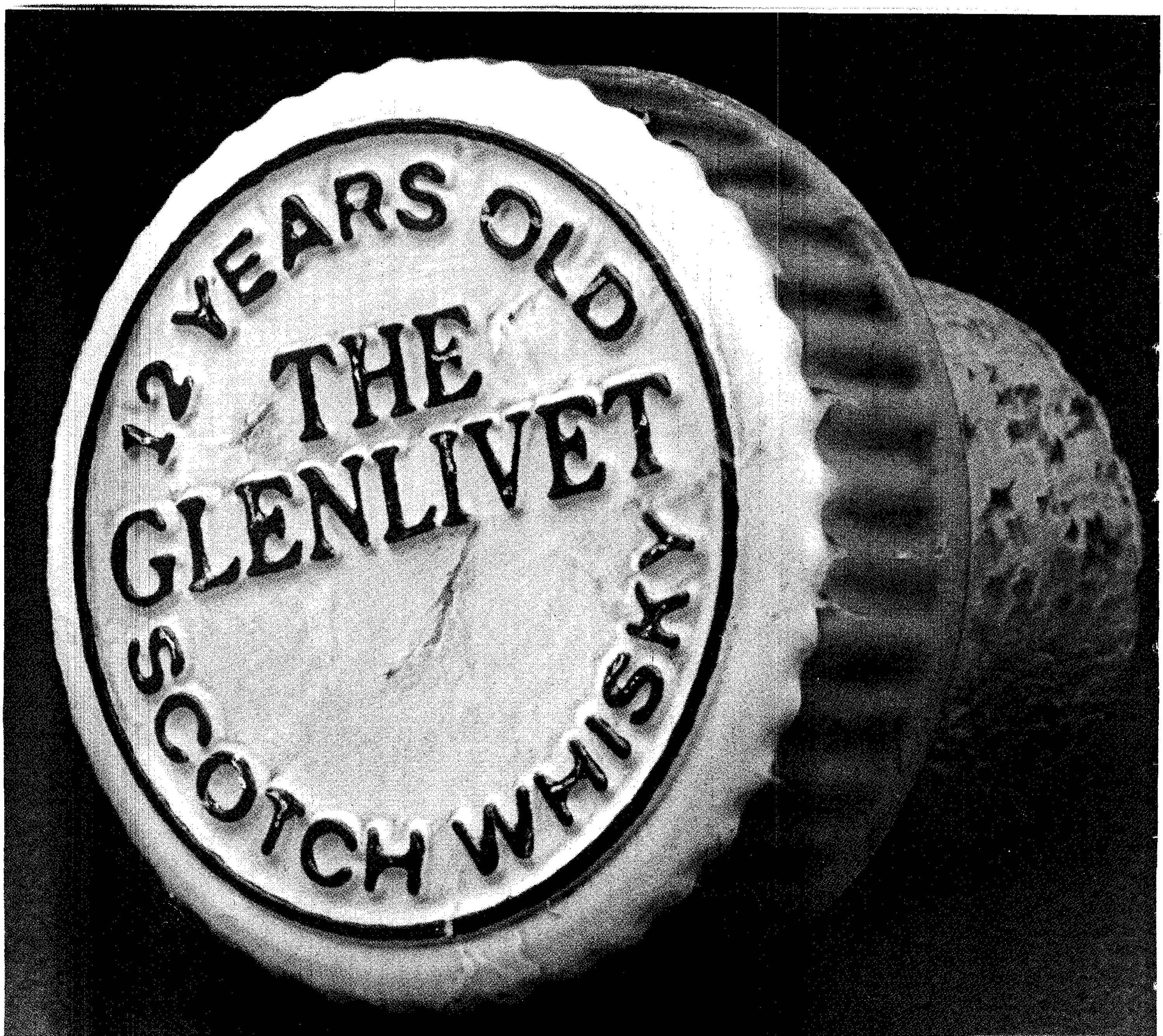
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EL AL

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VOL. 11 NO. 8

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By Michael Kramer
When Jimmy Carter arrived in the South Bronx late last year, hopes soared that his long-awaited urban policy would finally redress the decades-old federal bias against the aging northern cities. Our expectations have been dashed. A centerpiece of the Carter plan for the cities is a misguided investment tax credit that will only speed the departure of business from the cities to the suburbs.

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Emergency!
By Melinda Blau and George Simpson
To most New Yorkers, the word "emergency" evokes the immediate response "Bellevue." True enough, this hospital has compiled an awesome record in quick and efficient treatment of medical emergencies, as shown in George Simpson's hour-by-hour diary of a single Friday night in Bellevue's "War Room." Yet Bellevue is but one element in a network of emergency facilities which we survey in Ms. Blau's compendium of the city's crisis services, along with a report on 911 and how it works.

Page 53
Can the Rookies Save the Knicks?
By Jeff Greenfield
The 1978 New York Knicks are a lot like a doughnut; there's a big hole in the center. You can actually interpret that two ways: The position of center is being indifferently filled, and Willis Reed's spotty leadership hasn't resolved the team's central problem: inconsistency. Nonetheless, there are three rookies on the Knicks this year; when they're on the court, it's a whole new ball game.

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What Are They Laughing at, Julie?
By Charlotte Chandler
An admirer once described the late Margaret Dumont as a woman who "could maintain her social presence while being fired from a gun." As the matronly foil to Groucho in the great old Marx Brothers movies, being fired from a gun was one of the few things Dumont *didn't* have to face. Her magnificent composure on the screen was, in fact, a part of the real woman, as this memoir reveals.

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"Tip" O'Neill still isn't high on Jimmy Carter's entourage of good ole boys, but relations between the speaker and the president couldn't be cozier.

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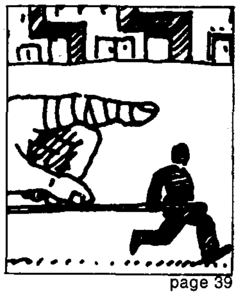
By Jeanie Kasindorf
The resignation of Columbia Pictures' president David Begelman has released a score of investigations.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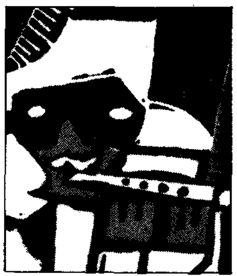
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A new de Kooning show is always an event, a valuable chance to revalue a great artist.

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By John Simon
Two short plays at the Manhattan Theater Club offer harrowing insights into South African life.

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Cover: Painting by Haruo Miyauchi.
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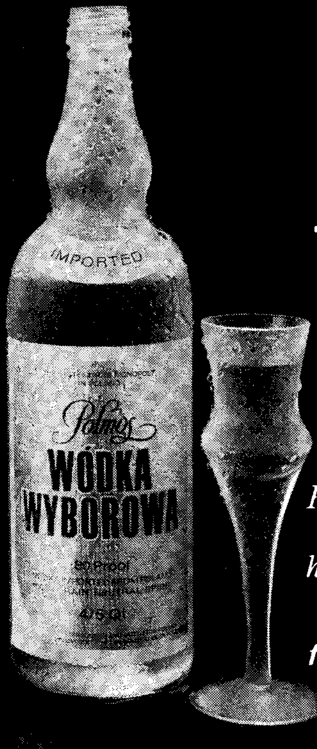

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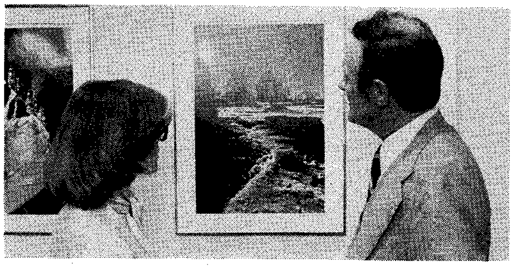

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LETTERS

Westwaywardness

Bless you for bringing back Jane Jacobs and the voice of sanity into the Westway controversy ["How Westway Will Destroy New York," an interview with Jane Jacobs, by Roberta Brandes Gratz]. Those of us who live and/or own homes near this proposed construction have been fighting it ever since it was first proposed. We have collected thousands of anti-Westway signatures, opposed it at endless meetings, written countless letters, appealed to the press and TV . . . and our opinions have largely been ignored. It is an enormous relief to have someone print an article which, at last, discusses some of the reasons for *not* building Westway.

I would like to add also that ten to twenty years of heavy construction would probably damage many of the old buildings in this area, some of which have already been damaged just by heavy truck traffic. As *New York* pointed out a couple of years ago, the West Village is a historic area which has been revitalizing itself marvelously in the last few years and is now one of the pleasantest places to live in the city. Jane Jacobs helped us to save it from developers twice in the past twenty years; I hope her voice will be listened to again.

This kind of neighborhood redevelopment is what we need all through the city. There are fine old houses rotting in many parts of the city which could become neighborhoods again. Our streets, our subways, our parks, all are badly run-down. We can't even get the snow and garbage off our streets after a major storm. Surely we should devote our money and our energies to these things rather than to Rockefeller highways and Rockefeller World Trade Centers.

And thanks also to Jane for showing the *scale* of Westway and its related plans. If Westway is built, there wouldn't be much of Manhattan left.

Otis Kidwell Burger
Manhattan

It's probably pure coincidence, but it's worth noting that the acceleration of New York City's decline in economic health and welfare began at just about the time the vogue for the gospel according to Jane Jacobs began to influence the attitude of our urban planners.

Arnold H. Vollmer
Manhattan

Getting the Bugs Out

I greatly enjoyed your article on "The Bugs Around Us" [by Arthur Levin, January 23]. However, I should like to make one slight correction. Regarding tuberculosis, the number of new cases in New York is *not* on the rise but is continuing to fall. In 1975 there were approximately 2,800 new cases; in 1976, 2,100 cases; and preliminary figures for 1977 showed 1,650 new cases. Although this disease is still all too common in the city, over the last eight decades it has continued to show a continual downward trend.

John S. Marr, M.D., MPH
Director, Bureau of Preventable Diseases

One Man's Meat

I just finished reading the article on liquid proteins ["The Liquid-Protein Controversy—Twisted Evidence," by Philip Nobile, January 30] and am very surprised that one solution to the problem of dieters' not using the substance properly, by neglecting to take suggested vitamin and mineral supplements, was not to insist that manufacturers of the protein liquid *add* the required supplements to the liquid.

Joan Braquebais, R.N.
Manhattan

The Other Shoe

I am writing in connection with an article, "Saturday Night Special," which appeared in your December 19 issue.

There is a misrepresentation on one of the "Looks," namely the "class slippers." These are not, as stated, by Walter Steiger but by Charles Jourdan and were available at that time in our Fifth Avenue store as well as in several of our branches.

Joseph C. Moore
President, Charles Jourdan
Manhattan

Nice Try, but No Cigar

The statement in "Are Cuban Cigars Worth Smuggling?" (by Frank Mankiewicz, February 6) that an American returning from abroad—including Cuba itself—may bring up to $100 worth of Cuban cigars through Customs is only partially correct. Tourists returning directly from Cuba may bring up to $100 worth of Cuban cigars into the United States, but tourists returning from elsewhere may not. ▬

It happens Early On. It's a spirit, a look that's light years before the rest. Like this wing collar tuxedo sport shirt—it's Hot. A true stepping-out shirt, right down to the bib front. White cotton for sizes S,M,L; $25. With it, Sasson's straightlegged jeans—great European fit with two front watch pockets, two back patch pockets. Cotton denim for sizes 28 to 38; $36. And the neo-clasic Bass weejun loafer, in natural, $38 the pair. Early On.

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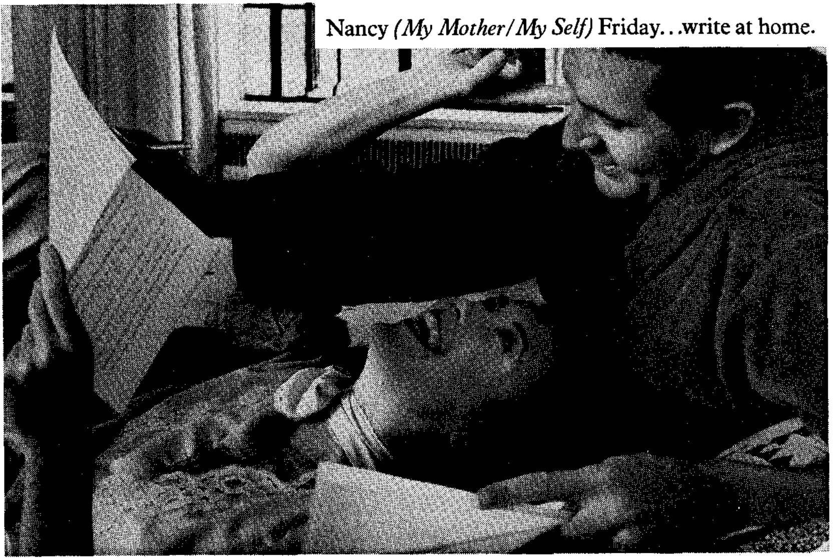
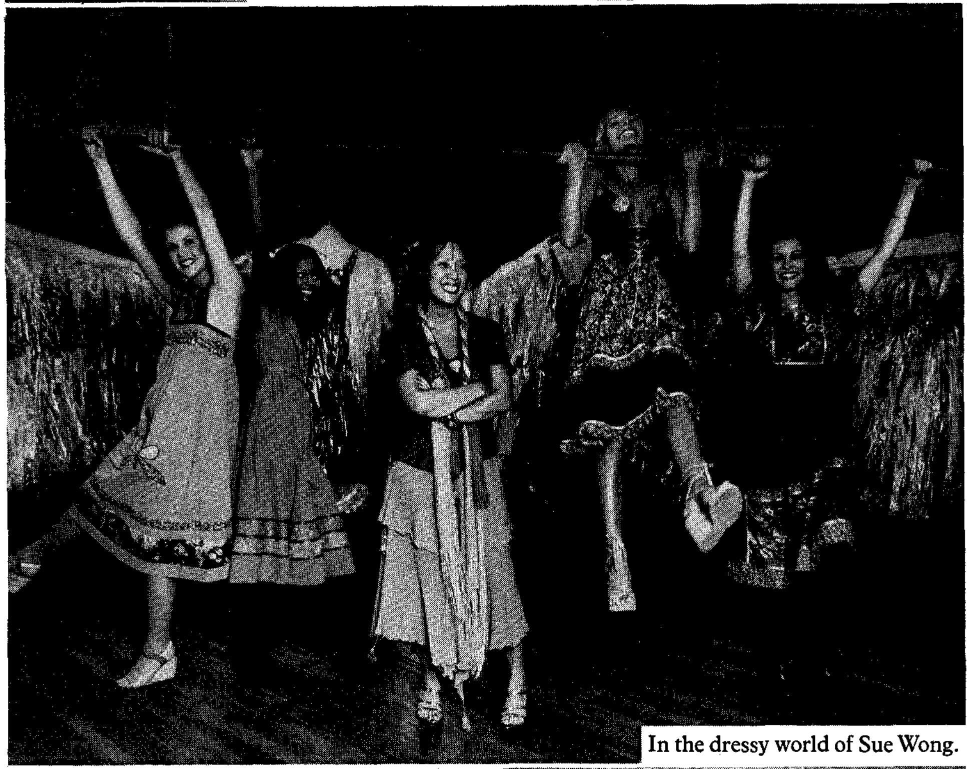
Senator Barry and soul-food mates.

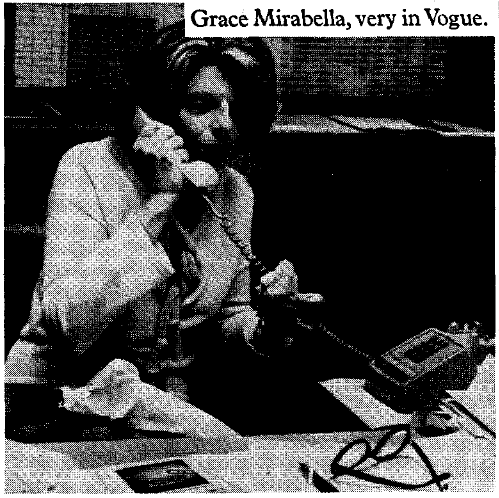


Nancy *(My Mother/My Self)* Friday...write at home.



In the dressy world of Sue Wong.

Happy together—the "Soap" lady and the sculptor.



Grace Mirabella, very in Vogue.

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*Simmons 1977-78.

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NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Cash-Machine Con Game

Citibank has been advertising its new 24-hour Citicard Banking Centers, and already there's a flaw in the system: a new electronic con game. Recently, a Citibank employee was swindled out of $1,000. The employee went into a center, inserted the card, and activated the machine. Then another person in the center, who was on the phone supposedly complaining, announced that the machine was not working; so the employee left. Having observed the code and the machine having been activated, the con man withdrew $1,000 from the employee's account. It'll be weeks before Citibank corrects the problem; till then, watch out.

The Bunkers' Final Episode

CBS's popular *All in the Family* series will end March 19, after eight years. We hear that the final episode will have the family breaking up, with Gloria and Mike moving to Hawaii. The reason there won't be a more decisive conclusion is that there just may be several one-hour Edith and Archie specials next season.

HHH Fell for Bizarre Plan to End Vietnam War

NEW YORK TIMES

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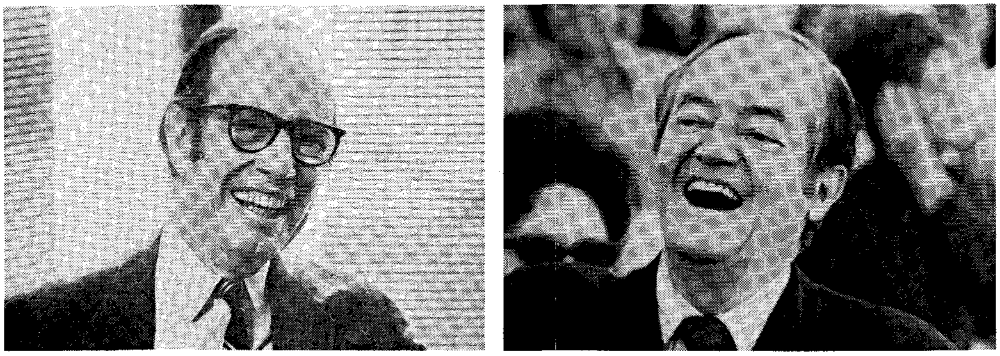


Arnold, Humphrey: Thought flight to Hanoi could initiate peace in 1967.

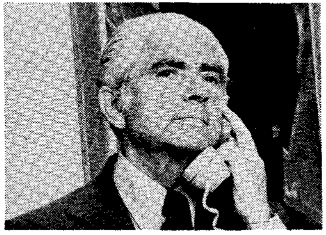
A footnote to the Happy Warrior's vice-presidential history: In 1967 Hubert Humphrey fell for a crazy scheme to end the Vietnam war. The scenario, according to Bill Pitts, who's revealing this incredible tale in a book, *Ten True Stories*, to be published next year, was to begin with President Lyndon Johnson's speaking before a joint session of Congress on the topic of Vietnam. At that time he would announce that Vice-President Humphrey was not present because he was on Air Force One on a solo mission to Hanoi to initiate formal truce talks with North Vietnam. And at the historic moment, Johnson was also to have announced the halting of bombing in North and South Vietnam. Enter Pope Paul: He was to have intervened with Ho Chi Minh to ensure Humphrey's safe passage. This wild plan was the brainchild of promoter Stanley Arnold, who billed himself as "America's number-one idea man" and was a supporter of Humphrey. Arnold presented it to Hubert, who initially was speechless. But then he enthusiastically agreed to do it. The scheme went as far as being proposed to presidential adviser James Rowe, who said he'd present it to LBJ but the Arnold plan was never heard of again.

For Abe: Ma Bell Is the Next Best Thing

Abe Beame may be out of office, but apparently he doesn't want to be out of touch. The former mayor hasn't given up his habit of pestering ex-members of his administration with daily rapid-fire telephone calls.

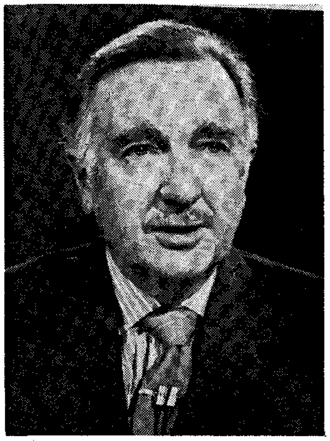
So when the phone rings in the offices of Donald Kummerfeld, executive director of the Emergency Financial Control Board, or Sidney Frigand, public-affairs director of the Port Authority, they aren't surprised. "He asks me what's going on," says Kummerfeld, Beame's former first deputy mayor, "so I tell him."

WIDE WORLD



Beame: Phoning daily.

And That's the Way It Is With the Massachusetts State Police



Cronkite: In cop film.

You needn't wonder what Walter Cronkite does aside from sailing during those long vacations away from the anchorman's desk at CBS News.

The Massachusetts State Police are so pleased with a bit of flacking Cronkite did for them, they've just made him an honorary colonel.

Colonel Cronkite introduces and closes a promotional but action-packed film on the Massachusetts coppers. Just released, it also features law-and-order man John Wayne as narrator.

"The bigger they are, the greater they are," says Captain Harold Reddish of the troopers, "so we made 'em both lieutenant colonels."

Cronkite agreed to anchor chores for the police—including a pitch at the end promoting cooperation between citizens and the police—as a favor to a trooper friend from Martha's Vineyard, his vacation home.

Trouble was, nobody bothered to tell Cronkite that the film's nine sponsors, including Mobil, McDonald's, and Coca-Cola, managed to get pitches in for their products. In the 28-minute film, troopers always seem to be filling up at Mobil stations while guzzling Coke.

"I wouldn't know about that," says Cronkite, even though he saw the film before its release.

You can bet the sponsors did, and they're hoping it will pay off with the 1.5-million consumers who are expected to see the film in the next year.—**Rinker Buck**

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Tell me more about your 7-Day Cruises to Nassau and Bermuda!
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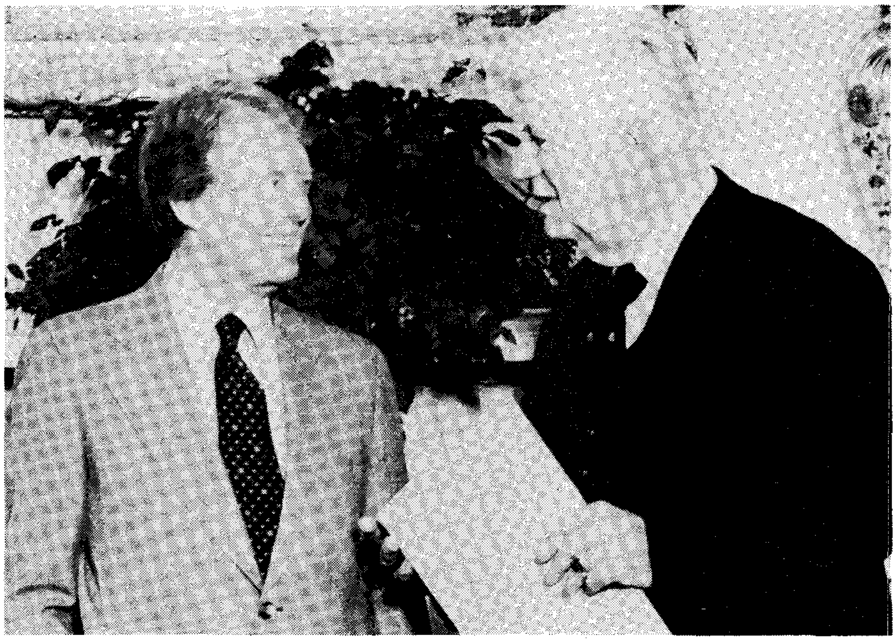
Holland America

Politics / Nick Thimmesch

PORTRAIT OF THE SPEAKER AS A PARTY MAN



UPI

When Irish eyes are smiling: *The speaker and his friend.*

Tip-ing Carter's Way

"Tip" O'Neill is a ponderous man, bulbous of nose, as large in his affection for politics and people as he is in the flesh. He suffers no cultural shame. Flat out, up front, he is proud to be an American, an Irish Catholic, a Democrat, educated by nuns, trained by ward heelers, and smart in hard-nosed patronage politics.

For many months, he endured what he regards as the oafishness of certain staffers in Mr. Carter's White House, eyeing them as the progeny of southern, white, gallus-snapping Democrats who voted for Herbert Hoover rather than expand their Protestant hearts to the likes of an Al Smith.

At one point last year, Tip muttered darkly about one "Hannibal Jerkin," and shook his head over Carter. Now, however, he professes warm affection for Jimmy. "A beautiful man," he says, "greatly misrepresented by the press."

Tip doesn't employ guile, so his growing affection for Carter must be authentic. "He is extremely able and talented," he now says of the president. "He works very hard and is knowledgeable. He is the easiest man in the White House to get on the phone.

"He returns all his calls, and that's how he got into trouble on that Eilberg thing [Pennsylvania Congressman Joshua Eilberg called Carter to ask removal of U.S. Attorney David Marston]. He just talked to Eilberg, not realizing that he could be making a problem for himself."

Tip says he is a "progressive-liberal" and that the Democrats' bread and butter has to be doing things for the little guy, and that means all the little guys in the distressed cities, so he pushes Carter hard for a good urban program.

"We've poured billions into the cities, and it hasn't worked well. We've wasted billions. We've got to have one man in the White House, like Jack Watson, to pull it all together. Otherwise, we'll have Kreps [secretary of commerce] and Harris [HUD secretary] demanding to get in on the act.

"Look at Jack Kennedy's first year. He only got the manpower act. Look what Carter got—an economic-stabilization act, a tax bill, minimum wage, CETA, an energy bill in the House, and ethics legislation."

Has O'Neill an easy job rallying support? He says no. "Congressmen were much different fifteen to twenty years ago. The class of 1974 won on being anti-Vietnam and campaigning on Watergate. They're not liberals, they're *reformers* who demand openness and everything out there glaring in the sun. The new Republicans are the same as the Democrats on this.

"A few years back, any new congressman who got a phone call from the president just couldn't believe it. Now it means nothing anymore. Years back, a congressman had to make an appointment to see Speaker Sam Rayburn. Now he sticks his head in my door and says, 'You got a minute, Tip?'

"I try to help them all, see all the hometown delegations they bring through, and then when I ask them to give me a vote on the consumer-protection bill, they say, 'Gee, Tip, I can't now. But if you need a vote at the end, I'll be there.' But you can't find them at the end.

"They're all independent now. Voters aren't as loyal to the Democratic or Republican ticket anymore. The organizations have fallen apart.

"People are not awed by the president or me either. When I was fourteen, I worked in the precincts for Al Smith. He was one of our own. When I was 16, I worked for the City Council campaign, and when I was 21, I ran for City Council myself. I was elected to the legislature when I was only 22. It took party discipline to move up that way. Nowadays, we don't have that discipline."

After one year of working with a president who never submitted himself to that party discipline, who grew up in stark, southern Protestantism and ran a presidential campaign against the way politics and government are conducted in Washington, Tip O'Neill professes himself pleased.

"In my first meeting with him one year ago," he recollects, "the president talked about reorganization and ethics and energy. I said to him, 'Is that it? What about an economic program?'

"Carter is a moderate. He doesn't always think about being a basic Democrat pushing programs for people. But I got him going on the economic package, and we got some input.

"Personally, I think he's a beautiful guy. He reduced unemployment. Business investment is up. And when I go up to Cambridge, I walk down the street, and everybody likes him. I go in and get one of those Cambridge haircuts—up high on the sides—and the barber tells me Carter is beautiful. I get my shoes shined next door, and I hear the same thing. Don't worry about what the press says, they all tell me, Carter is a beautiful guy."

Blocking Bradley

Every once in a while a local political race is enlivened by the presence of a celebrity contender whose own fame outshines that of the incumbent. Such is the case in New Jersey, where the Democratic scramble to take on aging Republican Senator Clifford Case has attracted a political newcomer, the former Princeton and New York Knick basketball star Bill Bradley.

It looked like a walk at first—and if you listen to the pollsters, it still is. But New Jersey politics are among the most Byzantine in the world, and the smart money now says that "Dollar Bill" is in trouble.

In a word, Bradley's trouble is spelled "Leone"—as in Dick Leone, the former state treasurer. As the prime architect of Brendan Byrne's 1973 gubernatorial victory, and as a key figure in the governor's successful re-election drive last November, Leone was the man who made the deals. And in the process, he learned the ins and outs of Jersey politics better than anyone.

Now that Leone is trying to make the deals for himself, he's remembering Rule No. 1: New Jersey is one of the few remaining states where machine support can really be converted into votes in a primary election like the one the Democrats will hold on June 6.

So Leone's strategy is simple: Put together a chain of political endorsements and attempt to lock Bradley out of the race before the race really begins. Leone's progress has been astonishing, but he still hasn't hooked up the missing link—his old boss, Brendan Byrne. The big Democratic machines are waiting for the governor to make his move —presumably so they can follow. The machine in Hudson County is run by Jersey City's Mayor Thomas F. Smith.

Smith himself played for the Knicks during the 1951–52 season. He appeared in one game for three minutes, took six shots from the floor, made none, committed two fouls, and was never heard from again.

While you might expect ex-Knick "Nickel Tommy" Smith to support ex-Knick "Dollar Bill" Bradley, Smith is playing a different game these days: He's telling anyone who'll listen that he will support the governor's choice.

So what will Byrne do? Says one associate: "I'd never make a prediction on what Byrne would do about anything."

Which leaves Bradley panting, praying, and remembering that across the river in New York a governor named Carey endorsed a candidate named Cuomo—and elected a mayor named Koch. **—Ken Lerer**

The Koch Watch

THE POLITICS OF DEATH

In that tundra metropolis of northern New York State called Albany, ladies and gentlemen who place their names on voting-booth ballots in the cause of the common good and decency are once again chattering about the merits of legal murder.

With Governor Carey running for re-election on an anti-capital-punishment platform, the Republicans have picked up the opposite side of the issue. The Republicans' morbid cheerleaders are Perry Duryea, Assembly minority leader from Montauk, and Warren Anderson, majority leader of the State Senate. This political odd couple promises to offer a preview of the gubernatorial campaign with the elocution of electrocution.

In the heavily Democratic Assembly (88 Democrats to 58 Republicans) a bill favoring the electric chair is almost certain to pass. And it will be a shock to no one when the State Senate also approves the bill—which Carey intends to veto.

This is when the sparks will start flying. This year there is a very, very good chance that the legislature will come up with the two-thirds vote needed to override the governor's veto. Using the precedent of the Stavisky-education-bill override in 1976—the first time in 100 years that the State Assembly overrode a governor's veto—our state legislature will do its best to give New York its own Gary Gilmore show.

"There is a strange atmosphere in Albany right now," said one anti-gallows lobbyist last week. "A lot of people here are using the Koch/Garth mayoral campaign as the barometer for what the public thinks are important issues, and the polls still show that most people favor capital punishment. A vote in favor of this bill could ensure job security in upcoming legislative races. The legislators are not taking the voters for granted this time around. They know people are aware that a mayor can't do anything about capital punishment. They know their constituents are looking to them to vote in a death bill."

The anti-capital-punishment lobbyists are led by Richard Gottfried, an assemblyman from the Upper West Side, who is chairman of the Assembly Codes Committee. They plan to use every argument from Sacco and Vanzetti to energy conservation in their crusade against the electric chair, but they're not overly optimistic. Gottfried keeps talking about how Koch successfully pegged the collective psyche as favoring capital punishment.

Last fall, candidate Koch promised he would use the office of mayor to lobby in the legislature to pass a death-penalty bill. But now in office, Koch says he still favors such a bill, although he will slyly decline to lobby in the legislature.

There is a very good reason why His Honor won't lobby for this bill: In doing so he would be lobbying for a Republican governor.

Koch has enough trouble dealing with Democrats in Washington without having to deal with Republicans in Albany. David Garth has already said Governor Carey's two most vulnerable issues are his pro-abortion and anti-electric-chair stands. So the next time Carey lands the executive chopper in Central Park—so he can get a nightcap at P. J. Clarke's (as he did last fall)—don't expect Koch to hand him a letter about his stand on this life-and-death matter. No. Koch will do what he does best—keep quiet.

Up in Albany is where Carey will have trouble. A swing vote of five or six assemblymen could guarantee the two-thirds veto override. Who are these five or six people? Nobody wants to say.

Off the record, one of the bill's most ardent opponents has a fair idea of where those crucial votes will come from. "I think the swing vote could very likely come from the black and Hispanic caucus," says the assemblyman. "While it's true that capital punishment would affect minorities more than anyone else, it is also true that murder affects the minority communities more than anyplace else.

"This presents a complicated lobbying effort on the part of minority people," he says. "Some of the toughest anti-death-penalty lobbyists are black religious leaders. But some of the toughest lobbying in favor of the bill is coming from minority politicians like Herman Badillo who see the bill as a deterrent to murder in their communities. Right now I'm optimistic it won't make an override, but the possibility of it is still there."

Koch just might see a campaign promise fulfilled that he never intended to honor. **—Denis Hamill**

The Bottom Line / Jeanie Kasindorf

THE LAST DAYS OF DAVID BEGELMAN

Inside the Goldfish Bowl

"I cannot stand by," David Begelman said the night he resigned from the Columbia Pictures film division presidency, "and watch my friends be torn apart by headline-grabbing accusations." It was the kind of statement we've come to expect from such occasions. This time, however, that statement was more than a standard phrase tossed into a resignation speech.

The Begelman scandal has unleashed a score of investigations. The men who had given Begelman their strongest support since the September day he admitted forging Cliff Robertson's name on the back of a $10,000 check—Columbia's controlling stockholder, Herbert Allen Jr., and producer Ray Stark, another major Columbia stockholder—were becoming subjects for reporters' investigations. Those investigations include:

☐ An examination of the financial history of Ray Stark and Herbert Allen Jr., men who have spent their lives trying to keep a low profile. "There's no question but that Ray panicked when the stories started," one Columbia insider explained. "The thing that really got Ray were the stories about himself."

☐ An SEC investigation and a possible minority stockholders' suit based on the charge that Columbia had acquired Stark's independent production company, Rastar Productions, without notifying Columbia stockholders.

☐ Revelations that Ray Stark's attorney, Gerald Lipsky, owns the Beverly Hills house that Columbia Pictures rented for David and Gladyce Begelman. Lipsky benefited not only from the rent that Columbia pays for the house but also from improvements (paid for by Columbia), including a plush private screening room.

Begelman's resignation was greeted in the executive offices of Hollywood studios with a collective sigh of relief. Begelman had not only brought the press down on his friends; he had brought the press down on the entire industry. "Everybody in town was outraged," says one studio production chief, "because now they're hearing talk of congressional investigations and IRS probes. And everyone feels like they're in a goldfish bowl."

UPI

For the last month, shaken studio executives have had to stand by while their business practices were subjected to intense scrutiny. It used to be that the world rather liked the image of the high-rolling Hollywood rascal. "What is this about Hollywood being above reproach?" laughed one of Ray Stark's staffers when Begelman was first suspended. "Hollywood *is* reproach!" Now the IRS, the Department of Justice, the SEC, and worst of all, the press no longer think the Hollywood moguls are a laughing matter.

Alan Ladd Jr., president of the feature-film division at Twentieth Century–Fox, was furious when a reporter called him. His young children, he told the reporter, were being teased in school by playmates who said their daddy was in an industry run by crooks. Producer Martin Ransohoff complained to friends that his son called him from Bowdoin College because he was concerned that his father might become entangled in what was becoming the country's new Watergate.

The week before Begelman resigned, Robert Shapiro, the new executive vice-president in charge of production at Warner Bros., sent a letter to Hollywood reporters inviting them to meet him and his wife over cocktails at his Beverly Hills home. "I am inviting several other members of the press," the letter read, "so that we can become acquainted and our future meetings will be on a more familiar basis." Reporters who had covered the studios for ten years couldn't remember ever receiving a similar invitation. "It's got to be a reaction to Begelman," one said. "He thinks that if we like his canapés, we'll never do something like that to him."

Begelman arrived home in Los Angeles the morning after his resignation still facing the possibility of an SEC lawsuit, a Sid Luft lawsuit, and an indictment by the Los Angeles district attorney's office. As soon as the district attorney's investigators gather records from Columbia Pictures and from the Wells Fargo Bank where Begelman cashed the $10,000 check, a complaint charging forgery may be made.

Still, among Begelman's friends, there was the sense last week that the worst was behind him. "David will make much more money now as an independent producer than he could ever make as studio chief," one friend said. "All he needs to become a millionaire is one big film where he takes a percentage."

On the Takeover Front

"There's a war going on in American business," says famed securities lawyer Abe Pomerantz, "between the classic bad guys—the black hats, the corporate raiders—pitted against the nice, innocent independent company." Pomerantz, 74, father of the class action and patron saint of shareholders, is referring to a remarkable rash of recent takeover attempts by Anderson, Clayton, British Oxygen, Carter Hawley Hale, UV Industries, and Sun Company. Surprisingly, the raiders have won a large degree of shareholder support—and bitter management opposition—by offering a handsome and seductive premium over market price. The ubiquitous Pomerantz is involved on the side of pro-raider shareholders in four of these merger attempts.

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holder crusades these days is Guy Wyser-Pratte, a hip, flippant Bache Halsey Stuart director who heads up that company's arbitrage department. He has every reason to be supportive. An arbitrageur like Wyser-Pratte makes his money quickly by spotting new takeover bids, making snap evaluations on the chances of success, and then—if things look good—riding the stock for a two-to-three-point spread over a reasonably short period of time.

Delay is death in that business, and Wyser-Pratte was burned in the deflected bid by the Houston food-processing conglomerate Anderson, Clayton for control of Gerber stock last spring. If the strength of his anger is any indication, Wyser-Pratte's burn must have been third-degree.

Gerber was offered $40 for its stock at one point while it was selling on the open market for only $29. But the Gerber management—using an antitrust suit and the help of a hometown judge—was able to tie the tender offer up in federal court in Grand Rapids, Michigan, for so long that Anderson, Clayton finally dropped out. Now there are no fewer than five class-action suits against the Gerber management for scuttling the tender offer to save its own skin. The common charge? Breach of fiduciary duty to shareholders.

"The Gerber case is a great injustice," gripes Wyser-Pratte. "Ninety-nine percent of the shareholders would have accepted that tender offer."

"How the hell does management say that its company is not for sale at any price?" asks Wyser-Pratte. "What is at issue here is not just corporate behavior, but equity ownership. Who owns the business in this country? Is this Russia, where workers, the managers, who have no position in the company's stock, 'own' the business? We're talking about corporate democracy here. Somebody had to play Sunday-school teacher in this case, and Abe Pomerantz, that patron saint of shareholders, has taken on the role."

Wyser-Pratte is suddenly optimistic now that discovery has begun in the class actions—though the fruits of the procedures are under court seal.

There seems to be testimony stemming not from the Anderson, Clayton dalliance but from an approach during that courtship by a second suitor, Unilever. Neither Pomerantz nor Wyser-Pratte will discuss it. Sources inside Gerber are saying that someone high up in the company's management told their investment broker, Goldman, Sachs: "Do not negotiate."

"Somewhere someone has lied," announces Wyser-Pratte with undisguised delight. —**Thomas J. Goff IV**

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

February 14 through 21

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *The Lacemaker.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Dersu Uzala.*

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0161). *Boys in Company C.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *The Turning Point.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 2/14, *Aizen Katsura; Women of the Night.* 2/15, *The Wild Child; Fahrenheit 451.* 2/16, *Lust for Life; Tea and Sympathy.* 2/17, 18, *And Now My Love; Happy New Year.* 2/19, 20, *North by Northwest; The Postman Always Rings Twice.* 2/21, *Tora-San's Happy Dream; Rickshaw Man.* 2/22, *Simon of the Desert; Los Olivados.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 2/14, *The Cobweb; Kismet.* 2/15, *Lust for Life; Tea and Sympathy.* 2/16, *He Who Gets Slapped; Freaks.* 2/17, *Face to Face; Persona.* 2/18, *Greaser's Palace; Putney Swope.* 2/19, *Little Women; Holiday.* 2/20, *Bonaparte.* 2/21, *Designing Woman; Gigi.* 2/22, *The Reluctant Debutante; Some Came Running.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). Thru 2/14, *Julia.* From 2/15, *Coming Home.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Padre Padrone.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *High Anxiety.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *Coup de Grace.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 2/14, *Vanishing Point; The Wild Angels.* 2/15, 16, *Children of Paradise.* 2/17, 18, *Animal Crackers; Duck Soup; Horse Feathers.* 2/19, 20, *Wizards; Fritz the Cat.* 2/21, *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz; Inserts.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *A Hero Ain't Nothing But a Sandwich.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *That Obscure Object of Desire.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *The Serpent's Egg.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). *Coma.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Saturday Night Fever.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *The Betsy.*

Embassy–I, 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *A Hero Ain't Nothing But a Sandwich.*

Embassy II, III, IV, 7th Ave nr 47th (575-7788). II, *The Goodbye Girl.* III, *The Gauntlet.* IV, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *The Lacemaker.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). *Renaldo and Clara.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *The Duellists.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *A Piece of the Action.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 2/16, *The Lacemaker.* From 2/17, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Semi-Tough.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *Operation Thunderbolt.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Turning Point.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). *The One and Only.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *The Boys in Company C.*

Loews State I & II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). I. *The One and Only.* II. *The Boys in Company C.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *Semi-Tough.* II. Thru 2/14, *The Goodbye Girl.* From 2/15, *Julia.* III. *Starship Invasions.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *Coma.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). 7/14, noon, *In Search of the Lost World;* 2:30, *Applause;* 6 p.m. *How Yukong Moved the Mountains: The Drugstore.* 2/16, 2:30, Short films 1974-75; 6 p.m. *Contras' City* and *Badou Boy;* 8:30, *Touki Bouki.* 2/17, 2:30, *Guereo, Village of Djibril N'Diaye;* 6 p.m. *Applause.* 2/18, noon, *And Then There Were None;* 2:30, *Kaddu Beykat;* 5 p.m. *Guereo, Village of Djibril N'Diaye.* 2/19, noon, *And Then There Were None;* 2:30, shorts, 1974-75; 5 p.m. *Stage Door.* 2/20, noon, Great Actresses of the Past; 2:30, Film shorts; 6 p.m. *The Bronze Bracelet.* 2/21, Great Actresses; 2:30, *Another Fine Mess; Are You There?;* 6 p.m. *How Yukong Moved the Mountains: The Generator.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). Thru 2/15, *The Seduction of Mimi; All Screwed Up.* From 2/16, *Ceddo.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 2/16, *Short Eyes; Barbarella.* 2/17-21, *Beyond and Back.* 2/22-27, *Saturday Night Fever.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *High Anxiety.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *The Man Who Loved Women.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 2/16, *The Choirboys.* From 2/17, to be announced.

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Coma.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. Thru 2/14, *Mr. Klein.* 2/15-2/21, *Twentieth Century Oz.* From 2/22, *Julia.* II. *The Turning Point.* III. *The Children of Theatre Street.* IV. *The Goodbye Girl.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 2/14, 15, *M; Nosferatu.* 2/16-18, *The Conformist; Stavisky.* 2/19, 20, *The Three-Penny Opera; The Blue Angel.* 2/21, 22, *Sabotage; Murder.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). I. Thru 2/14, *Starship Invasion.* 2/15-21, *Camelot.* II. *Short Eyes; Taxi Driver.*

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *The Turning Point.* II. *Goodbye Girl.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). To be announced.

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Blue Country.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 2/16, *The Choirboys; Slapshot.* From 2/17, to be announced.

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *High Anxiety.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 2/14, *Emperor Jones; Song of Freedom.* 2/15, 16, *In a Lonely Place; The Lusty Men.* 2/17, 18, *And Now for Something Completely Different; Bedazzled.* 2/19-21, *The Man Who Skied Down Everest; Downhill Racer.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). To be announced.

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *The One and Only.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *Blue Collar.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Semi-Tough.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *The Betsy.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Renaldo and Clara.*

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison at 75th (794-0600). 2/14-19, New Documentary Video (Tom Weinberg; Scott Jacobs; Bill & Esti Marpet). 2/21-26, *Black at Yale; I Could Hear You All the Way Down the Hall.*

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

OPENINGS

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Thursday, February 16

Ceddo–Ousmane Sembene's newest film (which is banned in Senegal) is an uncompromising epic of Senaglese history and culture, set in the 17th century, a time of slave-trading and of the coming to power of Islam and Christianity in West Africa. New Yorker.

THE MOVIES

All Screwed Up–Lina Wertmuller's film is about the migration of Southern Italians to the heavily industrialized city of Milan. A bunch of young workers form a commune and the work examines their adventures both inside and outside the apartment they have taken over and refurbished. However, the film does not truly come off because the writer-director has bitten off more than she can chew; there are too many main characters and stories and problems crowded into a relatively narrow compass. Thru 2/15, New Yorker.

The Betsy–Laurence Olivier, Jane Alexander, Joseph Wiseman, and Lesley-Anne Down in a portrait of intrigue and power within the auto industry, directed by Daniel Petri. U.A. East; Eastside.

Blue Collar–An engrossing if oddly lethargic drama of three Detroit automobile workers and their disasterous attempt to rip off their criminally corrupt union. Richard Pryor, Harvey Keitel, and Yaphet Kotto star in Paul Schrader's film, which has none of the hopped-up violence or faddish obsession that one has come to expect from screenplays. Kotto steals the picture for the significant reason that only he is simple and direct, richly transparent in every move. Trans-Lux East.

Blue Country–Brigette Fossey, Jacques Serres, Ginette Garcin in Jean-Charles Tacchella's film about an urban career woman who goes to the country to find simplicity and freedom. 68th St Playhouse.

Boys in Company C–Sidney J. Furie, the director, has made life at such mythic hellholes as Parris Island and Camp Pendleton completely believable. The first part of the film showing time spent in boot camp by young marine recruits is the funniest and most authentic rendering of military hide-toughening imaginable. However, the stint in Vietnam which follows gives us an emotional roller-coaster ride in which downer is followed by upper with dizzying effect. Bay Cinema; Loews State II.

Children of Paradise–One of the unquestionable great films of all time. The direction by Marcel Carne is only very professional; everything else is great, notably the screenplay by Jacques Prevert and performances that, from top to bottom, could not be bettered. You cannot miss the superb work of Arletty, Jean-Louis Barrault, and Maria Casarès in the leads; but do attend to the extraordinary acting of Marcel Herrand and Louis Salou as a murderer and a contemptous aristocrat, and Pierre Brasseur as a flamboyant classical actor. Be sure, though, that you are seeing the uncut version, which runs 3¼ hours. There is enough substance here for a dozen lesser movies. 2/15, 16, Cinema Village.

The Choirboys–Humor is what is missing from Robert Aldrich's film about the L.A. rookie vice squad. Aldrich is not a satirist, and without the subtle jibes of author Joseph Wambaugh's best-seller, the police activities are more tacky than brutal—and the reverse-racism is ugly. Thru 2/16, Playboy.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind–If there is a theme here, it is that it is harder for a grown-up to pass through the eye of a needle than to gain access to the sanctuary of UFO believers. The most damning argument against the existence of UFOs—they always appear to country people who have a lot of time on their hands, and never to busy urban dwellers. And in the final sighting, director Stephen

Spielberg and a special effects team has given us nothing less than an electronic Second Coming. The film has no story, characters, sense of danger, or conflict between good and evil. Ziegfeld.

Coma–Michael Crichton directed this story of hospital life. If the doctor characters—Genevieve Bujold as the woman whose suspicions are aroused when her best friend, after a routine abortion, sinks into a fatal coma; Michael Douglas, her ambitious lover; Richard Widmark as head of the hospital—are strictly no-frills functional, the plot is something else again. If you can suspend your disbelief, there is no reason why you shouldn't thoroughly enjoy *Coma* as hospital gothic. Criterion; Plaza; Murray Hill.

Coming Home–Directed by Hal Ashby, film stars Jane Fonda, Jon Voight, and Bruce Dern. From 2/15, Cinema I.

Coup de Grace–The new Volker Schlondorff film starring Margarethe von Trotta is largly a story of failure—of unrequited love and unsuccessful war and the excution of one friend by another in post-Revolutionary Russia. It is his best work, the most ample, the least given to the manipulation of sympathies along ideological lines. Cinema Studio.

Dersu Uzala–Akira Kurosawa's 1976 film is by an old man, about an old man. Set in Czarist Russia, it is, in its own way, an adventure saga. An expedition of mappers are lucky enough to stumble onto and employ as their guide the old trapper Dersu. Kurosawa has captured the terraine in vast landscapes of chilling and inhuman snow-filled forests as no one has since the great silent director Dovshenko. Baronet.

The Duellists–A little known Joseph Conrad story is the basis for British director Dudley Scott's film of two officers locked in an unending series of duels. Keith Carradine, with his indolent "I'm easy" charm, and Harvey Keitel, all ragged urban nerves, are the contenders, but placed in a highly ritualized European milieu, they are like somnambulists who have wandered into somebody else's dream. Fine Arts.

The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain–If you think Lina Wertmuller's title is long-winded, wait until you see the film. It is a frenzied chronicle of the courtship and marriage of Giancarlo Giannini and Candice Bergen, told in scattershot fragments that have no chronological or realistic context. Wertmuller's handling of the two sexes suggests that she is trying her damnedest to make peace with the feminists and deny charges of a male bias. Loews Tower East.

Equus–Peter Shaffer's play about a weary psychiatrist and the young psychopath whose violent passion for horses reveals the sterility of his own life has been brought to the screen, with a bit of rewriting, by Sidney Lumet. Richard Burton stars in what has become the *Hello Dolly* role for aging actors, with a twist—each actor playing the lead has striven to show us how desiccated and prune-like they have become. Contemptuously staged, embarrassingly written. Embassy IV.

Face to Face–Ingmar Bergman's latest is doubly disturbing. First, because it may be the most harrowing portrayal ever of a nervous breakdown, and, secondly, because it shows a supreme filmmaker in total control of his medium merely marking time. The one incontrovertible splendor of the film is Liv Ullman's performance. It is not just sublime acting; it is a piece of great, invaluable daring. 2/17, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Fritz the Cat–A gloriously funny, brilliantly pointed and superbly executed entertainment, this x-rated animated feature, based on the R. Crumb comics, is right on target, a devastating satiric comment on the late unlamented Sixties and the college drop-out set. 2/19, 20, Cinema Village.

The Goodbye Girl–Neil Simon's movie is about an ex-dancer who is a little the worse for wear. It is a love story constructed on the Jack-Spratt-and-Wife principle of odd coupledom, but where its heart should be there's the monstrous laugh machine, mowing down anything that stands in its way. Thus its most promising features, Quinn Cummings, Marsha Mason, and Richard Dreyfuss, are all sacrificed to comic routines directed at the tourist trade. Loews State II; Quad; Loews Triplex; RKO 86th St II; Embassy II.

Greaser's Palace–Hobert Downey's beautiful film is worth viewing, although it is not his best. A sort of show-biz parable about Jesus—or visa versa—distinguished by Downey's genius for the off-beat look at life, his remarkable sense of social satire, his talent for utterly zany sight or sound gags. From 2/18, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

A Hero Ain't Nothin' But a Sandwich–Story of a 13-year-old boy (Larry B. Scott) living in the urban black ghetto of Los Angeles with his mother, his grandmother and his mother's lover. Columbia I; Embassy I.

High Anxiety–The news about Mel Brooks's latest film, good or bad depending on your degree of Melomania, is that it's 100 percent pure (i.e. impure) Brooks, meaning that it is wildly uneven, vulgar, intermittently hilarious, and at its very best when it is not being terribly funny at all. This collage/*hommage* to Hitchcock is to the Master of Suspense what *Blazing Saddles* was to the Western, and *Young Frankenstein* to the horror film, and *Silent Movie* to silent comedy. Sutton; Cinema III; Paramount.

Julia–Adapted from Lillian Hellman's fine story in *Pentimento*, Fred Zinneman has used two of the most electrifying women in movies in a casting coup that is not only iconographically but politically inspired; Vanessa Redgrave as the total activist and martyr to Fascism; Jane Fonda as the acolyte, the rebellious but self-doubting playwright. Thru 2/14, Cinema I; from 2/15, Loews Triplex; from 2/22, Quad.

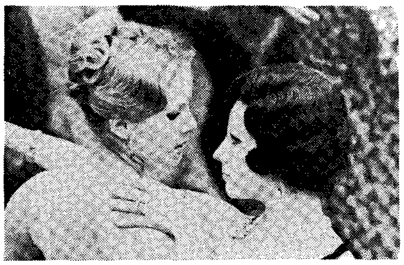
The Lacemaker–Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton star in Claude (*The Invitation* and *The Wonderful Crook*) Goretta's film which tells of a 19-year-old beauty parlor assistant, who, while vacationing, falls in love with a university student. Embassy 72nd; Art; thru 2/16, Gramercy.

Looking for Mr. Goodbar–This is Richard Brooks's best film. It is harrowing, powerful, and appalling. The tension between his bluntness and Diane Keaton's instinctual delicacy has produced the ideal chemistry in this version of Judith Rossner's grisly socio-sexual thriller. Embassy IV; from 2/17, Gramercy.

The Man Who Loved Women–Francois Truffaut's funniest and most charmingly personal film in years, the anatomy of a womanizer (Charles Denner), relating the outrageous predicaments of the hero who wriggles out of them with a strategic genius, and yearns to locate an island inhabited only by women. Paris.

The Man Who Skied Down Everest–A man skies down Mt. Everest, and a camera crew lugs up heavy equipment to film it. It is every bit as impossible as it sounds, but this prize-winning documentary is not only a fascinating record of a record performance, it is also a delicate, awesome, and humane film, brimful of miracles. The text, from Yuichiro Miura's, the skier's, diary is absorbing and superbly spoken by Douglas Rain. 2/19-21, Thalia.

TO EACH HIS OWN



Dominque Sanda and **Stefania Sandrelli** in a scene from Bernardo Bertolucci's **The Conformist,** a film sharing the bill with Alain Resnais's **Stavisky,** co-starring Charles Boyer and Jean-Paul Belmondo, at the Regency, Broadway and 67th Street (724-3700).

Mr. Klein–A masklike Alain Delon stars as an art dealer who buys paintings from Jews who are fleeing Paris for their lives in 1942, only to become an object of suspicion himself. What might have been in other hands a nightmare journey becomes an uninvolving quest through portals and doorways, and more portals and doorways. It is a perverse choice of material for even so resolutely perverse a director as Joseph Losey. Thru 2/14, Quad.

The One and Only–The young man in Carl Reiner's latest film is played by Henry Winkler as a cross of Sammy Glick and Holden Caulfield. His self-promotion begins as an undergraduate in a midwestern college set in the fifties. Here is the gem of what might have been an affectionate and witty send-up of the early days of television, but the film remains a blunt and unerringly vulgar assault on the funny bone. Loews State I; Loews Cine; 34th Street E.

Operation Thunderbolt–Produced and directed by Menaham Golan, film chronicles the story of the legendary rescue mission at Entebbe. Guild.

Padre Padrone–Saverio Marconi and Omero Antonutti play father and son in the 1977 Cannes Film Festival award-winning picture, directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviana, telling of a Sardinian peasant boy forced by his tyrannical father to live in isolation as a shepherd until his twentieth year. Cinema II.

Renaldo and Clara–Bob Dylan has written, directed, co-edited and supervised the musical sound-track of this film, and stars in it with Joan Baez, Bob Neuwirth, Ronee Blakley, and Sara Dylan. There are 47 musical interludes, and the film runs three hours and 52 minutes. Waverly; Festival.

Saturday Night Fever–As the disco champ of Nik Cohn's *New York* Magazine piece, John Travolta is a good enough reason for seeing the movie. Even the character inconsistencies provide a built-in audition for this enormously gifted actor. The scenes where the tribal rites occur at a Brooklyn disco are electrifying, and when Travolta glides onto the dance floor, he is grace personified. Loews Orpheum; D. W. Griffith; 2/22-27, Olympia.

The Seduction of Mimi–Lina Wertmuller, one of the best younger directors today, in close to top form. The mix, as usual, is politics and sex, comedy and drama. Although severely cut for the American market, this is still a funny, gripping film, dashingly directed, and with some ideas in its head. Thru 2/15, New Yorker.

Semi-Tough–Now that the jinx against sports films has been dispelled, and audiences for them have grown wider and more knowledgeable, Michael Ritchie's treatment of football seems cavalier at best. He has a good eye for the yearning for attention, the humiliating games people will play and rationalize, but he is so busy keeping score of immediate winners and losers that we never get under their skin, never know how they will perform over the long haul. Burt Reynolds is pitch-perfect as the cock of the walk captain. Loews Triplex; Trans-Lux 85th.

The Serpent's Egg–Ingmar Bergman's first film as an exile (made in Munich, where he now lives), and set in 1923 Berlin, attempts to capture the social and political currents that would produce fascism. But it is a major disappointment. Bergman has no special feeling for the interplay of politics and human destiny, or for a period and place that lesser artists have painted more vividly. A cabaret chanteuse, played by Liv Ullmann, looks about as decadent as a Meissen doll. David Carradine, who plays her brother-in-law, proceeds to turn into one of the most unpleasant characters in Bergman, and soon repels us. Coronet.

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe *quasar*—leap beyond *2001*. But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Astor Plaza.

Taxi Driver–Another undisciplined film by Martin Scorsese, this time about a maladjusted loner who drives a taxi by night and gets crazier by the day. The film tries to be too many things, a study in psychopathology, a documentary about hacking, a political parable, two separate aborted love stories, a love and hate letter to New York City, and manages to flub most of them if not all. Insecure direction, but mostly good performances, particularly by Robert De Niro and Jodie Foster. And one dreadful one by Cybill Shepherd. Also pretentious cinematography and a bombastic score. Some good atmosphere, but even that is overdone. RKO Cinerama II.

The Turning Point–Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine portray two ballet company friends reunited after almost twenty years, when each is at a crossroad. What makes this film so important is that the old soap-opera philosophy (that career, fame, and money are nothing compared to the Love of a Man) is scuttled by the more complex view that no one choice will ever put an end to doubts about the road not taken. The ballet scenes are terrific. Little Carnegie; Beekman; Quad; RKO 86th St I.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, February 14

On the Twentieth Century–Madeline Kahn, John Cullum, Imogene Coca—all in a new musical with book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, based on a 1932 play by Hecht, MacArthur & Mulholland, which takes place on board the 20th Century Ltd, enroute from Chicago to New York. Music by Cy Coleman; directed by Harold Prince. Previews now prior to a 2/19 opening. St. James, 246 W 44th (OX 5-5858).

A TOAST TO MELBA

William Marshall, Melba Moore, and **Gilbert Price** are all stars, along with Eartha Kitt, in **Timbuktu!,** a new all-black musical adapted from Kismet, with the locale transferred a bit, and set in the 14th century—by Luther Davis, Robert Wright, and George Forrest, with choreography, direction, and costumes by Geoffrey Holder. Previewing now, prior to a 3/1 opening. At the Mark Hellinger, 51st & Broadway (PL 7-7064).

Tuesday, February 21

Deathtrap–A new murder-mystery thriller by Ira Levin, with Marian Seldes, Marian Winters, Victor Garber, and Richard Woods; directed by Robert Moore. Previews start tonight prior to a 2/26 opening. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

CURRENT

The Act–Imagine the incestuous marriage of TV and Las Vegas and, next, their idiotic progeny; you now have a perfect picture of this work. If ever a supposed Broadway musical looked like a cross between a less than spectacular TV spectacular and a dry-as-dust show at the Sands or the Desert Inn, this vulgar concoction is it. Its main—almost its only—selling point: Liza Minnelli, and she has only brashness, pathos, and desperate energy. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, Andrea McArdle's gleam in the title role, and a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Imperial, 249 E 45th (CO 5-2412).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W 44. (246-5990).

Cold Storage–Tale of two men in the cancer ward of a Manhattan hospital. When Ronald Ribman, the author, is at his best, as in the first act, he can keep you laughing and thinking at the same time. As the two main characters, Martin Balsam gives a stunning performance, and Len Cariou is compelling as long as he acts tense and superior; when he is agonized he is a bit too mechanical. But the evening is lit with the playful intelligence of the writing, and the articulate energy of the performers. Directed by Frank Corsaro. Tues thru Sat at 8; Mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 3. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Sat at 2, Sun at 2 & 5. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon-Sat at 8; Mat Wed & Sat at 2. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols, and acted to individual and joint near-perfection by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Golda–William Gibson has written a cheap, and oversimplified version of the life of Golda Meir. Shoddy direction, sets, and lighting, with, for the most part, indifferent-to-bad actors. The exception is Anne Bancroft, who, through sheer talent, never lets a two-note part grate on us. Gibson has tried to combine the unstageable business of warfare with scenes from the very discreet Mrs. Meir's life—and because the public events dwarf the private, *Golda* remains shadowy and stereotypical. Thru 2/19, Morosco, 217 W 45 (246-6230).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about highschool shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8. Mats Sat & Wed at 2. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

Jesus Christ Superstar–A revival of the Andrew Lloyd Weber/Tim Rice rock opera, directed by William Gray. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

The King and I–The Rodgers-Hammerstein classic of 1951, in a fuzzy, slovenly revival with Yul Brynner repeating his stint as the King, Constance Towers as the "I" and a gaggle of oriental-looking moppets. Tues thru Sat at 8; Mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mat Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. On Sun 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. & Wed at 2 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Paul Robeson–Phillip Hayes Dean's portrait of a great man has been composed with shrewdness and wit, and is played by James Earl Jones in a manner that is big in body, heart, and mind. Jones invests his part with all anyone could ask for. Every virtue is here, yet never cloying, sanctimonious, humorless. There is always a sense of fierce dignity behind the occasional ironies—of something, above all, tart, down-to-earth, saltily human. Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

Saint Joan–The wonderful thing about any Shavian play is the play of intellect in it. Here there are actually flashes of lyricism, and what's more important, the sheer luminescence of Shaw's restlessly revolving intellect. However, Lynn Redgrave, splendid actress—and even Shavian actress—that she is, simply is not Saint Joan. Instead of a substratum of full-brooded country lass, she has a fundamentally urban quality: nervous, exacerbated, clever, neurotic, shrill. Thru 2/19. Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (581-0720).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

Side by Side with Sondheim–Hermione Gingold, Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, and Georgia Brown offer a generous sampling of songs for which Stephen Sondheim wrote words, music, or both. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Thru 2/18. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636). (Opens at Morosco, 217 W 45 (246-6230) 2/22 mat.)

Sly Fox–Ben Jonson's *Volpone* updated to 19th-century San Francisco, with new gags stuck onto the original Jacobean plot-structure. Vincent Gardenia now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6699).

A Touch of the Poet–At his second-best, Eugene O'Neill is still better than most of what is around today. This story of how an immigrant Irish innkeeper in Boston 1828 comes to terms with the

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truth about himself is slow to get started but then carries considerable wallop. Jason Robards may be a bit too charming for the protagonist, but there is good supporting work from Geraldine Fitzgerald and Milo O'Shea, and Kathryn Walker, as the daughter who precipitates the dramatic events, is marvelous. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

The Wiz–Oz in blackface, Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Academy Arts Repertory–Noel Coward's *Private Lives*, directed by David McNitt. Fri & Sat at 7 p.m. Sun at 4 p.m. 2/1-3/12. $3. M. Tulis Sessions's *Women I Have Known*, a one-woman show, directed by Michael T. Gregorie. 2/17-19. $3. 330 E 56th (486-1431).

Ain't Misbehaven'–A tribute to the life and spirit of Fats Waller, directed by Richard Maltby Jr., choreographed by Arthur Faria. Wed thru Sun at 8:15; Fri & Sat at 8:15 & 10:30. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Angelface–A play by Susan Horowitz, starring Martha Schlamme and Court Miller, directed by Susan Schulman. Wed thru Sun, thru 2/15. $3. Hunter College, E. 68 betw Park & Lex (360-5108).

The Beasts–A play by H.N. Levitt, directed by Allen R. Belkna, based on the life of Rudolf Hess. Wed thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 3/5. Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St (362-0470).

Be My Valentine–An urban teen-age comedy, written and directed by Karl Friedman. 2/18, 19, 25, 26, at 3 p.m. 25¢ for children, $1 for adults. Henry St Settlement, 466 Grand St (766-9334).

Bus Stop–Revival of the William Inge play, directed by Marsha Sheiness. A romantic comedy set in a diner in the early '50s. Thru 2/19. $3. St Clements Downstairs, 423 W 46th (246-7277).

Carmencita–Fiery Carmen comes to New York and Bizet's music takes a Latin turn. Book and lyrics by Manuel Martin, Jr. who also directs. Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. $2.50. Duo Theater, 10 Bleecker (777-8913).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a gaggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. All the roles are played by women. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

Count Dracula–Ted Tiller's mystery-comedy 1930's version, based on Bram Stoker's 19th Century novel. 2/16-26. Tues thru Sun evenings at 8; Sat & Sun at 2:30 ELT Theater, 103rd & Riverside Dr (663-2028).

CSC Repertory–Ibsen's *Rosmerholm;* Jean Genet's *The Maids;* Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Karen Sunde's *The Running of the Deer*, and Giradoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillot*. CSC Repertory, 136 E 13th St (677-4210).

Clara Bow Loves Gary Cooper–A 20's romance with music, by Robert Dahdah and Mary Boylan. Thurs thru Sun, 2/16-3/5, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Cino Theater, 162 Second Ave (254-1109).

Comedy Faces of '78–Cabaret starring The First Amendment Comedy Troupe; Zalkind and Burke Dancin', and Seborn Westbrook. 2/16-25. Hotel Ansonia, 73rd & Bdway (840-0243).

Come Laugh and Cry with Langston Hughes–Conceived and directed by Rosetta LeNoire and Clyde Williams, revue captures the essence of Harlem's life and rhythms in the 20s and 30s, with a multi-racial cast. Thru 2/26, Thurs thru Sat at 7:30; Sun at 3 p.m. 1 E 104th, 4th floor (369-8000).

Corral–A musical saga of the West, directed and compiled by Allan Albert. Four actors and two musicians playing the fiddle, banjo, and mandolin, make up the cast. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun mat at 2. Thru 2/19. Theater of the Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr (864-2929).

The Curse of the Starving Class–Sam Shepherd's play set in the rural poverty-stricken farm areas of the southwestern states. Directed by Robert Woodruff. 2/14-4/9. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

A Day's Grace–New Drama by John Fazarkerley, directed by Warren Robertson, is about a lower middle class blue collar family in Philadelphia. Thurs thru Sun, at 8 p.m. Thru 2/26. $3. AMDA Theater, 2109 Bdway (564-1380).

The Devil's Disciple–A new production of the George Bernard Shaw play, directed by Frank Dunlop. With Margaret Hamilton, Bernard Hughes, George Rose, Chris Sarandon, Carole Shelley. Thru 2/19. Bklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4123).

Double Bill–*Chart Busters* and *How To Cope,* written by Bruce Serlen, directed by James Jennings. 2/14-17, at 7:30 p.m. Actors Group Theater, 314 W 54th (582-2691).

Double Bill–Athol Fugard's *Statements After an Arrest Under the Immorality Act,* and Steve Wilmer's *Scenes from Soweto.* Wed thru Sun at 7:30; Sat & Sun mats at 3 p.m. Thru 3/5. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Drama Committee Repertory–Wilde's *An Ideal Husband,* thru 2/26. Conrad's *Heart of Darkness,* thru 2/27. $3. 17 W 20th St (929-8377).

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde–Drama based on the Robert Louis Stevenson novel plays Fri thru Sun at 7:30 p.m. Directed by Luc Leclair. $3.50. Nameless Theater, 125 W 22nd (242-9768).

Exit the King–Ionesco's fairy tale for grownups directed by Mary Gall. Fri thru Mon at 8, thru 2/19. $3 Theater XII, 94 St Marks Pl (594-6359).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

The Freedom of the City–A drama by Brian Friel, set in the part of Ireland still occupied by British troops. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 3/5. $3. Irish Arts Center, 553 W 51st (757-3318).

Hippolytus–Euripides's work based on the myth of the son of King Theseus and the Amazon Hippolyta. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. $2.50. Thru 2/26. Meat and Potatoes, 58 W 39th (391-2346).

Insufficient Evidence–A new play by lawyer-novelist Eliezer Lipsky, based on his book, "Murder One," directed by Helen Warren Mayer. 2/17-26, omitting 2/20. John Jay College, 444 W 56th (245-2489).

The International Stud–Harvey Fierstein in his new play, directed by Eric Concklin, costarring Steve Spiegel and Diane Tarleton. Thru 2/19, Thurs thru Sun. LaMama ETC, 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris–A musical revue with Annette Hanington, Bruce Sherman, Laurie Lipson, and Tony Michael Pann. 2/16, 17 at 8:30; 2/18 at 8 & 10:30 p.m. $3. Park Royal Hotel, 23 W 73rd (16th floor-228-0900).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–Pinter's *The Cocktail Party;* Ibsen's *Love's Comedy;* Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts;* Sartre's *No Exit.* Bouwerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

King of the Castle–Eugene McCabe's play about love, power, greed, and impotence among people of the wild farm country. Thurs thru Sun at 8:30, thru 2/26. $2.50. Stage 73, 321 E 73rd (691-7950).

Kontraption–A play by Rochelle Owens, directed by Barbara Rosoff. Thurs thru Sun, thru 2/29, at 8 p.m. $3. N.Y. Theater Strategy, 151 Bank St (242-3900).

The Liars–Absurdist comedy by Ron Lampkins, directed by Ken Buckshi. 2/16-19, 23-25. $2.50. New City, 162 2nd Ave (254-1109).

A Life in the Theater–David Mamet is our current most-promising playwright. In this series of vignettes, showing us an older, proudly declining actor and a young and ambitiously climbing one in their on- and off-stage relationships, he gives away the show by the fact that every scene is a duologue. We keep waiting for a little verbal football, something more team-oriented and teeming with life. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

Lulu–The Frank Wedekind play, described as a human circus of erotic passions, stars Trish Hawkins, and is

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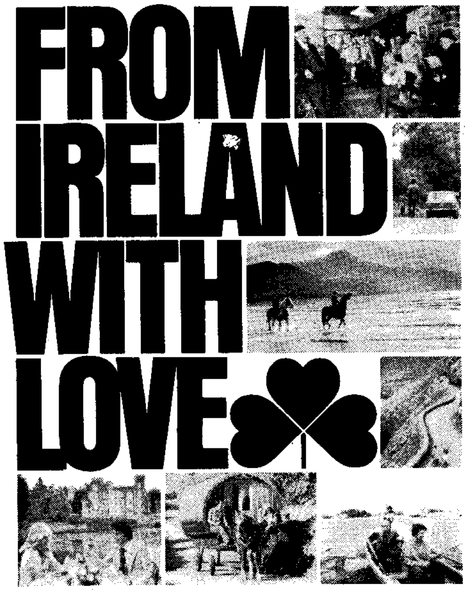

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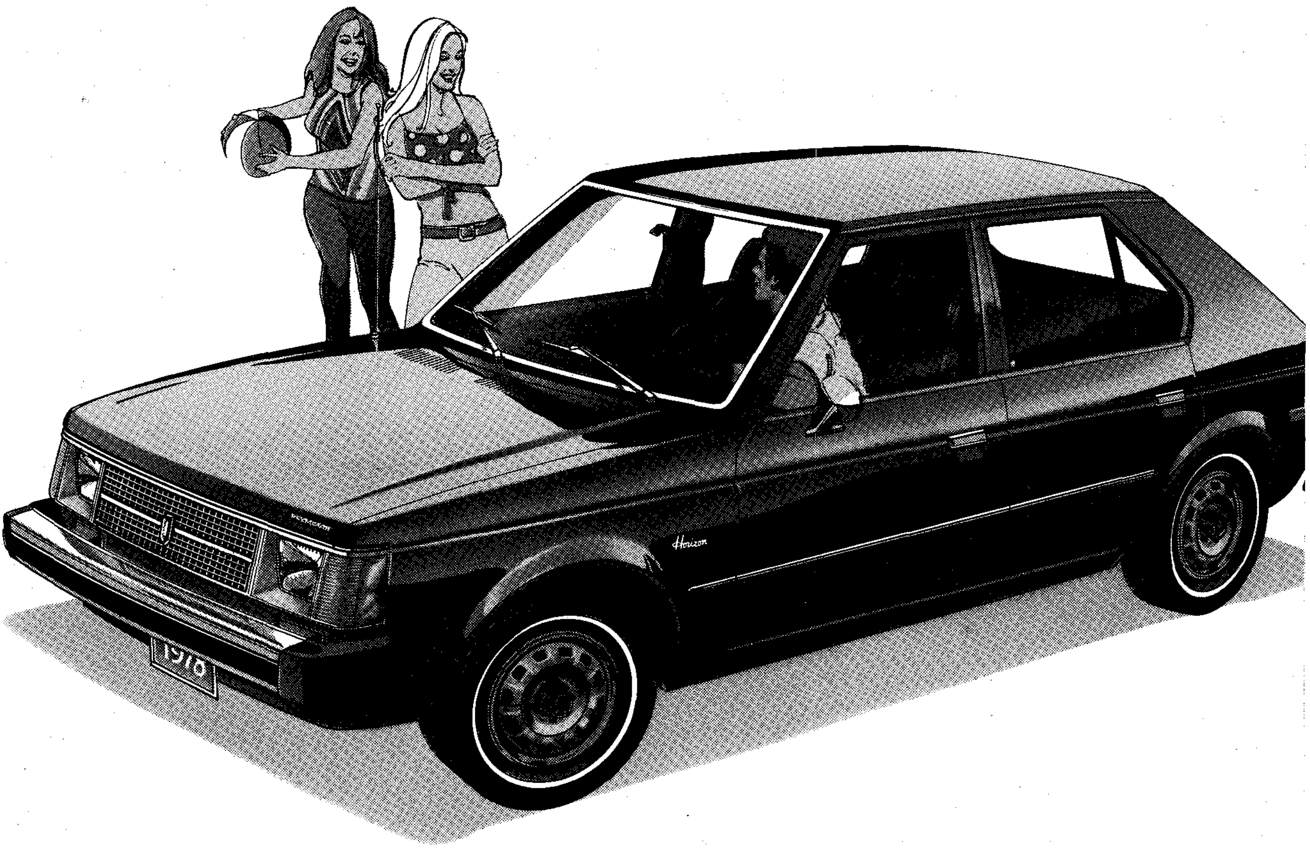

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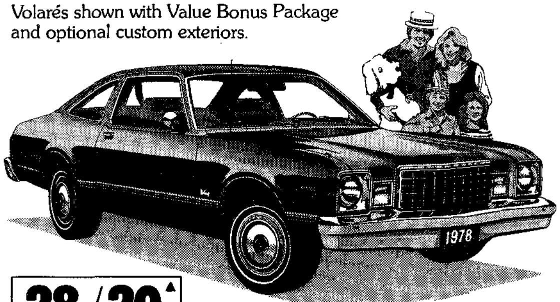

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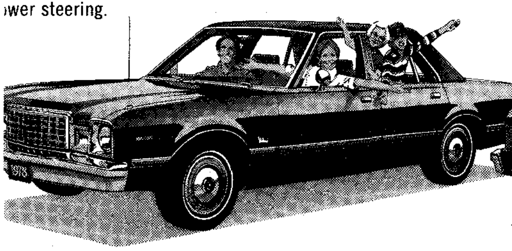

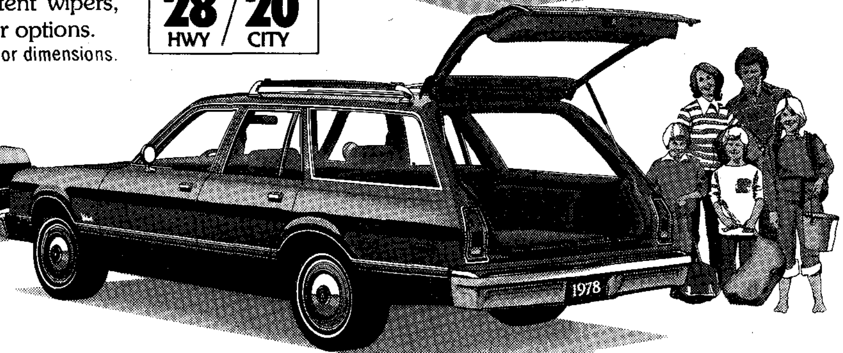

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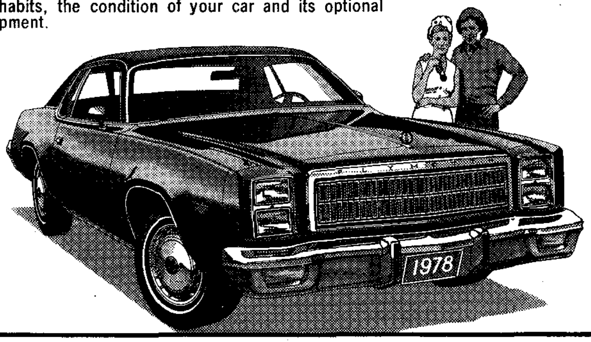

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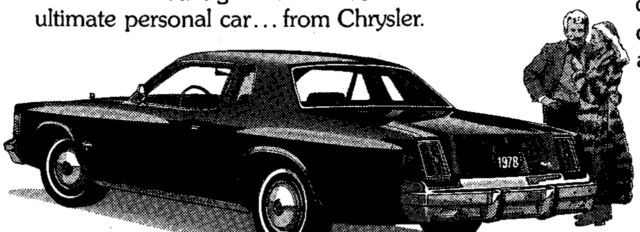

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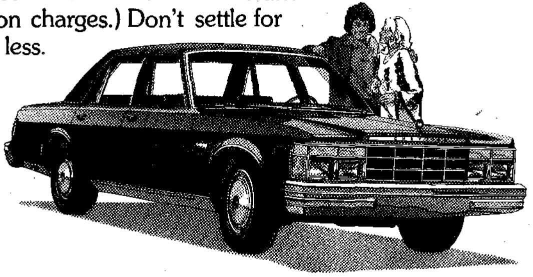

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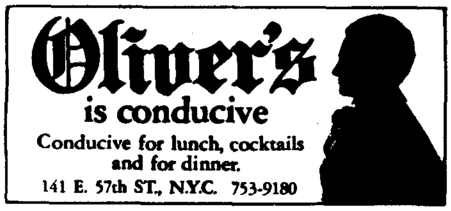
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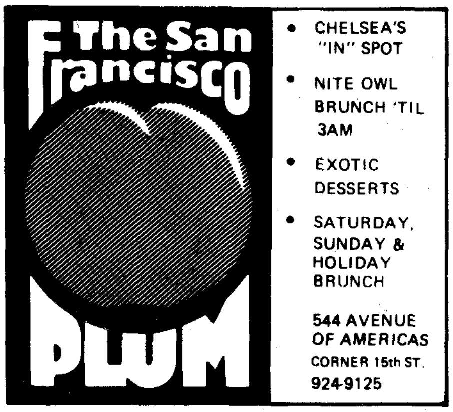
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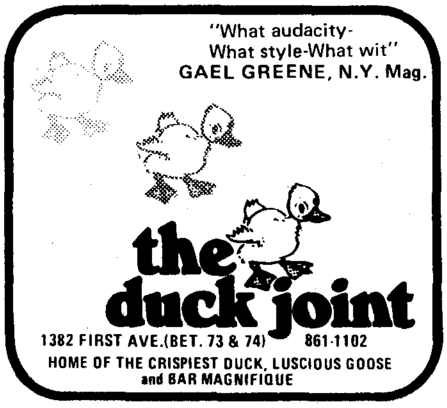
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directed by Rob Thirkield. Thru 3/18. Circle Rep Company, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

The Mandrake–The less said about Machiavelli's comedy, the better. It's uninventively camped up by Wilford Leach's direction and decor, abysmally costumed by Patricia McCourty, and execrably acted by all but Angele Pietropinto and Larry Pine, who, unsubtle but professional, tower above a gaggle of ghastly amateurs. Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Miss Julie–August Strindberg's play, directed by Anthony Solter. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. thru March. $3.50. The Gathering Place, 150 W 26th (924-6988).

My Astonishing Self–Donal Donnelly stars as George Bernard Shaw in an entertainment drawing from the lectures, pamphlets, diaries, letters, and miscellaneous public utterances of the great man. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 & 7. Thru 3/5. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

Neon Woman–Divine stars in Tom Eyen's play dealing with the ups and downs of the proprietress of a Baltimore burlesque house circa 1963. Fri thru Sun at 9:30. Thru 2/26. Hurrah, 36 W 62nd (586-2636).

ARCH VILLAIN

Christopher Loomer plays Baradas, who attempts to overthrow France's Louis XIII in Edward Bulwer-Lytton's **Richelieu**, the adventure melodrama at Trinity Lutheran Church, 168 West 100th Street. Playing February 15th to 17th at 8 p.m. and February 18th at 5 & 9:30 p.m. The 19th-century work is being staged by Tom Dorsey (724-0970).

Othello–Earle Hyman stars in this updating of the Shakespeare play, directed by Gene Feist, with Carmen de Lavallade and Nicholas Kepros. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. To 2/19. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

The Passion of Dracula–A totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

Piano Bar–Revue with music by Rob Fremont, lyrics by Doris Willens, is directed by Albert Takazauckas. Takes place in an East Side cocktail lounge. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 2/26. $3. Shirtsleeve Theater, 931 First Ave (490-3548).

Playwrights Horizons–Three plays in repertory. Sam Shepard's *Angel City;* Len Jenkin's *Gogol,* and Lanie Robertson's *Back County Crimes.* $3. 416 W 42nd (LO 4-1235).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead–A rewrite of James Kirkwood's play about a series of disasters that befall a New York actor, directed by Robert Nigro. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Promenade Theater, 2162 Bdway (799-7690).

The Promise–Marilyn McIntyre, Christopher Paul Goutman, and Davis Hall, in a play by Aleksei Arbuzov, directed by Michael Fried. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. thru 4/9. Roundabout/Stage Two, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

R–A play by C. V. Peters. Thurs thru Sat, 2/16-25. $2. Westbeth Theater 151 Bank St (691-2272).

The Red Robins–Kenneth Koch's new play, an adventure-book fantasy, directed by Donald Sanders. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun mat at 3 p.m. $7. St. Clement's, 423 W 46th (675-5000).

Royal Repertory–GBS's *Candida,* Fridays & Saturdays at 7:30; Chekhov's *The Boor* and *A Marriage Proposal,* every Sunday at 4 & 7:30. $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Sacco and Vanzetti Meet Julius and Ethel Rosenberg–An 18-character, 44-scene, multimedia cabaret extravaganza. Tues thru Sat, thru Feb., at 8 p.m. $4. Seating is limited. The Cloud Chamber, 45 E 20th nr Gramercy Park (475-9623).

Shuffle Along–A musical evening based on the *1920's jazz musical, with music and lyrics by Eubie* Blake and Noble Sissle. 2/15, 16, 17, 18, 19, at 8 p.m. $3. Theater Off Park, 28 E 35th (683-4991).

Soho Repertory–Brian Friel's *Philadelphia, Here I Come.* Arthur Wing Pinero's *The Magistrate.* Soho Theater, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Spanish Theater Repertory: *Te Juro Juana, Que Tengo Ganas,* by Emilio Carballido; *La Dama Duende,* by Calderon; *La Fiaca by Ricardo Talesnik.* Suite Latinoamericana—two one-acters by Talesnik and Carballido. Thru February. Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 E 27th. For dates call 889-2850.

Spider's Web–Agatha Christie's, directed by Penelope Hirsch. A thriller set in exotic Jamaica. Fri thru Sun, thru 2/26. IRT, 120 W 28th (243-7494).

Tell Me a Riddle–A play based on Tillie Olsen's award-winning story. 2/17-19, 24-26, 3/3-5, 10/12. $3. Brecht Auditorium, 186 W 4th St (entrance on Barrow) (989-6493).

The Tennis Game–By George W. S. Trow. Music-theatre production in three sets. Thru 2/18. Open Eye, 316 E 88th (534-6909).

The Three Cuckolds–Adapted from a 16th century comedia dell'arte scenario by Leon Katz, directed by Elaine Kanas. Thurs thru Sat, 2/16-3/4 at 8 p.m. Sun mats at 3 p.m. Production Company, 249 W 18th (691-7359).

Twelfth Night–Shakespeare's, directed by Gloria Skurski. 2/21, 22, at 8 p.m. $3. Stage 73, 321 E 73rd (877-1876).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Monica Merryman) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

Waiting for Godot–*An all-female version of Samuel* Beckett's play, directed by Jean Leslie Goodman. With Jean Barker, Inez Spears, Winship Cook, and Lydia Edwards. Thurs thru Sat, thru 2/25. $2.50. Hartley House Theater, 413 W 46th (246-9872).

Where Memories are Magic and Dreams Invented–Susan Nanus's play, directed by Susan Einhorn. Sylvia Gassell, Kay Medford, Lenore Loveman, Michael Kaufman, Allen Swift, Laura Copland are featured. Wed thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3. Thru 2/17. $3. Interart Theater, 549 W 52nd (246-6569).

Zoya's Apartment–Mikhail Bulgakov's comedy satire shows an inside view of the glitter that masked the corruption of pre-Revolutionary Russian society. Directed by Earl Ostroff. Fri thru Mon, thru 2/27. $3. Gene Frankel Theater, 342 E 63rd (421-1666).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Applause–40th St & Lex. Restaurant club, with singer-pianist Ann Lebeaux holding forth Mon thru Sat from 8 p.m. (687-7267).

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas, and singer Joyce Silveira with dancing to the Helcio Milito nine-piece band, who play popular Brazilian music, every night from 10 to 4 a.m. (688-8501).

Cafe Fanny–Madison and 43rd. Patterned on 19th century Viennese cafes with an informal ambiance and open from 7 a.m. to midnight daily. The Strauss Sisters play week nights, Mon thru Fri (687-7115).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

Ceal's Place–39th & 9th Ave. A homey place specializing in soup & bread; Laine Cooke, with David Lahm at the keyboard, sings Saturdays. Other entertainers other nights, Eric Oxendine and friends, and jazz pianist Patti Brown (947-7779).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. The musical revue of Los Chavales de Espana, plus Flamenco dancers, & singers. Luis Tamayo and Felo Bohr. Mon thru Fri 9:30 & midnight. Sat has three shows (PL 2-8080).

ARABIAN BEAUTY

Samiha Koura, who owns the fancy **Club Ibis** at 151 East 50th Street, doubles as Middle Eastern dancing star of its new international revue, "King Tut 78," lavishly costumed, which sparks the floor show at 9:45 & 12:30 every night but Sunday. For reservations, phone 753-3884.

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Dinner and dancing to the Irving Fields Trio, Tues thru Sat, 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. plus three shows nightly (PL 5-6010).

Cotton Club–666 W 125th. New cabaret-supper club reminiscent of the 30s. Thru 2/20, Carmen McRae, the Cotton Club Revue and Orchestra (Pazant Bros). Shows at 10 and 12:30 (MO 3-7980).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Gaslight Club–124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist Dick Haddy; there's pianist-singer George Mahoney; there's Sam Ulano's Speakeasy Four, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

Giovanni's Oasis–42 W 58th. Restaurant club, with Angelo on accordion and Pasquale on electric guitar playing Italian folk and other music Wed thru Sat, 8 to midnight (PL 2-7085).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jilly's–256 W 52nd. Debbie Williams sings here thru 2/25, at 11 p.m. 12:30 a.m. and 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (581-5564).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Singer-pianist Glen Covington and his trio are here nightly, except Sun, from 10 p.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio Tues thru Sat and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Lorelei–233 E 86th. Viennese cuisine, a large dance floor, and the Hof Brau Revue every night at 8 p.m. (722-9897).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Ave. Valentine Room: Dancing 7:30 to midnight Fri. & Sat. Victorian Room: Dancing Wed & Thurs. 2/16 at 8:30 & 10:30 p.m. Jon Haggins sings (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. Lainie's Room: From 2/14, Lainie Kazan (PL 2-3100).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Thru 2/26, Bobby Rosengarten and his orchestra, featuring Carrie Smith (PL 7-9090).

BELGIAN BEAUTY

Monique Van Vooren, who sings like a sultry siren, returns to the **Rainbow Grill,** with a new act. She's here on the sixty-fifth floor at 30 Rockefeller Plaza, where there's a view of the whole world from the floor-to-ceiling windows, and Picasso tapestries hanging on the walls. 2/13-18 (PL 7-8970).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Wed, Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Roma di Notte–137 E 55th Italian cabaret with hideaway caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wed thru Sun 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thurs and weekend. Bands of Tony Martell and Ramon Argueso. Petro and Olga dance class Wed (CI 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Mon thru Sat, Thru 2/25, an energetic young septet called Park Avenue (421-0900).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Aris San heads the two-hour revue of singers, bouzouki players, bellydancers, and dancing waiters at this Greek-Israeli nightclub (683-9409).

Starship Discovery #1–350 W 42nd, betw 8th & 9th. Futuristic discotheque in a three-floor entertainment complex. 9 p.m. to 7 a.m. Fri, Sat & Sun (695-1114).

Touches–190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

La Vie En Rose–227 E 56th. *Pouff,* a musical revue with a cast of twenty-five. Mon thru Sat at 9:30; and at 11:30. Disco dancing and dining before and after show (755-1820).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Americana, 811 Seventh Ave (581-1000). **French Quarter:** New Orleans atmosphere, and dancing to music of Bobby Michaels & Company, Mon thru Sat, 9 to 1:30 a.m. Sun 5 to midnight. **Bridges:** Singer-pianist Amy Lynn Yago, 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** Thru 3/25, pianist George Shearing. **Bemelmans Bar:** Marian McPartland plays Mon thru Sat thru 2/11. 2/13-22, Teddy Wilson.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** 7-string guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and his trio play quiet ballads and bright standards with cool jollity and elan. Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 12:30. Sun & Mon, Steve Weltner, on piano.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30 except Sun, thru 3/4, New Life, starring Joann Greco. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Effie, 5 to 10 p.m. Mon thru Fri. And from 10 to 12:30, singer Mary Small.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Harley, pianist, 5:30-9 p.m. Mark Shane with the Peter Duchin Quartet, 9 p.m. -2 a.m. alternating with The St. Regis Latin Combo.

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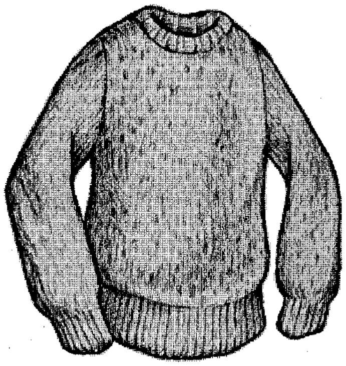

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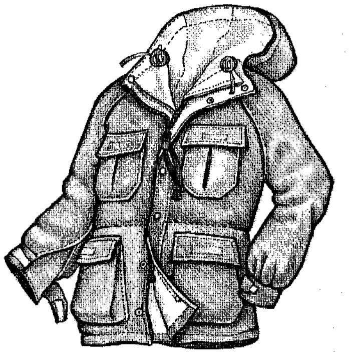

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Bernard Fennel on cello, Masujaa on guitar, and Rashied Sinan, drummer (226-9042).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mabel Godwin at the piano Tues thru Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

The Ballroom–458 W Bdway. *By Strouse*— an evening of music by the composer, with a cast of four. 8:30 & 10:30, Tues thru Sun, 8:30 & 10:30 (673-9121).

Bar None–*167 E 33rd. Dardenelle, a feather-fingered* pianist and engaging singer, seems to have established a permanent residency in this restaurant (684-3223).

Beefsteak Charlie's–12th St & Fifth. 2/15-18, Air with Henry Threadgill, Steve McAUlldrum and Fred Hopkins. 2/22-25, Hal Galper and Lee Konitz Trio (675-4720).

Benihana Palace–15 W 44th. Hiroko Kondo plays pop organ in the bar, Wed thru Sat, in an authentic Japanese inn setting (682-7120).

Blue Hawaii–135 3rd Avenue. Jay Clayton, an appealingly venturesome jazz singer with an unassailable repertoire and good piano-bass support, is here Fri & Sat and the sound is fine (260-7690).

The Bottom Line–15 W 4th St. Thru 2/15, Muddy Waters, the incomparable blues apostle from Chicago, and a Roomful of Blues, a group of talented young pretenders. 2/22, 23, Yvonne Elliman. 2/24, 25, Allessi, and Karon Bihari 2/28-3/1, the Lenny White Group. 3/8, 9, NRBQ (228-6300).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Clubhouse–Restaurant with a nice sports decor, and singer/pianist Sandra Alexander performing nightly, 8 p.m. until morning, Mon thru Sat, with blues, jazz, rock, and standards (628-0600).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter, the great blues singer, is here thru February, Mon thru Thurs 8:30 & 10:30, Fri & Sat a third show at 12:15. Sundays, Rose Murphy, the big lady with the tiny voice, sings from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. accompanied by Morris Edwards on bass (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy–45th St & Vanderbilt Ave. 2/13-17, New Orleans Winter Festival: clowns, bunting, posters, different big jazz names everyday. Mon thru Fri, 6:30 thru 11:30 (889-8331).

Daly's Daffodil–59th St & First. Pianist-arranger-composer Ellis Larkins plays Tues thru Sat from 9 p.m. until forever. Sundays, 7:30-10:30 p.m. Daphne Hellman, harpist, with guitarist Ed Berg & bassist Tomka (688-0018).

David's Harp–131 W 3rd St. Singer-guitarist Shlomo Haviv has returned to this Israeli hotspot. He performs every night but Monday from 9 (982-0328).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. *Red Balaban and his* Cats. 2/14, trumpeter Peewee Erwin. 2/19, the Chris Flory Quintet (265-8277).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Mon & Tues, Al Haig, a tough-minded tender-touch lyric pianist, who swings like an April breeze, is at the center of a trio that includes the fleet master bop guitarist, Chuck Wayne, and an iron-toned bassist, Jamil Nasser. 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. Wed thru Sat, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m., Hod O'Brien Trio, with guitarist Joe Puma. Mon thru Sat, 7 to 10, Gene Roland Trio (371-2220).

Jacques'–210 E 58th. Hungarian cuisine here, and composer-pianist Jorge Rios plays nightly from 5 to 9 p.m. followed by pianists Lynn Richards and Marc Marique for the late night crowd (PL 3-5513).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. His group includes clarinetist Joe Muranyi and trombonist Bobby Pratt. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Fri 5:30 to 8, Stan Gold Quartet (664-9700).

Kenny's Castaways–157 Bleecker. 2/14-19, Randy Burns, and Mary Smith (473-9870).

Larson's–1160 Third Ave. Brooks Kerr, gifted disciple of lyric stride piano, natural singer, and walking file cabinet of pop and jazz tunes no one else plays, is in deft command of a quartet (with reedman Russell Procope, bassist Aaron Bell and drummer Shelton Gary) *Thurs thru Sun. Tues & Wed he duets with* Bell, an irristably authoritative musician with lovely touch and perfect time (744-2540).

Marty's–1265 Third Ave. Terraces and gardens and continental food. Jimmy Jordan plays the piano and sings blues and ballads (249-4100).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. Thru 2/25, Singers Jackie Cain and Roy Kral salute "Bogie." From 9:15 p.m. Closed Sundays (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush place with excellent service, a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Bravo Riccardo entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

Nickels–227 E 67th. Pianist Norm Kubrin sings with a jazz feeling in a cozy woody ambience. Customers *can sing along. Mon thru Sat* (794-2331).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with piano music from 2 p.m. Stephen Marks and Natalie Gilbert, Mon thru Fri thru 11 p.m. Singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Mon, Wed, Fri & Sat; singer-pianist Pat Holley on Tues & Thurs (753-9180).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass. Thru 2/18, Falls City Ramblers. 2/19, Groundspeed. 2/20, Blue Water Country Band. (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. The Art Syms Quartet plays for entertainment. Pianist-singer Larry Paine from 7 p.m. in the lounge (752-0200).

The Other End–149 Bleecker. 2/14-16, singer Dan Hill. 2/17, 18, Peter Hamill. 2/22, 23, Tom Paxton, with Bev Grant (673-7030).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St. Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

Ramayana–123 W 52nd. New York's only authentic Indonesian restaurant, with plenty of rijsttafel, and a show with dancers, musicians, and singers. Fri & Sat, and music for dancing (581-1170).

Red Blazer Too–1576 Third Ave, nr 88th. Wed, the Original Traditional Jazz Band. Thurs, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Fridays, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies (876-0440).

Reno Sweeney–*126 W 13th. 2/14-19,* Andrea Marcovicci at 9 & midnight (Sun at 9:30). 2/21-25, Mercedes Hall. Wed thru Sat, Blossom Dearie, a honey-voiced singer—or whisperer, accompanies herself on piano, and has a whimsical repertoire unlike anyone else's. (691-0900).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Stryker's–103 W 86. Chuck Israels, a gifted leader of unlikely combos, has a nine-piece unit Mon; guitarist Jimmy Ponder holds sway Tues; the ever-brilliant saxophonist Lee Konitz Wed; gritty baritone saxist Ron Cuber Thurs (874-8754).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. 2/14-18, Joe Farrell has been and probably can still be a stirring tenor saxophonist, but lately he's been fooling with jazz and pop, so beware. 2/19, 20, Marvin Stamm Quartet. 2/21-25, Joe Beck Quintet (242-1785).

Tavern on the Green–(in Central Park—just tell the cabbie, he'll take you)—Elm Bar: Pianist-singer Charlie Cochran performs Wednesday thru Sundays from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. (873-3200).

Tramps–125 E 15th. 2/15-18, 2/22-25, Baby Jane Dexter, blues-rock singer, with comedian Morris Moscovitch, at 8:30 & 10:30. Showcase Tuesday nights (260-0370).

Village Gate–Bleecker at Thompson. 2/17, 18, Herbie Mann and the Family of Mann. 2/24, 25, Dizzie Gillespie Sextet. At 10 p.m. & midnight (GR 5-5120).

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345). Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway (245-4878). Wed at 2 & 7, Thurs-Fri at 7, Sat at 2, 7 & 10, Sun at 2 & 5.

Concerts

Tuesday, February 14

Philadelphia Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.

Western Wind, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Double Image, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Judith Alstadter, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Phyllis Bryn-Julson & Donald Sutherland, St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St., at 7:30.

Wednesday, February 15

Clarion Concerts Orchestra, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.

Ars Viva, St. Peter's Church, 54th St. & Lexington Ave. at 12 & 1.

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Arkady Aronov, Mannes College of Music, at 8.

Choral Noontime, St. Thomas Church, 53rd & Fifth, at 12:10.

Joy in Singing, Lincoln Center Library, at 5:30.

Evenings for New Music, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.

Double Image Jazz Ensemble, NYC Community College, at 8.

Cissy Houston, Town Hall, at 5:45.

Olivier Gardon, Museum of Natural History, at 7.

Paul Badura-Skoda, 92nd St. Y, at 6.

Thursday, February 16

The Double Image Jazz Ensemble, Bronx Community College at noon.

Bernard Haitnik, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.

Elizabeth Parcells, 92nd Street Y, at 8.

Omega Ensemble, Christ & St. Stephens Church, 120 W. 69th Street, at 8.

Wojciech Wojtasiewicz, St. Paul's Chapel, at noon.

Francis Dial, Grace Church, at 12:30.

Americo Carmuta, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Roslyn Dlugin, Mannes College of Music, at 8.

Friday, February 17

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.

Chamber Ensemble, Mannes College of Music, at 8.

League ISCM, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Guarneri Quartet, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

Faculty Concert, *Greenwich House Music School,* 8.

Joan La Barbara, The Kitchen, at 8:30.

Charles Davis, Jazzmania, 14 E. 23 St., at 9.

Elizabeth Wolff, Jack Kahn Studios, 158 W 55 St., 8.

Italian Gala, Regina Hall, 12 Ave & 65th St., Bklyn, 8.

Calvin Hampton, Calvary Episcopal Church, 21 St & Park Avenue, at midnight.

Nash Ensemble of London, Metropolitan Club, 1 E. 60th St, at 8.

Saturday, February 18

Charles Davis, Jazzmania, at 9.

Quartetto Beethoven di Roma, Washington Irving H.S. #16 St & Irving Pl., at 8.

The Orient Express, Loeb Auditorium, 566 LaGuardia Pl., at 8.

Wesley Nichols, Barbizon Hotel, 63 St & Lex., at 8:30.

Yehudi Wyner, St. Luke-in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St, at 8.

American Chamber Trio, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Vermeer String Quartet, Brooklyn Academy of Music, at 8:30.
Endymion Ensemble, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Waverly Consort, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Donna Candido, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.

Sunday, February 19

O SOLE MIO

Carlo Bergonzi, the great Italian tenor, will be giving a recital this week on Sunday, February 19 at 2:30 in Avery Fisher Hall. Mr. Bergonzi's program will consist of a variety of Italian songs and arias from great operas (874-2424).

Stabat Mater, St. Bartholomew's, at 4.
Beethoven Society, Hunter College Playhouse, at 3.
Roberta Bowers & Jacqueline Peatry, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Sir Roland Hanna, Church of the Heavenly Rest, 90 St. & Fifth, at 5.
Boehm Woodwind Quintet, 33-50 82nd St, Queens, at 7:30.
David Lalama Big Band, Jazzmania, 14 E 23 St, at 2.
Vocal Recital, St. Peter's Church, 346 W 20 St., at 4.
New York Sinfonia Orchestra, St. Stephen's Church, 120 W 69th St, at 4:30.
New Amsterdam Symphony Orchestra, Universalist Church, #CPW & 76 St., at 4:30.
Capella Nova, Corpus Christi Church, W 121 St., at 3.
Antonio Janigro, Town Hall, at 2:30.
Canadian Brass, Queensborough College, at 7.
Vermeer String Quartet, Brooklyn Academy of Music, at 2.
Sosio Manzo, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
The Inspirations, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Chamber Music Society, Alice Tully Hall, at 5.
Eastman Series, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Choral Evensong, St. Thomas Church, at 4.
Organ Recital, St. Thomas Church, at 5:15.

Monday, February 20

Barry Martyn & the Legends of Jazz, Bijou Theater, at 8.
Music With Jens Nygaard, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Student Recital, Mannes College, at 8.

Tuesday, February 21

Jan Peerce, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
William Tim Read, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 7:30.
Student Recital, Mannes College, at 8.
Chaim Freiberg, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Opera

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FAVORITE SOPRANO

Shirley Verett sings the role of Leonora for the first time at the Metropolitan Opera in the premiere of the Met's new production of Donizetti's *La Favorita* on Tuesday, February 21 at 7:30. The cast also includes Alma Jean Smith, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and Bonaldo Giaiotti (580-9830).

Tues, 2/14 at 8: **Thaïs** with Sills, Fredricks, Van Ree, Morris. Conductor: Pritchard; director: Capobianco; designer: Toms. Wed, 2/15 at 8: **Boris Godunov** with Quivar, Talvela, Ochman, Nagy, Atherton. Conductor: Kord; director: Everding; designers: Lee & Hall. Thurs, 2/16 at 8: **Adriana Lecouvreur** with Caballé, Dunn, Carreras, Colzani. Conductor: López-Cobos; director: Merrill; designer: C.M. Cristini, after sketches by Camillo Paravicini. Fri, 2/17 at 8: **Otello** with Ricciarelli, Kraft, McCracken, MacNeil. Conductor: Levine; director: Zeffirelli; designer: Zefferelli & Hall. Sat, 2/18 at 2: **Eugene Onegin** with Zylis-Gara, Jones, Milnes, Gedda. Conductor: Levine; director: Igesz; designers: Gérard & Diffen. Sat, 2/18 at 8: **Thaïs** (Same cast as 2/14). Mon, 2/20 at 8: **Otello** (Same cast as 2/17). Tues, 2/21 at 7:30: **La Favorita** with Verrett, Smith, Pavarotti, Milnes. Conductor: López-Cobos; director: Tavernia; designers: Lee & Greenwood.

OTHER

Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (228-8200). *Oberto*, 2/18 at 7:30, 2/19 at 2:30.
Encompass Theater, 168 W 48th St. (575-1558). *Pantaloon, He Who Gets Slapped*, Wed-Sat at 8:30, Sun at 4. Thru 2/26.
Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th (535-6310). *The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*, 2/15 at 2 & 8:30, 2/16-17 at 8:30, 2/18 at 4 & 8:30.

Dance

Don Quixote: 2/16-17 at 8; 2/18 at 2 & 8; 2/19 at 1 & 7.

OTHER

Basic Space Dance Theater, Theater of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. (864-2929), 2/16-18 at 8, 2/19 at 2.
James Cunningham's Acme Co., American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 2/19 at 3 & 8.
Sandra Stewart Dance Theater, Cunningham Studio, 463 West St., 2/16-18 at 9.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction.
Art listing edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

John Batho/Earl Kerkam(1891-1965)–Four-color carbon photos/Self-portraits, still lifes from the early 40s to 1965, thru 2/18. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).
Dan Christensen–Lyrical color abstractions, thru 2/16. Long Contemporary, 7 W 57th (PL2-6244).
Ray Ciarrochi–Landscapes in paint and on paper, thru 2/16. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

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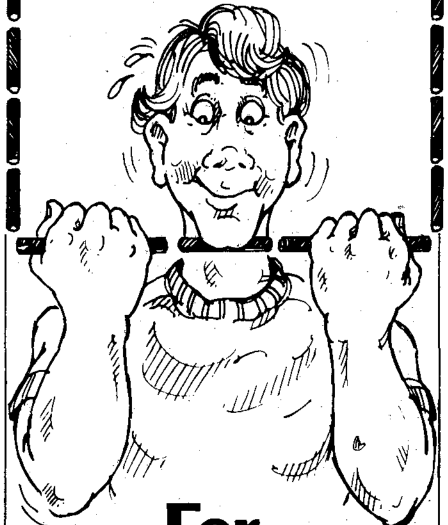

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Edythe Garber/Deborah Sudran–Paintings and collage, thru 3/4. /Landscapes, thru 2/25. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

***James Juszczyk**–Contrasting layers of transparent paint, thru 3/11. Esman, 29 W 57th (421-9490).

Frances Kuehn–Recent paintings, thru 2/23. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).

***Winifred Lutz**–Monumental portals, platforms, and passages, thru 3/1. Pearl, 29 W 57th (838-6310).

***Richard Merkin**–Graphic relics in tempera, thru 3/3. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

Eric Orr–Drawings on glass, thru 2/18. Multiples, 38 E 57th (755-3520).

Della Roberts–Flowers and still life, thru 2/25. Hammer, 51 E 57th (644-4400).

Joan Snyder–New work, 2/18-3/25. Hamilton, 20 W 57th (765-5915).

Ottomar Starke (1886-1962)–Pencil drawings for his 1920 litho portfolio, thru 2/18. Sumers, 50 W 57th (541-8334).

Dorothy Tabak–Collage landscapes, thru 2/23. Phoenix, 30 W 57th (245-5095).

Abby Zito–Monoprints of the heart, thru 2/18. Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W 57th (CI7-7480).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Anzo/Maria Sejo/Vives-Fierro–Pop prints/Mystic color abstractions/London scenes, thru 2/28. Galerias Paco, 26 E 63rd (935-8790).

Naftali Bezem–Paintings and works on paper, thru 3/30. Aberbach, 988 Mad Ave (988-1100).

Julius Bissier–Oil temperas, watercolors, brush drawings, and monotypes, thru 3/18. Lefebre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).

Bogarin–Pure color and shape in serigraphs, thru 3/31. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

George Booth–Crazed animals in cartoons and drawings, thru 3/4. Nicholls, 1014 Mad Ave (472-0211).

Ruth Brody–Watercolor, pen and ink fantasy gardens, thru 3/4. Gallery 84, 1046 Mad at 80th (628-4920). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Mark Davis–Watercolors, thru 2/25. Davis & Long, 746 Mad Ave (861-2811).

***Stuart Davis**–36 watercolors done in Hoboken from 1910 to 1913, thru 3/4. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E 70th (535-8810).

Anne Elliott–Watercolor collages, thru 2/25. Graham, 1014 Mad Ave (535-5566).

Louis Finkelstein–Abstract-impressionistic views of western Connecticut, thru 3/1. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).

Connie Fox/Seymour Perlstein–Photo images/Toby's summer in paint, thru 2/25. FAR, 22 E 80th (734-7287).

***Gerald Geerlings**–Drawings of Paris bridges and landmarks along the Seine, thru 3/3. French Institute, 22 E 60th (644-1820). Mon-Thurs 10-8, Fri 10-5:30, Sat 10-2.

***Ilse Getz**–Constructions, collages, and paintings, thru 2/25. Gimpel Weitzenhoffer, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897).

Heidi Glück–Minimal ink lines over paint, thru 3/4. Urdang, 23 E 74th (BU8-7004).

Helen and Newton Harrison–Environmental narratives consisting of collage, photo, and text wall hangings, thru 2/25. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

Margaret Israel–Birds, boats, and flowers, thru 3/4. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

Lionel Kalish–Paintings, thru 2/17. Forum, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080).

Lewis Knauss–Fiber reliefs, thru 2/25. Hadler, 35 E 20th (533-4645).

Robert Lahotan–Quiet gardens and cool paths of Maine, thru 2/25. Kraushaar, 1055 Mad at 80th (535-9888).

Joel Corcos Levy–Paintings and drawings à la Cézanne, thru 2/27. Rehn, 655 Mad at 60th (753-4694).

Todd McKie–Paintings and watercolors/Contemporary masters, including Fontana, Noland, Olitski, Stella, others, thru 3/1. Acquavella, 18 E 79th (734-6300). Mon-Sat 10-5.

Leo Manso–Tunisia in collage and paint, thru 2/25. Gurewitsch, 55 E 74th (RE4-7302). Thurs-Sat 1-5.

Louisa Mathiasdottir–Recent paintings, thru 3/11. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

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Ed Mieczkowski–Paintings on paper, thru 2/15. Myers, 19 E 76th (794-1298). Tues-Sat 1-5.

Norma Minkowitz–Crochet objets, thru 2/16. Julie, 687 Mad Ave (688-2345).

John F. Nygren–Glass images, thru 2/28. Contemporary Art Glass, 806 Mad Ave (879-4655). Mon-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-5.

***Harvey Quaytman**–New paintings, thru 2/18. McKee, 140 E 63rd (688-5951).

Edda Renouf–Drawings and paintings, thru 2/28. BlumHelman, 13 E 75th (249-5350).

***Guenter Schneider-Siemssen**–Designs, photos, and models of stage settings as cosmic space, thru 2/28. Austrian Institute, 11 E 52nd (PL9-5165). Mon-Fri 10-5.

Joan Spielberg Rich–Multiple overlays of acrylic on raw canvas, thru 2/27. Automation House, 49 E 68th (796-4875). Mon-Fri 9-5.

John Wesley–New paintings, thru 3/2. Elkon, 1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940).

***Frank Lloyd Wright**–Lithographs of early works, thru 3/4. Spaced, 165 W 72nd (787-6350).

SoHo

Evalyn Aaron–Large landscapes using oriental brush strokes, thru 2/21. Mirage, 132 Greene (925-7045).

Alfredo Arreguin–Ultra-real jungle scenes, thru 2/14. Cayman, 381 W Bdwy (966-6699). Wed-Sat 11-6.

***Ivan Biro**–Layered lumber sculptures forming spirals, thru 2/18. 55 Mercer (226-8513).

Lula Mae Blocton/Peter Schira–Paintings by both, thru 2/25. Soho Center, 114 Prince (226-1995). Tues-Fri 12-5, Sat 11-5.

Bob Bolles/Nina Paull–Steel sculpture/Color abstractions, thru 2/26. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

Christopher Clapp–Segmented landscapes, thru 2/15. Razor, 464 W Bdwy (533-3427).

Victor Delfin–Sculptures by this Peruvian Indian, 2/16-28. Bayard, 456 W Bdwy (477-3804).

Marjorie DiLascia/Robert Jessel–Figurative paintings/Works, thru 2/15. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153). Tues-Sun 12-5.

Kochi Doktori/Lynn Umlauf–Painted works, using a grid system/Paint on cut paper nailed to the wall, thru 2/25. Broome, 90 W Bdwy (732-6196). Tues-Sat 1-6.

W. Robert Evans–Dripped abstractions dealing with illusion, thru 2/16. Alternate Space, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).

***Rafael Ferrer**–A magical narrative environment using found objects from Fort Worth junk shops, thru 3/9. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

Kent Floeter–Works, thru 3/2. Boone, 420 W Bdwy (966-2114).

Maxwell Greenwood–Figurative paintings, thru 2/19. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (475-9658).

Stephen Grillo–People in crowded groups, thru 2/15. Bowery, 135 Greene (473-8778). Tues-Sat 1-6.

Edith Harper–Paintings, thru 2/23. Eno, 101 Wooster (226-5342). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Jon Jankowski–Constructed environments, 2/14-26. Viewing Room, 72 Wooster (431-5904).

Wlodek Koss–Murals by 14-year-old; works by Allen, Dowis, Escher, and Greaves, 2/16-3/1. Vorpal, 465 W Bdwy (777-3939).

John Laney–Realist daily scenes, thru 2/15. First St, 118 Prince (226-9011). Tues-Sat 1-6.

Sol Lewitt–25 years of drawings, thru 2/28. Weber, 420 W Bdwy (966-6115).

***Kim MacConnel**–Found fabrics, materials, and decorative objects sewn together and painted over, thru 2/22. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

Knox Martin–Paintings and drawings, thru 3/8. Jack, 138 Prince (966-4235). Tues-Sun 12-6.

Richard Rosenfeld–Male nudes, thru 2/25. Lohman, 55 Wooster (966-7173). Tues-Sat 1-5.

***Paul Rotterdam**–New paintings and drawings/Photographic works on paper by Eder, thru 2/25. Caldwell, 383 W Bdwy (966-6500).

***Jeff Russell**–Sprayed molten metal on canvas, thru 2/23. Westbroadway, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).

Martin Schreiber/Dennis Whitcopf–Color Xerox/Sculptures, thru 2/25. Neill, 136 Greene (925-8633).

***Charles Schucker**–Stained, unprimed canvas, evoking nature abstractions, thru 2/25. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

David Shapiro–Works on paper, thru 2/23. Milliken, 141 Prince (674-3131). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

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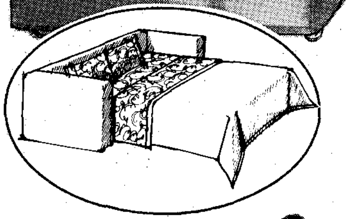

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Lynn Shelton–A *silk construction, plus works on* laminated paper, thru 3/4. Hubris, 150 Thompson (982-1827).

Donald and Edward Waisnis–Paintings and drawings by both, 2/14-3/17. Double U, 60 Thomas (349-7628). Tues-Sat 1-5.

***John Walker**–Three 10 X 8 abstractions, 2/15-3/15. Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince (966-0455).

Duane Zaloudek–New paintings, thru 2/18. 55 Mercer (226-7426).

OTHER

Lisa Bradley–Noumenal forms in oils and drawings, thru 2/25. Galerie Africaine, 51 E 10th (260-6220).

Guido Brink/Susan Pear Meisel–Metal totems and ritual symbols/Colorful, almost childlike, NYC scenes, thru 3/6. Transworld, 600 5th Ave (757-2700).

***Victor Candell**(1903-1977)–Cubist abstractions of the 30s, cityscapes of the 40s, and recent assemblages, thru 2/28. Roko, 90 E 10th (GR3-0760).

Enrique Castro-Cid–Transformations on paper mounted on canvas, thru 2/25. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006).

Ronnie Landfield–Bleeding acrylics on canvas, thru 2/21. Rentschler, 450 W 24th (929-0192). by appt.

Navil Nahas–Paintings and drawings, thru 2/18. Miller, 724 5th Ave (246-1625).

***Judy Negron**–An imaginary civilization, thru 2/28. NYU, Loeb Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl (598-3015).

Daniel Serra-Badué–Architectural lithos from 1963 to 1977, 2/16-3/17. Kromex, 1 Rockefeller Pl (489-8445). Mon-Fri 10-6.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Berman–50 W 57th (757-7630). Small works by members from 1970 to the present, thru 2/18.

***Janis**–6 W 57th (586-0110). 7 Americans, including Fahlstrom, Kelly, Marisol, Oldenburg, Segal, Steinberg, and Wesselmann, thru 3/4.

***Kennedy**–40 W 57th (541-9600). American naïve art, including cigar store Indians, weathervanes, whirligigs, portraits, and more, thru 3/4.

Nobé–250 W 57th (581-7060). 4 post minimal artists: Porter, Rosenthal, Scully, and Wagner, thru 2/25.

***Noble/Polans**–40 W 57th (541-9510). Contemporary Latin American Art, thru 3/4.

Spectrum–30 W 57th (246-2525). Sports memorabilia, paintings by Bellows, Dufy, Kent, thru 2/25.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***African Tribal Arts II**–37 W 53rd (582-5056). Mon-Sat 10:30-5. Miniature sculpture from Sierra Leone, Zaire, and Benin, thru 2/28.

***American Indian Community House**–10 E 38th (532-4897). 3,000 years of unadorned clay pottery, thru 2/12.

***Borgenicht**–1018 Mad Ave (535-8040). Milton Avery and his friends: Baziotes, Davis, Gottlieb, Hartley, Rothko, Salemme, others, thru 2/24.

Community–28 E 35th (MU3-4988). Wed-Sat 12-5, Sun 1-4. Young Black artists, 2/15-26.

***Deutsch**–43 E 80th (861-4429). The 20th century with Bluemner, Dove, Hopper, Henri, Luks, Hofmann, others, thru 3/8.

Elements–766 Mad Ave (744-0890). Mon-Sat 10-5:30. Teapots by 30 ceramicists, thru 2/25.

Graham–1014 Mad Ave (535-5767). Contemporary paintings and sculpture, thru 2/25.

Kottler–3 E 65th (RE4-3491). Mon-Fri 12-6, Sat 12-4. Avrin, Kidder, Zecevic, others, thru 2/17.

L'Ibis–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Coptic textiles and amulets from Egypt, thru 3/6.

Rolly-Michaux–943 Mad Ave (535-1460). Dufy, Van Dongen, Binet, and Malet, thru 2/25.

***Sabarsky**–987 Mad Ave (628-6281). Works by German Expressionists, thru 3/31.

Shepherd–21 E 84th (861-4050). 19th century French drawings, watercolors, and pastels, plus 30 bronzes by Antoine-Louis Barye, thru 2/28.

Stone–48 E 86th (YU8-6870). Paintings by Middleman and Renouf, drawings by Klapp, and sculpture by Croninger, thru 2/28.

***Touchstone**–*118 E 64th (826-6111). Drawings, in*cluding pastel pieces by Kleinrock, pencil on canvas by Skoglund, others, thru 3/1.

***Wauters**–1014 Mad Ave (988-3447). 19th and 20th century European and American drawings by Calder, Fontana, Le Corbusier, Man Ray, others, thru 2/28.

SoHo

Artists Space–105 Hudson (226-3970). Audio works, including tapes, records, thru 2/25.

***Buecker & Harpsichords**–465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Art and documentation from the Guild Art Gallery, a 57th street establishment of the 30s, including Aronson, Gorky, Gross, others, thru 2/25.

Downstairs–98 Prince (226-4785). Akey, Antonelli, Machida, Paul, Warshaw, others, thru 2/15.

***Drawing Center**–137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6, Wed 11-9. Works by younger and unknown artists, thru 3/4.

***OK Harris**–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Paintings by Didonna, photo works by Palaia, conceptual works by Richie, and drawings by Weller, thru 2/25.

***Landmark**–469 Broome (966-1173). The human figure from 13 points of view/Cut out drawings on paper by Boutis, thru 2/23.

Pindar–127 Greene. Tues-Sat 12-5. Recent paintings, sculpture, and graphics by Bavar, Delagi, Lewis, Unger, others, thru 3/11.

Spring St Enamels–171 Spring (431-8151). Tues-Sun 12-6, Fri til 9. Paintings and objects in enamel, thru 3/1.

Ward-Nasse–*131 Prince (925-6951). Paintings by Lor*ing, peeled layer watercolors by Robinson, vegetable fantasies by Somerville, thru 2/16.

WIA–435 Broome (966-5894). Tues, Sat 2-5. Dwyer, Goldstein, Kassoy, Minter-Forster, thru 2/25.

OTHER

AIGA–1059 Third Ave (752-0813). Mon-Fri 9:30-4:45. *The Cover Show,* thru 2/24.

***Elliott**–349 2nd Ave (533-4949). Advertising posters *for cycles, steamships, cars, and trains from 1920* to 1930, thru 2/28.

F.I.T.–7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues & Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Paintings, prints, drawings, and sculpture by faculty, thru 2/25.

***Goethe House**–1014 5th Ave (744-8310). Mon-Fri 9-5. German circus and variety posters from 1880 to 1930, 2/17-3/18.

***Hall of Science**–Flushing Meadow (699-9400). Wed-Fri 10-4, Sat 10-5, Sun 11-5. Memorabilia connected with Toscanini, thru 3/31.

***Institute of Fine Arts**–1 E 78th (YU8-5550). The James B. Duke House, a model of adaptive use, including plans, drawings, and photos, thru 2/20.

National Arts Club–15 Gramercy Park S (GR5-3424). Tues-Sun 1-6. 200 artists, thru 2/25.

NY Public Library–5th at 42nd (790-6551). Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat 10-6. WPA prints from the 30s and 40s, thru 2/28/Documents relating to Thomas Edison and the phonograph, thru 3/25 at Astor Gallery, Lincoln Center.

NY Society of Woman Artists–Union Carbide, 270 Park Ave (929-2445). Mon-Fri 9:30-4:30. Members, thru 2/24.

***Park South**–Carnegie Hall, 885 7th Ave (799-3061). Mon-Sat 11-7. Turn-of-the-century posters, thru 3/4.

P.S. 1–46-01 21st St, Long Island City (233-1096). Staged works of Applebroog, Farber, and Patterson, thru 2/25.

Society of Illustrators–128 E 63rd (TE8-2560). Mon-Fri 10-5. Illustrations from editorial and books, thru 3/7.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Waldman–231 E 58th (838-2140). Mon-Fri 9:30-6:30. Sat to 5. Indian Art, thru 2/28.

Weyhe–794 Lex Ave (TE8-5466). 12 American prints from 1919, thru 2/11.

***William Patterson College**–300 Pompton Rd., Wayne, N.J. (201-595-2401). 'The Other Realism': Realist figure drawings by Frederick Childs, William Bailey, William Beckman, Alan Feltus, and Willard Midgette; 2/13 thru 2/24.

Photography

***Eduard Denis Baldus**–French architectural studies from the 1850s, thru 3/1. Wolf, 30 W 57th (586-8432).

***Rokuo Kawakami**–Herons and other winged creatures in the classical Japanese tradition, thru 3/27.

Mitch Kearney–Punk rock groups, thru 2/13. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 1-6.

***Kodak**–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. International Newspaper Snapshot Contest winners, thru 4/14.

***Janet Kole**–NY birds in black-and-white, thru 2/28. Bleeker People, 337 Bleecker (924-5162).

Les Krims–Photos/Contemporary processes, thru 2/25. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

Jill Lynne–Autobiographical self images and machine art using copiers, thru 2/19. Midtown-Y, 344 E 14th (674-7200). Sun-Thurs 12-8, Fri till 4.

Felix H. Man/Abe Rezny and Rick Silberman–A pioneer of photojournalism/Holography, thru 2/12. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

***Neikrug**–224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6. 30 Canadians, 2/16-3/18.

***Bea Nettles/Norman Sanders**–Mixed-media imagery/People at home, thru 3/4. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

***Fred Picker**–The austere beauty and simplicity of New England, thru 3/11. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).

***F.A. Rinehart**–100 platinum prints of the American Indian, thru 3/4. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

Richard Ross–Gum-dichromate photos, thru 2/18. Sragow, 43 5th Ave (929-2734). Wed-Sat 1-6.

***Sura Ruth/Jane Wenger**–Allusions/Surreal elemental visions, 2/18-3/11. Foto, 492 Broome (925-5612). Wed-Sat 1-6.

***Soho/Stieglitz**–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Works by Alpert, cityscapes by Kaplan, Greece by MacCarthy, plus a Peruvian portfolio by Alexanian and Gersh, thru 2/28.

Space–154 W 57th (765-1776). Tues 10-5. Color dye-transfer prints by Haas, Maisel, and Turner, thru 2/24.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Azurite and Gold:* Two magnificent mineral specimens; thru 2/28.

Asia House–112 E 64th (PL1-4210). Royal hunting scenes highlight the art of the Sasanian empire, thru 3/12.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4. *Clay, Fiber, Metal by Women Artists;* thru 2/24.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Stuart Davis—Art and Art Theory:* More than 100 of his works; thru 3/19.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Willem de Kooning in East Hampton:* His first major museum exhibition in a decade; thru 4/23.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Warburton Avenue:* The Architecture of a Neighborhood; thru 3/19.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5, Tues til 8. *Passport to the World:* Swiss photographers from 1840 to the present; thru 3/5.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Vanity Fair:* A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 9/3. Irwin Untermyer Collection: 400 works of English and Continental decorative arts; thru 6/30.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *Rembrandt and His Century:* Drawings, thru 2/19.

El Museo del Barrio, 1945 Third Ave. (831-7272). Mon-Fri 10-4, Sun 12-5.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St; St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *The All-American Dog;* thru 4/2.

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Frozen Motion:* The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *New Stained Glass:* Small-scaled glass panels. Ceramics by David Gilhooly. Jewelry from the permanent collection. Thru 4/2.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Reflections of Future Space;* thru 4/30.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Sol LeWitt:* The first comprehensive retrospective of his work to be presented in an American museum; thru 4/4. *Arp on Paper:* Drawings and collages; thru 3/5. *Le Corbusier:* Architectural drawings; thru 3/26.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6, Wed 12-8, Sat 12-5. *Art Outside the Mainstream:* Figurative work by artists who have disregarded traditional drawing conventions and aesthetic attitudes; thru 2/28.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Think Small:* Toys, miniatures, dolls, children's books; thru 5/30. *Moving in the City:* Three centuries of transportation in New York.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Queens Artists 78;* thru 3/5.

South Street Seaport Museum, 16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 11-6. Wood engravings by John De Pol; thru 3/12.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Wed 10-9, Tues-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 1-6. Batik paintings by Leo Twiggs and photographs by Al Fennar and Mel Wright; thru 2/19.

Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Wed, Sat & Sun 1-5; Fri 3-7.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-9, Weekdays 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Synchronism and American Color Abstraction, 1910-25;* thru 3/26. Works by Wallace Berman, thru 3/5. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

Sports

BASKETBALL

Knicks, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Buffalo Braves, 2/18 at 8; vs. Seattle SupeSonics, 2/21 at 7:30.

Nets, Rutgers Athletic Center (201-935-8888); vs. Seattle SuperSonics, 2/16 at 8; vs. Cleveland Cavaliers, 2/17 at 8.

College Basketball, Madison Square Garden (564-4400). Manhattan vs. Georgetown, 2/16 at 7. Fordham vs. Notre Dame, 2/16 at 9.

Harlem Globetrotters, Madison Square Garden (564-4400), 2/18 at 2, 2/19-20 at 1.

HOCKEY

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum (516-694-5522); vs. Los Angeles Kings, 2/14 at 8:05; vs. Atlanta Flames, 2/18 at 1:15.

Rangers, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Vancouver Canucks, 2/15; vs. Colorado Rockies, 2/19 at 7:35.

BOXING

Golden Gloves, Felt Forum (563-8000). Preliminary rounds, 2/14-16 at 8.

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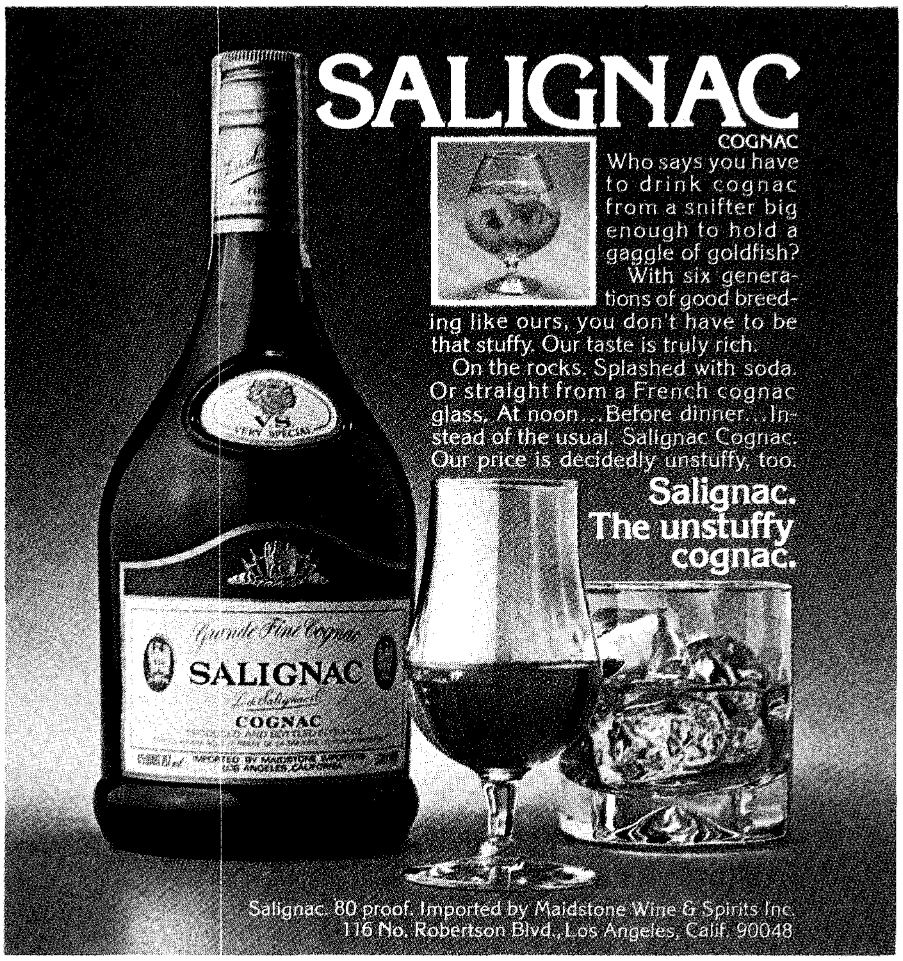

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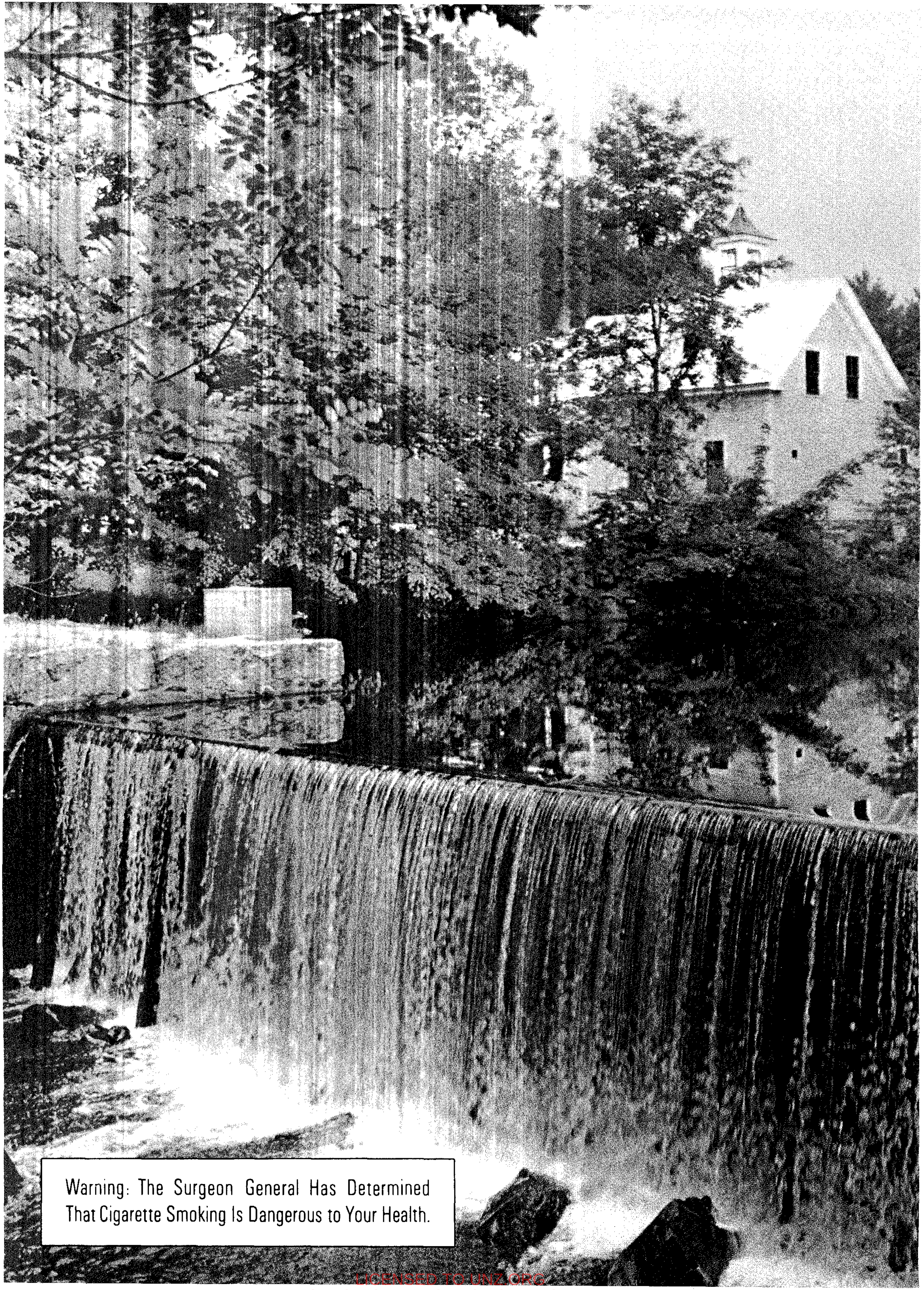

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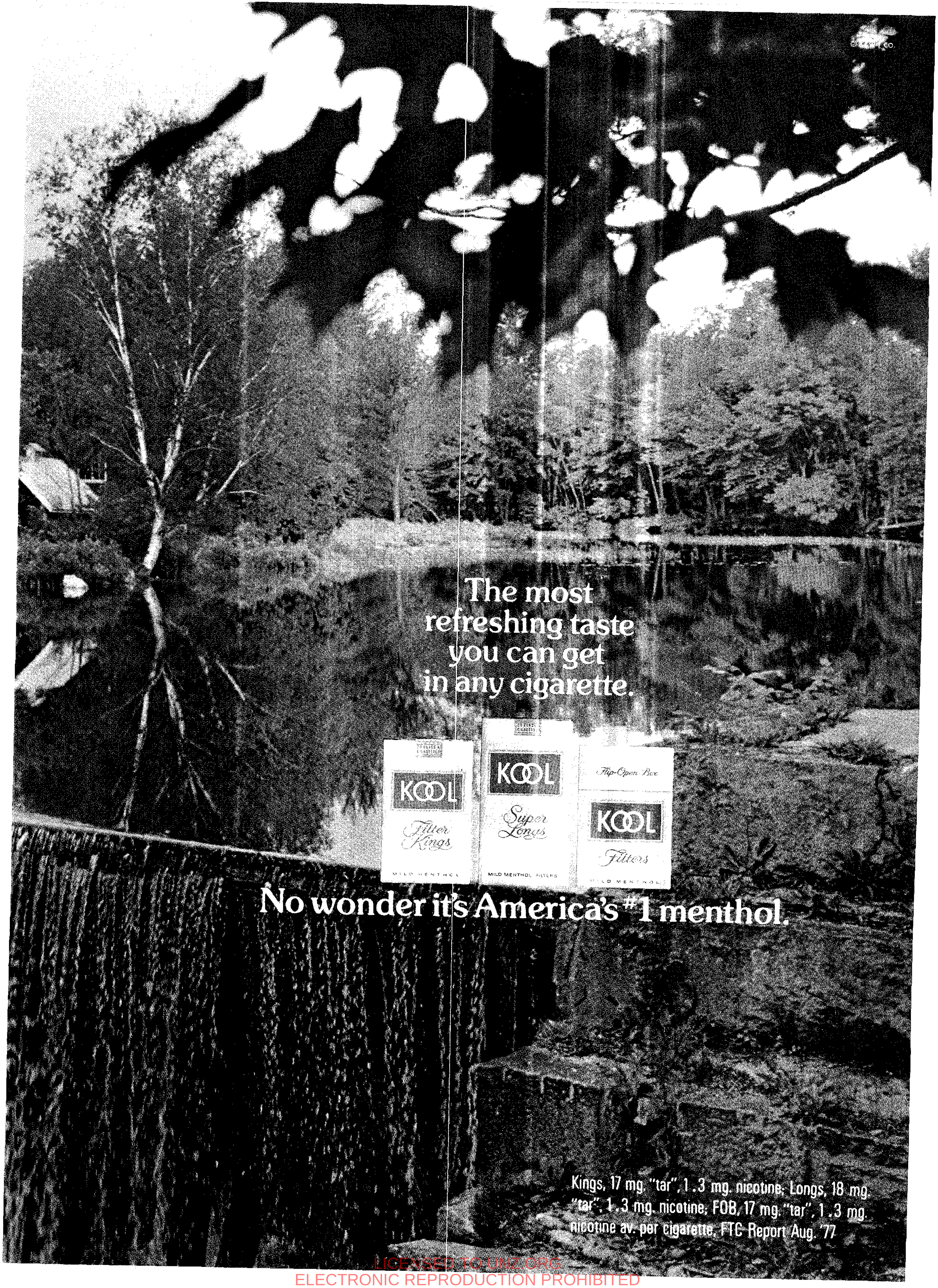
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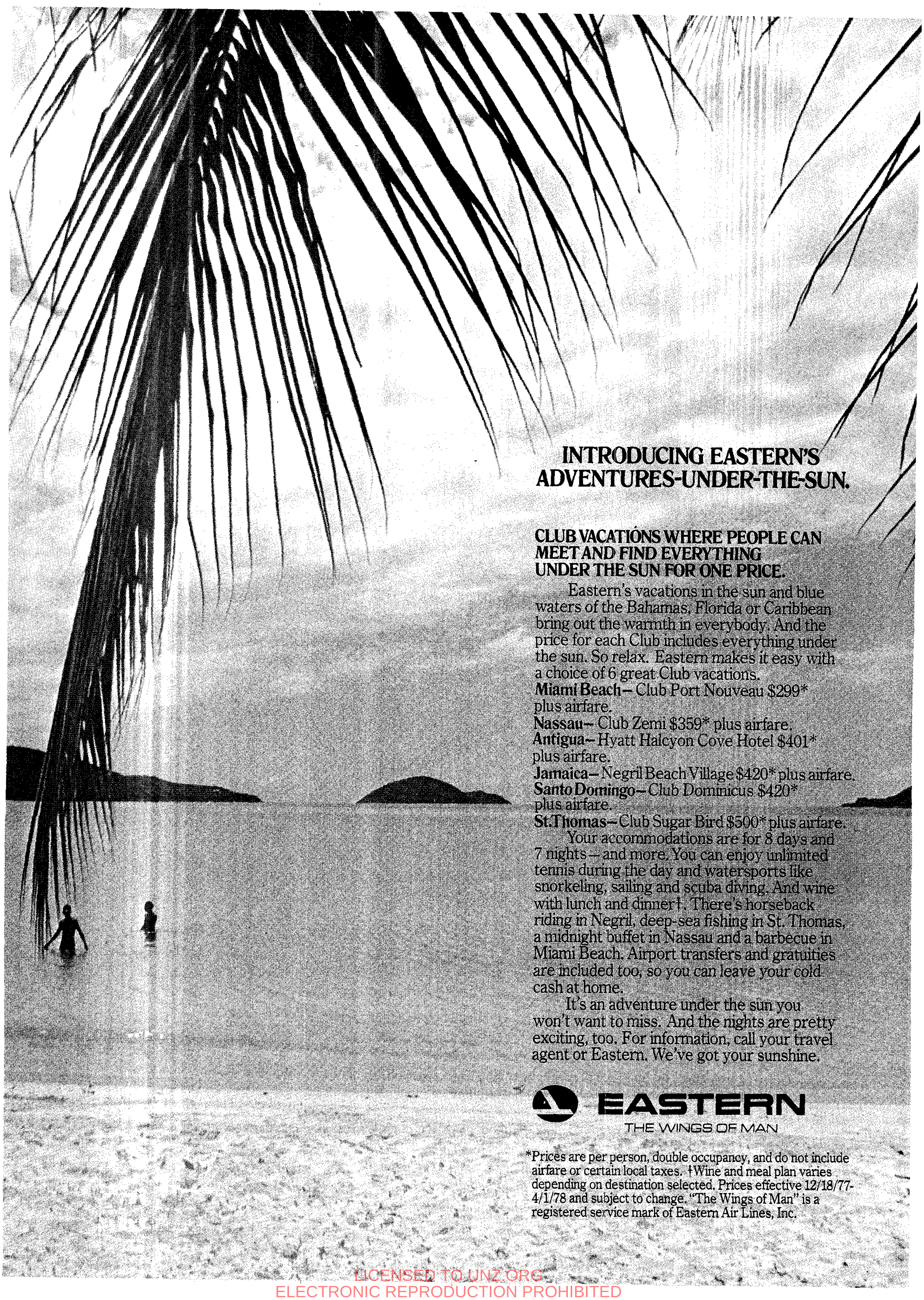

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Wrong-Way Carter and The Dixie Slum Kings

By Michael Kramer

"...As far as the cities are concerned, Jimmy Carter's presidency is fast becoming a cruel joke. We had some early warning..."

About the only thing I remember of our engineer president's whirlwind visit to the South Bronx last fall was his standing in a field of rubble and saying to his elegantly dressed secretary of housing and urban development: "Get me a map."

The city, Jimmy was saying, all cities, he was implying, would be saved. After all, as a candidate he had said, "America's number-one economic problem is our cities." But whoosh! He was gone, back to his white mansion in yet another decaying American town.

Nothing much has changed in the South Bronx. The rubble is still there, along with the stray dogs and burned-out buildings. About the only remarkable thing that has occurred since the president's visit was the National Guard mobilization of some otherwise unemployed kids from the South Bronx, Bed Stuy, and Hell's Kitchen to fight the recent blizzard. Of course, they were sent first to the Long Island suburbs—business as usual.

But at least the president had come, which is more than our jet-set governor has done in the past year. So we were hopeful.

Ah, innocence.

The city—not just the South Bronx—is still fighting for its fiscal life. It seems safe to believe that after some predictable dancing and name-calling in Washington and Albany, we'll be saved again—perhaps by Congress, perhaps by Arthur Levitt, perhaps by some yet unknown fiscal wizardry. In the end we'll be saved—somehow. But what exactly are we being saved for? Will we continue to limp along in constant need of federal infusions, knowing we're merely postponing the inevitable, a city with twice the population of the original thirteen states governed by a "control board." Or will we be closer to real salvation, the kind of economic stimulus that can give us a chance to stand on our own feet again?

Well, it's now clear Jimmy understands modern economics about as well as that other engineer president, Herbert Hoover. In fact, as far as the cities are concerned, Jimmy Carter's presidency is fast becoming a cruel joke. We had some early warning: The president's vaunted urban-policy task force didn't even begin to get its act together until the Urban League's Vernon Jordan publicly tongue-lashed the president for his inaction last spring. But now we've seen Jimmy's first budget and tax program—including some proposals that are downright anti-urban in their impact. Of these, none is more hostile than the administration's planned extension of the investment tax credit.

Now, before your eyes glaze over, consider what Big MAC Chairman Felix Rohatyn has to say about this particular presidential perfidy: "The investment-tax-credit extension," says Rohatyn, "could well kill cities like New York. It will drive business out of the city, and without business the city will die." Reason enough to pay attention.

President Carter has said that his administration is committed to helping prime the economy by providing business with the greatest possible incentives to expand. In theory, expansion will create new jobs which in turn will help resuscitate the economy as a whole. The investment tax credit is a cornerstone of this policy.

Simply stated, the ITC is a gimmick, a loophole, a measure of special relief from full tax payments for businesses that *reinvest their profits*—instead of paying them out to shareholders. Until now, the ITC applied only to machinery and equipment. The Carter administration is proposing its extension to plant and structure as well. In the past, a Seventh Avenue dress manufacturer could legally reduce his tax burden if he reinvested his annual profits in new sewing machines, but he could not claim a similar advantage for building a whole new factory with the same money.

For the first time, a business will be

"...It is now clear that Carter understands modern economics about as well as that other engineer president, Herbert Hoover..."

permitted tax relief if it builds new structures or rehabilitates old ones—a feature of the proposal claimed to be distinctly pro-urban.

On the surface, there doesn't seem to be anything inherently anti-urban in this proposal. After all, as the administration invariably points out, the application of its plan will be geographically neutral—any business, anywhere, can take advantage of it.

But like a good many other geographically neutral policies promulgated by the federal government over the years—even those which were well intentioned—the results are often disastrous for urban areas as business flees to other locations. This is so for a number of reasons.

First, because of other, traditional tax breaks like accelerated depreciation, it is almost always more advantageous to build a new facility than to rehabilitate an old one. The dollar difference has been calculated by George Peterson, one of the country's leading urbanologists: Because of the depreciation advantage already given to new structures, a high-tax-bracket investor —and most business investors are just that—finds the rate of return after taxes almost 50 percent greater if a structure is built from the ground up than if it is merely rehabilitated. Incredibly, one Treasury aide I spoke with was not even aware of this staggering difference.

Second, Peterson says that, historically, upwards of 90 percent of all structural investment is for new plants, not for rehabilitation. The reason is simple: When a company decides to make a capital investment, it is almost always done for the purpose of increasing capacity and not simply for refurbishing.

Theoretically, new structures could be built in the central cities, but they almost never are. Land is scarce in the inner city and the costs of construction are higher because most buildings must be high-rise. And even if these costs were within bounds, the structures themselves might be inefficient. These days, manufacturing efficiencies require sprawling single-story plants, eating up large tracts of land that, so far, could be economically assembled only in the suburbs. The kind of exodus encouraged by new plant technology has been going on for decades, aided as well by other factors. The federal highway system, for example, has dramatically decreased the relative cost of transporting goods. Communications improvements, such as computerized inventory controls, negate most benefits of close-in manufacturing or warehouse operations, and as the suburbs have grown, they have themselves become new markets for the products produced in their midst. Cultural facilities too have sprung up outside the inner cities, thereby reducing the need to live there. And then there are the negative forces that drive people away, negative forces like crime. The difference, for example, in robbery rates for large cities and small towns is incredible: In 1973, as detailed by the FBI, there were 756 robberies per 100,000 people in cities with populations of more than 1,000,000 and only 61 per 100,000 in cities with populations of between 10,000 and 25,000. All of these realities, coupled with high union wage demands, have accelerated the flight of business from urban areas and have contributed greatly to those areas' subsequent decline.

In the extreme, business has fled the region and even the country in search of higher profits. A typical experience occurred in 1972, when the Bendix Corporation, then headed by the man who would become Jimmy Carter's secretary of the treasury, Michael Blumenthal, closed its automotive-component plant in Long Island City. Most of the employees at that plant, reports Paul Du Brul, "were Hispanic women, many the heads of single-parent families, who earned the munificent sum of $2.50 an hour. After the workers voted to join the United Automobile Workers [union], Blumenthal closed the plant and moved it to San Luis Potosí, in Mexico, where workers performed the same tasks for 40 cents an hour."

Many economists, including aides of Secretary Blumenthal's at the Treasury Department, still cling to the discredited notion that business flight is simply the result of free market forces operating efficiently. This is their theoretical crutch: They resist attempts to redress the imbalances that have crippled our cities by saying that the tax code should not serve social objectives, conveniently forgetting that this is exactly what the tax code has been used for ever since it was written. Says George Peterson: "It is the unequal application of tax incentives—the numerous special exceptions written into the tax code—that have skewed the terms of market competition to the detriment of older urban areas."

These artificial imbalances have affected housing as well. FHA mortgages and the same kinds of depreciation permitted business plants have stimulated new housing in the suburbs at the expense of city construction—ensuring economical housing for a runaway work force. Again, the laws have been written in such a way that suburban housing is clearly more profitable for the builder. This, says Peterson, is because "the tax laws do not recognize land as a depreciable asset. The assumption—for the purposes of depreciation calculations—that land neither gains nor loses market value is highly advantageous to new developments at suitable suburban locations, where land is virtually certain to appreciate considerably in value. The same tax treatment is of little or no value (and sometimes constitutes a net cost) to owners of older properties in declining neighborhoods, where land values have been stagnant or have even declined as neighborhood conditions deteriorate."

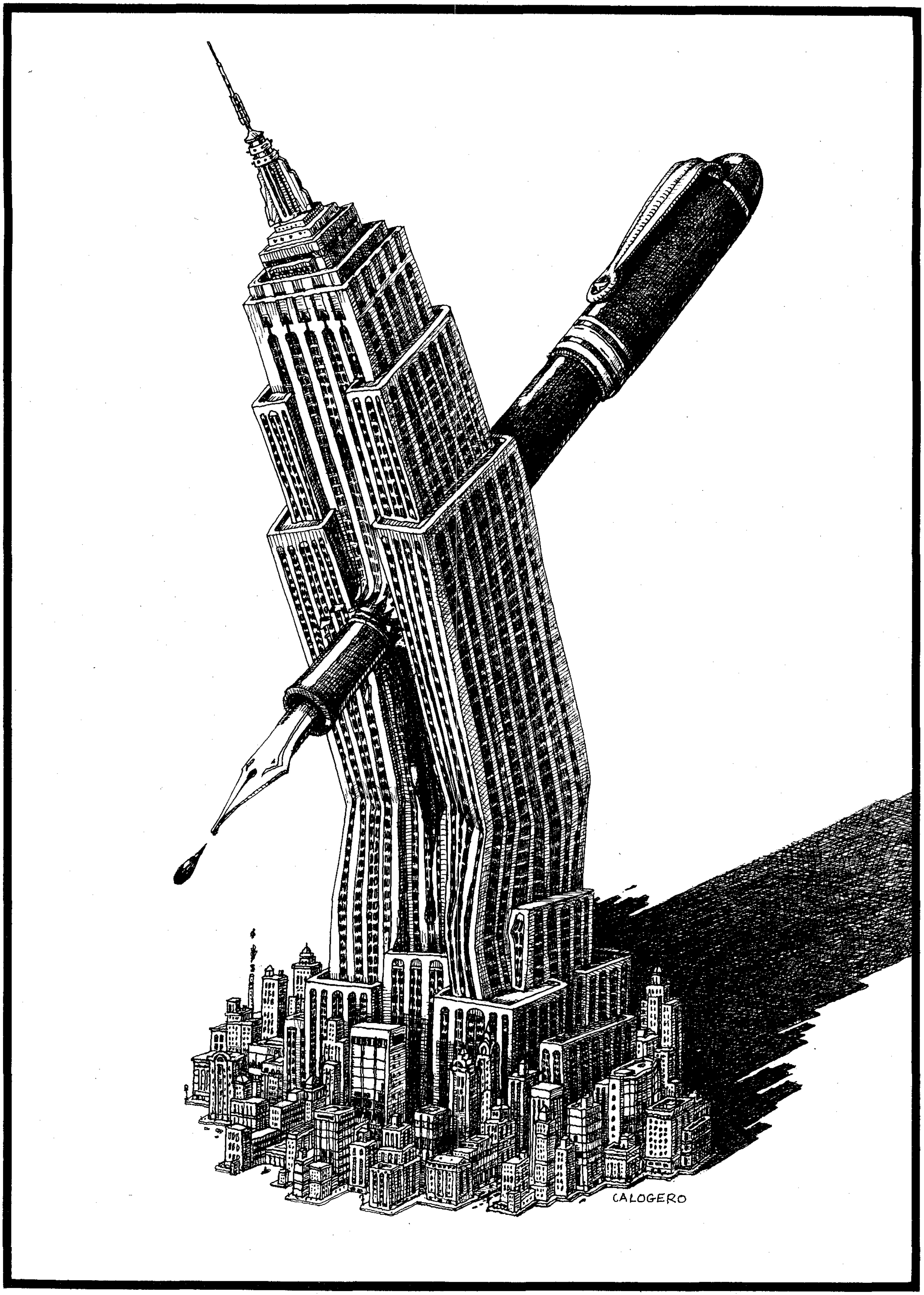
Given this history of federally aided, if not induced, economic manipulation in favor of the Sunbelt, the Carter administration's demonstrated unwillingness to use the tax code to aid cities is inexplicable. Or else it reflects the kind of cracker mentality we had hoped was confined to Jimmy jokes.

In the administration's defense, Assistant Treasury Secretary Roger Altman points to a 33 percent increase to $3.67 billion in aid to cities during 1977, to the fact that total enrollment in the public-service-jobs program will reach 750,000 in 1979, and to the president's plan to spend $400 million for a "new initiative for private-sector hiring of the disadvantaged." This last signals a recognition that an expanding economy does not necessarily reduce unemployment among the minority groups hardest hit by joblessness. CUNY urbanologist Dick Netzer has written, "Few social programs can sustain their effectiveness in the face of prolonged high rates of unemployment." Jobs come first.

Discouraged by the dollars proposed, big-city mayors and black leaders have already labeled this federal-aid program insufficient.

We now await the president's oft-delayed urban-policy statement, which will seek to mitigate the damage already done by the proposed ITC extension. The urban message is now scheduled for next month—which, as Sen-

Illustrated by Anthony Calogero


CALOGERO

"...Politicians are learning that they can't depend on Jimmy Carter to do the right thing, no matter how much he may want to..."

ator Moynihan has noted, is "too late for any results from this Congress."

Reliable sources report that among other things, the message will contain the following: first, an increase in the bonding limit for industrial-development bonds; second, some financing mechanism for inner-city loans—either a variation of the urban-development bank first proposed by Harvard law professor Charles Haar a decade ago or some other device to stimulate the flow of credit to central cities; third, conscious government efforts to locate federal facilities in distressed areas and to procure goods in those places; finally, a requirement that federal agencies append some form of "urban-impact statement" to all new federal programs they are proposing.

The first two proposals are essentially minuscule (closer to $2 billion than the original estimate of $11 billion thought to be destined for urban areas). The third will have a terribly difficult time getting through Congress, since it is cheaper for the government to both buy and operate outside central cities. As for the fourth proposal, the "urban-impact statement" requirement, one can only wonder why this obvious idea was not applied to the investment tax credit *before* the president sent it to Capitol Hill.

Again, it is hard to forget the ITC. It is so helpful to a businessman that unless it is modified to include a greater credit for inner-city construction, it will virtually negate *whatever* Carter offers in his urban package. This much is privately acknowledged by administration officials, who hope that the support of House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Al Ullman will result in just such a pro-city differential.

Business doesn't like government. It tries hard to avoid the time-consuming and money-losing red tape and regulations that come along with federal assistance. A tax credit, on the other hand, is not only cleaner but represents cash in the bank, immediate help for the bottom line and cash flow of a company. This is why the ITC, as presently proposed, is such a threat to the cities. And without modification, Carter's overall urban package will help so little as to have been a waste of time, effort, and money.

Critics of a pro-city differential argue that the very most that should be attempted is an equalization of the effects of tax-code provisions. But that again flies in the face of years of contrary results—from which our cities legitimately seek redress. After all, it was a Hudson Valley politician, then occupying the White House, who 40 years ago purposely tilted federal policy to aid a region of the country then in trouble. "It is my conviction," said Franklin Roosevelt, "that the South presents right now the nation's number-one economic problem—the nation's problem, not merely the South's. For we have an economic unbalance in the nation as a whole, due to this very condition of the South's. It is an unbalance that can and must be righted."

It was. After the Depression, the relationships were reversed, and, as Bernard Gifford has observed, today "the Southeast is the *only* region whose per capita income growth rate has consistently outfaced the rest of the nation for the entire post-Depression period." And now we have a president from that very region who uses almost the same words as Roosevelt to speak about the cities but who, unlike FDR, can't seem to match his rhetoric with appropriate action.

The problem is not ignorance, unless the president can't read or hear. In November, his Cabinet-level Urban and Regional Policy Group put it bluntly: "Many of our urban policies and programs have contributed to the very problems they were supposed to cure." And Labor Secretary Marshall has told the president that "economic development in the areas where blacks live, along with a full-employment economy, is the only lasting solution."

And even Carter's two closest urban advisers, Secretary Harris of HUD and domestic-affairs assistant Stuart Eizenstat, revealed a keen understanding of the problem in a confidential January 9 urban-policy memo to the president. They correctly pointed out that urban decay is spreading, even in the Sunbelt, to "many healthy cities (e.g., Los Angeles and Dallas)." They identified the decline of the private sector's economic base as "one of the principal elements causing urban problems," and they said that "it is clear . . . that the long term picture of our cities depends on developing (and/or retaining) a viable base of private-sector activity to provide jobs and tax base." They agreed that "the Federal Government has, often inadvertently, reinforced and strengthened existing trends," that "studies have documented the anti-urban impact of many federal policies which theoretically are geographically neutral," including policies "of the tax code."

And, finally, they urged the administration to "work to remove the anti-urban bias in certain federal programs including federal tax provisions."

So the president and his advisers knew all of this—and still we have the ITC proposal. Why?

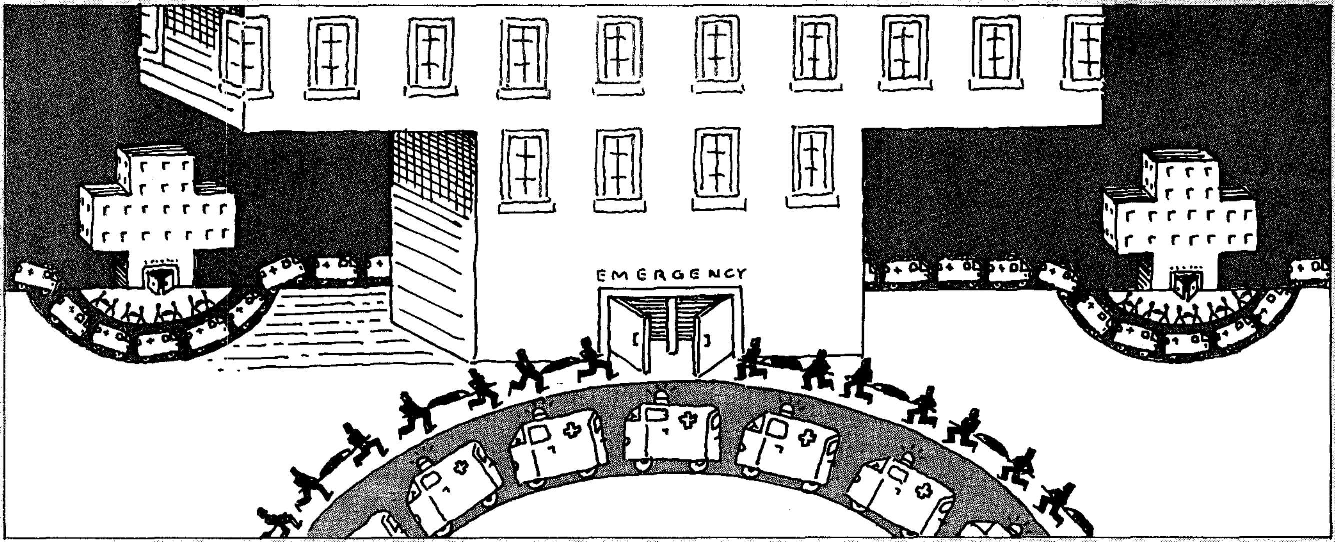
Stephen Berger, the former executive director of the Emergency Financial Control Board, says simply: "It's an administration of checkers players—one move at a time. There's not a chess player in the lot." Berger's is a view confirmed by many second-level administration aides. Still, it seems surprising. Secretary Blumenthal, particularly, has harped about the need to pre-evaluate the impact of federal programs and the need, then, to coordinate them. While still at Bendix, he said: "Washington is not set up to develop policies in a coherent and intelligent fashion . . . a tax cut here, a little stimulus here, some farm supports there—this is not national policymaking. . . . In order to make intelligent choices, you must have some system that allows you to consider the whole cloth."

Even now, he recognizes that "[last year] there was insufficient attention given to the relationship between various programs." If he is honest, he would have to say the same about this year.

Many Carter watchers have long agreed with the *Wall Street Journal*'s James Hyatt, who wrote late last year: "Political astronomers scanning the capital's skies for a bright new Urban Policy for the Carter Administration can quit searching. There isn't going to be one."

Fair enough—but can't we at least expect a Democratic president not to make matters worse? Apparently not.

All over the world, politicians are learning that they can't depend on Jimmy Carter to do the right thing, no matter how much he may want to. Anwar Sadat must take the initiative if there is to be a Middle East peace; Omar Torrijos must woo half the United States Senate to ensure ratification of the Panama Canal treaties. Well, it looks like we ordinary folk are just going to have to learn that lesson too. Jimmy Carter is either incompetent or misguided. In either event, on this particular one, we're going to have to make sure Congress sees it our way. Otherwise, as Felix Rohatyn says, "we're sunk."



Emergency!

What counts is getting to the *right* emergency room in time.

By Melinda Blau

The number of people lining up at hospital-emergency-room desks has doubled in the past fifteen years, and that is the strongest indictment of the state of the medical profession today. People needing doctors in a hurry don't know where else to turn. Your friendly general practitioner has been pushed aside by legions of superspecialists, his office equipment made obsolete by a galloping medical technology. The burden of primary care now falls on the emergency room—a hospital's most visible, and sometimes only, facility for outpatients.

Many New Yorkers find themselves in emergency rooms long before they have a *real* emergency. Life-threatening crises, like heart attacks, severe burns or bleeding, and gunshot wounds, account for only 20 percent of E.R. visits. The majority of E.R. patients are walk-ins, people with ordinary medical problems.

Like it or not, emergency rooms have become the new G.P.'s. They score low in bedside manner, can leave you waiting for hours, cost more than private doctors, and the quality of care is about as predictable as Russian roulette. Still, for thousands of New Yorkers—more than 2,500 a day just in Manhattan—an emergency room is the family doctor.

The kind of attention you get depends, for the most part, on what's wrong with you. The rule of thumb is simple: The sicker you are, the quicker you're cared for. "Emergent" cases are those that can't wait—their lives are in danger. "Urgent" conditions, like asthma attacks and minor fractures, are seen next. The "nonurgent"—people with pedestrian ailments like stomachaches and lower-back pains—must wait for all the more serious cases to be taken care of; it makes no difference *who* checked in first.

This screening process is a form of "triage," a practice borrowed, quite appropriately, from the battlefields. Triage in an E.R. can be a tricky business. Except in the most obviously acute situations, "emergency" is in the eye of the beholder. Your condition, however minor, undoubtedly *feels* like an emergency. But a nurse or clerk who triages a few hundred cases a day may be less than sympathetic.

Certain emergencies are more obvious than others. Gushing blood usually puts you right into a treatment room. But judging the severity of a person's pain is more subjective. It's important to be realistic about the urgency of your particular complaint. Nevertheless, if you don't feel you've been given proper attention by a triage officer, speak up. Every E.R. administrator shudders over the memory of a nonaggressive patient who died in the waiting room, waiting for someone to notice that his chest pains were becoming worse.

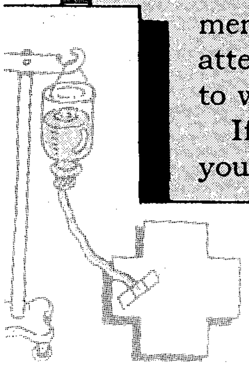
How will you be treated in a "typical" emergency room? It depends on what's wrong with you, whom you know (if you go to a voluntary hospital and a doctor calls ahead, it's smooth sailing), and *when* you drop by. The evening and night shifts tend to be busier, because most hospital clinics are closed and fewer doctors are on duty. Mondays are notoriously bad, as is any day after a holiday.

Of the 27 emergency rooms I surveyed for this article, no two were alike. Physical setting, staff, equipment, hospital backup, and the types of cases handled vary widely, influencing both the general quality of care and an E.R.'s ability to handle certain situations well.

Among the hospitals covered, four are municipal (owned by the city and operated by the New York City Health and Hospitals Corporation) and 23 are voluntary (financed by private interests and government subsidies). One of the most basic differences between the two types of ownership is cost to the patient. At city hospitals, the E.R. fee includes the ambulance and any care the patient requires. In contrast, almost all of the voluntaries give you a "hotel-type" bill. The E.R. fee is only a base price, like room rent; "extras," such as X-rays and lab tests, are added on.

Municipals and voluntaries differ in another respect: the types of emergencies they handle. City hospitals are especially good at dealing with "trauma," a type of emergency that includes all kinds of accidents, gunshot wounds, severe lacerations. Practice makes perfect, and the big municipals get more than the lion's share of front-line action.

The doctor who sees you in any E.R. is usually a resident. Generally, the later the hour, the lower the resident's level of training. Depending on the hospital's policy, these residents may not have much authority beyond initial patient workups. To admit patients, they must consult with an attending doctor—a full-fledged M.D. who works in the E.R. or is "on call." In any case, remember you have the right to ask for an attending physician. Just be prepared to wait.



If your emergency is very serious, you may end up in one of the hospital's intensive-care units. The presence of an ICU doesn't guarantee the quality of care in a hospital's emergency room. But it does mean that specialists familiar with that condition can be called in. So it pays to choose an E.R. with an appropriate ICU.

Who's going to "shop" for the right E.R. when his life is in danger? The truth is, unless you're unconscious, there's no excuse for leaving that decision to anyone else. ▬

Where to Go, When You Have...

An emergency room must treat you, by law. But certain E.R.'s have more practice in handling specific conditions. Here's a guide to some (but not necessarily all) E.R.'s skilled in treating the problems listed:

Asthma attack	Bellevue, Harlem, Metropolitan, Mt. Sinai
Bad burns	Bellevue, Harlem, New York
Broken bones	Bellevue, Harlem, Hospital for Joint Diseases, Metropolitan
Car accident	Bellevue, Harlem, Metropolitan
Crushed spinal cord or bashed skull	Bellevue, Columbia-Presbyterian, New York University, St. Vincent's
Drug overdose	Bellevue, Beth Israel, Cabrini, Sydenham
D.T.'s	Bellevue, Beth Israel, Cabrini, Roosevelt, St. Luke's
Gunshot wound	Bellevue, Harlem, Metropolitan
Gynecological problems	Bellevue, Columbia-Presbyterian, New York, New York Infirmary, St. Luke's
Heart attack	The closest hospital that has a coronary intensive-care unit
Knife wound	Bellevue, Cabrini, Harlem, Metropolitan, St. Luke's
Mental breakdown	Bellevue, Beth Israel, Harlem
Needle in the eye	Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat; New York Eye and Ear Infirmary; St. Clare's
Poisoning	Call 911 and ask for Poison Control—or call 340-4494
Been raped	Bellevue, Harlem, Metropolitan, Mt. Sinai, St. Luke's; for counseling by a female police officer, call the Sex Crimes Analysis Unit: 233-3000
Sick infant	Bellevue, Columbia-Presbyterian, New York
Toothache	Mt. Sinai
Undetermined problems (such as) stomach pains	Columbia-Presbyterian, Mt. Sinai, New York

—M.B.

Where You'll Be Taken

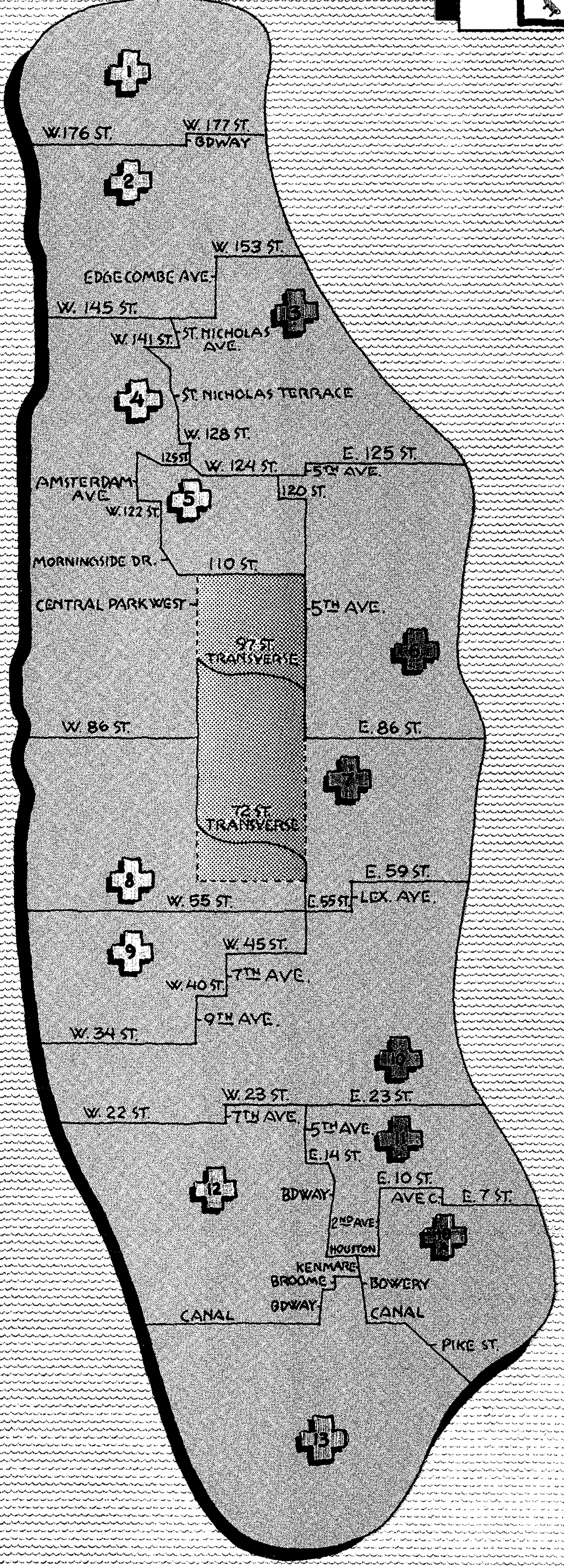
This map shows the "catchment" areas for major Manhattan hospitals that receive patients from 911 ambulances. Unless you tell him otherwise, the driver will automatically take you to the hospital designated for that catchment area. When two hospitals are close to each other, the driver has an option; he can, for instance, pick Bellevue over Cabrini. But you have an option too. Unless you're in such critical condition that your life depends upon getting to the nearest hospital instantly, you can choose to go to any hospital within a ten-minute driving radius. The driver may prefer to take you to his home-base hospital, but he's required to honor your request.

Manhattan Catchments

1. Jewish Memorial
   4600 Broadway
2. Columbia-Presbyterian
   622 West 168th St.
3. Harlem
   506 Lenox Ave.
4. Logan Memorial
   70 Convent Ave.
5. Sydenham
   565 Manhattan Ave.
6. Metropolitan
   1901 First Ave.
7. Lenox Hill
   100 East 77th St.
8. Roosevelt
   428 West 59th St.
9. St. Clare's
   415 West 51st St.
10. Bellevue
    First Ave. at East 27th St.

10A. Emergencies in this area taken to Bellevue

11. Cabrini
    227 East 19th St.
12. St. Vincent's
    153 West 11th St.
13. Beekman Downtown
    170 William St.



1
W. 176 ST.
W. 177 ST.
BDWAY
2
W. 153 ST.
EDGECOMBE AVE.
W. 145 ST.
3
W. 141 ST.
ST. NICHOLAS AVE.
4
ST. NICHOLAS TERRACE
W. 128 ST.
125 ST.
W. 124 ST.
E. 125 ST.
5TH AVE.
AMSTERDAM AVE.
5
120 ST.
W. 122 ST.
MORNINGSIDE DR.
110 ST.
CENTRAL PARK WEST
5TH AVE.
97 ST. TRANSVERSE
6
W. 86 ST.
E. 86 ST.
7
72 ST. TRANSVERSE
8
E. 59 ST.
W. 55 ST.
E. 55 ST.
LEX. AVE.
9
W. 45 ST.
W. 40 ST.
7TH AVE.
9TH AVE.
W. 34 ST.
10
W. 23 ST.
E. 23 ST.
W. 22 ST.
7TH AVE.
5TH AVE.
11
E. 14 ST.
12
E. 10 ST.
BDWAY
AVE C.
E. 7 ST.
2ND AVE.
10A
HOUSTON
KENMARE
BROOME
BOWERY
BDWAY
CANAL
CANAL
PIKE ST.
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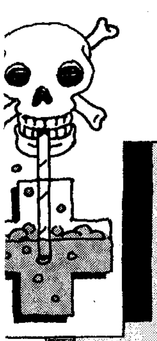


The War Room at Bellevue

By George Simpson

Bellevue. The name conjures up images of an indoor war zone: the wounded and bleeding lining the halls, screaming for help while harried doctors in blood-stained smocks rush from stretcher to stretcher, fighting a losing battle against exhaustion and the crushing number of injured. "What's worse," says a longtime Bellevue nurse, "is that we have this image of being a hospital only for . . ." She pauses, then lowers her voice: "for crazy people."

Though neither battlefield nor Bedlam is a valid image, there is something extraordinary about the monstrous complex that spreads for five blocks along First Avenue in Manhattan. It is said best by the head nurse in Adult Emergency Service: "If you have any chance for survival, you have it here." Survival—that is why they come. Why do injured cops drive by a half-dozen other hospitals to be treated at Bellevue? They've seen the Bellevue emergency team in action.

9:00 p.m. It is a Friday night in the Bellevue emergency room. The after-work crush is over (those who've suffered through the day, only to come for help after the five-o'clock whistle has blown) and it is nearly silent except for the mutter of voices at the admitting desk, where administrative personnel discuss who will go for coffee. Across the spotless white-walled lobby, ten people sit quietly, passively, in pastel plastic chairs, waiting for word of relatives or to see doctors. In the past 24 hours, 300 people have come to the Bellevue Adult Emergency Service. Fewer than 10 percent were true emergencies. One man sleeps fitfully in the emergency ward while his heartbeat, respiration, and blood pressure are monitored by control consoles mounted over his bed. Each heartbeat trips a tiny bleep in the monitor, which attending nurses can hear across the ward. A half hour ago, doctors in the trauma room withdrew a six-inch stiletto blade from his back. When he is stabilized, the patient will be moved upstairs to the twelve-bed Surgical Intensive Care Unit.

9:05 p.m. An ambulance backs into the receiving bay, its red and yellow lights flashing in and out of the lobby. A split second later, the glass doors burst open as a nurse and an attendant roll a mobile stretcher into the lobby. When the nurse screams, "Emergent!" the lobby explodes with activity as the way is cleared to the trauma room. Doctors appear from nowhere and transfer the bloodied body of a black man to the treatment table. Within seconds his clothes are stripped away, revealing a tiny stab wound in his left side. Three doctors and three nurses rush around the victim, each performing a task necessary to begin treatment. Intravenous needles are inserted into his arms and groin. A doctor draws blood for the lab, in case surgery is necessary. A nurse begins inserting a catheter into the victim's penis and continues to feed in tubing until the catheter reaches the bladder. Urine flows through the tube into a plastic bag. Doctors are glad not to see blood in the urine. Another nurse records pulse and blood pressure.

The victim is in good shape. He shivers slightly, although the trauma room is exceedingly warm. His face is bloodied, but shows no major lacerations. A third nurse, her elbow propped on the treatment table, asks the man a series of questions, trying to quickly outline his medical history. He answers abruptly. He is drunk. His left side is swabbed with yellow disinfectant and a doctor injects a local anesthetic. After a few seconds another doctor inserts his finger into the wound. It sinks in all the way to the knuckle. He begins to rotate his finger like a child trying to get a marble out of a milk bottle. The patient screams bloody murder and tries to struggle free.

Meanwhile in the lobby, a security guard is ejecting a derelict who has begun to drink from a bottle hidden in his coat pocket. "He's a regular, was in here just two days ago," says a nurse. "We checked him pretty good then, so he's probably okay now. Can you believe those were clean clothes we gave him?" The old man, blackened by filth, leaves quietly.

9:15 p.m. A young Hispanic man interrupts, saying his pregnant girl friend, sitting outside in his car, is bleeding heavily from her vagina. She is rushed into an examination room, treated behind closed doors, and rolled into the observation ward, where, much later in the night, a gynecologist will treat her in a special room—the same one used to examine rape victims. Nearby, behind curtains, the neurologist examines an old white woman to determine if her headaches are due to head injury. They are not.

9:45 p.m. The trauma room has been cleared and cleaned mercilessly. The examination rooms are three-quarters full—another overdose, two asthmatics, a young woman with abdominal pains. In the hallway, a derelict who has been sleeping it off urinates all over the stretcher. He sleeps on while attendants change his clothes. An ambulance—one of four that patrol Manhattan for Bellevue from 42nd Street to Houston, river to river—delivers a middle-aged white woman and two cops, the three of them soaking wet. The woman has escaped from the psychiatric floor of a nearby hospital and tried to drown herself in the East River. The cops fished her out. She lies on a stretcher shivering beneath white blankets. Her eyes stare at the ceiling. She speaks clearly when an administrative worker begins routine questioning.

The cops are given hospital gowns and wait to receive tetanus shots and gamma globulin—a hedge against infection from the befouled river water. They will hang around the E.R. for another two hours, telling their story to as many as six other policemen who show up to hear it. The woman is rolled into an examination room, where a male nurse speaks gently: "They tell me you fell into the river." "No," says the woman, "I jumped. I have to commit suicide." "Why?" asks the nurse. "Because I'm insane and I can't help. I have to die." The nurse gradually discovers the woman has a history of psychological problems. She is given dry bedclothes and placed under guard in the hallway. She lies on her side, staring at the wall.

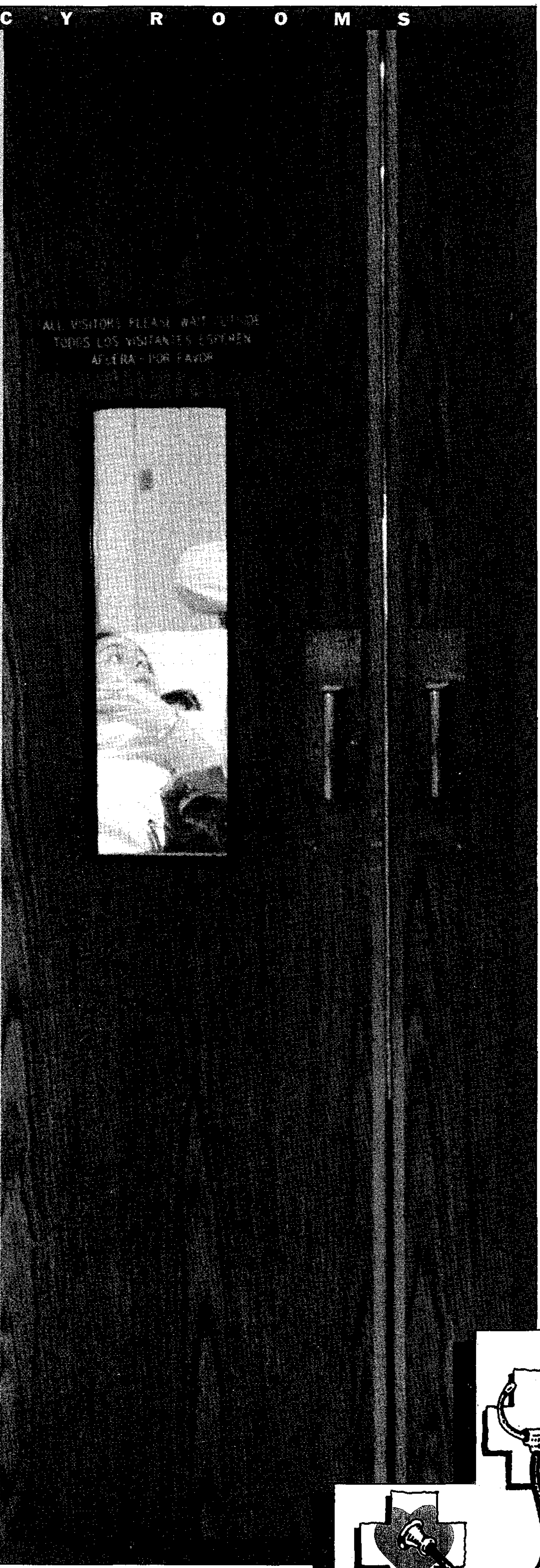
The pace continues to increase. Several more overdose victims arrive by ambulance. One, a young black woman, had done a striptease on the street just before passing out. A second black woman is semiconscious and spends the better part of her time at Bellevue alternately cursing at and pleading with the doctors. Attendants find a plastic bottle coated with methadone in the pocket of a Hispanic O.D. The treatment is routinely the same, and sooner or later involves vomiting. Just after doctors begin to treat the O.D., he vomits great quantities of wine and methadone in all directions. "Lovely business, huh?" laments one of the doctors. A young nurse confides that if there were other true emergencies, the overdose victims would be given lower priority. "You can't help thinking they did it to themselves," she says, "while the others are accident victims."

10:30 p.m. A policeman who twisted his knee struggling with an "alleged perpetrator" is examined and released. By 10:30, the lobby is jammed with friends and relatives of patients in various stages of treatment and recovery. The attendant who also functions as a translator for Hispanic patients adds chairs to accommodate the overflow. The medical walk-in rate stays steady—between eight and ten patients waiting. A pair of derelicts, each with battered eyes, appear at the admitting desk. One has a dramatically swollen face laced with black stitches.

11:00 p.m. The husband of the attempted suicide arrives. He thanks the police for saving his wife's life, then talks at length with doctors about her condition. She continues to stare into the void and does not react when her husband approaches her stretcher.

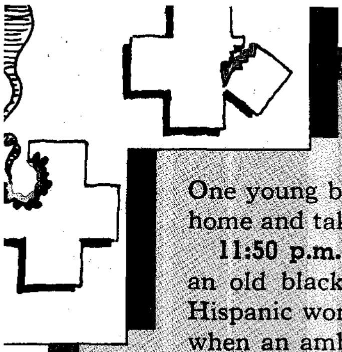
Meanwhile, patients arrive in the lobby at a steady pace. A young G.I. on leave has lower-back pains; a Hispanic man complains of pains in his side; occasionally parents hurry through the adult E.R. carrying children to the pediatric E.R. A white woman of about 50 marches into the lobby from the walk-in entrance. Dried blood covers her right eyebrow and upper lip. She begins to perform. "I was assaulted on 28th and Lexington, I was," she says grandly, "and I don't have to take it *anymore*. I was a bride 21 years ago and, God, I was beautiful then." She has captured the attention of all present. "I was there when the boys came home—on Memorial Day—and I don't have to take this kind of treatment."

As midnight approaches, the nurses prepare for the


ALL VISITORS PLEASE WAIT OUTSIDE
TODOS LOS VISITANTES ESPEREN
AFUERA - POR FAVOR

Battle station: *An emergency-treatment room at Bellevue.*

Photographed by Phil Koenig



shift change. They must brief the incoming staff and make sure *all* reports are up-to-date. One young brunet says, "Christ, I'm gonna go home and take a shower—I smell like vomit."

11:50 p.m. The triage nurse is questioning an old black man about chest pains, and a Hispanic woman is having an asthma attack, when an ambulance, its sirens screaming full tilt, roars into the receiving bay. There is a split-second pause as everyone drops what he or she is doing and looks up. Then all hell breaks loose. Doctors and nurses are suddenly sprinting full-out toward the trauma room. The glass doors burst open and the occupied stretcher is literally run past me. Cops follow. It is as if a comet has whooshed by. In the trauma room it all becomes clear. A half-dozen doctors and nurses surround the lifeless form of a Hispanic man with a shotgun hole in his neck the size of your fist. Blood pours from a second gaping wound in his chest. A respirator is slammed over his face, making his chest rise and fall as if he were breathing. "No pulse," reports one doctor. A nurse jumps on a stool and, leaning over the man, begins to pump his chest with her palms. "No blood pressure," screams another nurse. The ambulance driver appears shaken. "I never thought I'd get here in time," he stutters. More doctors from the trauma team upstairs arrive. Wrappings from syringes and gauze pads fly through the air. The victim's eyes are open yet devoid of life. His body takes on a yellow tinge. A male nurse winces at the gunshot wound. "This guy really pissed off somebody," he says. This is no ordinary shooting. It is an execution. IV's are jammed into the body in the groin and arms. One doctor has been plugging in an electrocardiograph and asks everyone to stop for a second so he can get a reading. "Forget it," shouts the doctor in charge. "No time." "Take it easy, Jimmy," someone yells at the head physician. It is apparent by now that the man is dead, but the doctors keep trying injections and finally they slit open the chest and reach inside almost up to their elbows. They feel the extent of the damage and suddenly it is all over. "I told 'em he was dead," says one nurse, withdrawing. "They didn't listen." The room is very still. The doctors are momentarily disgusted, then go on about their business. The room clears quickly. Finally there is only a male nurse and the still-warm body, now waxy-yellow, with huge ribs exposed on both sides of the chest and giant holes in both sides of the neck. The nurse speculates that this is yet another murder in a Hispanic political struggle that has brought many such victims to Bellevue. He marvels at the extent of the wounds and repeats, "This guy was really blown away."

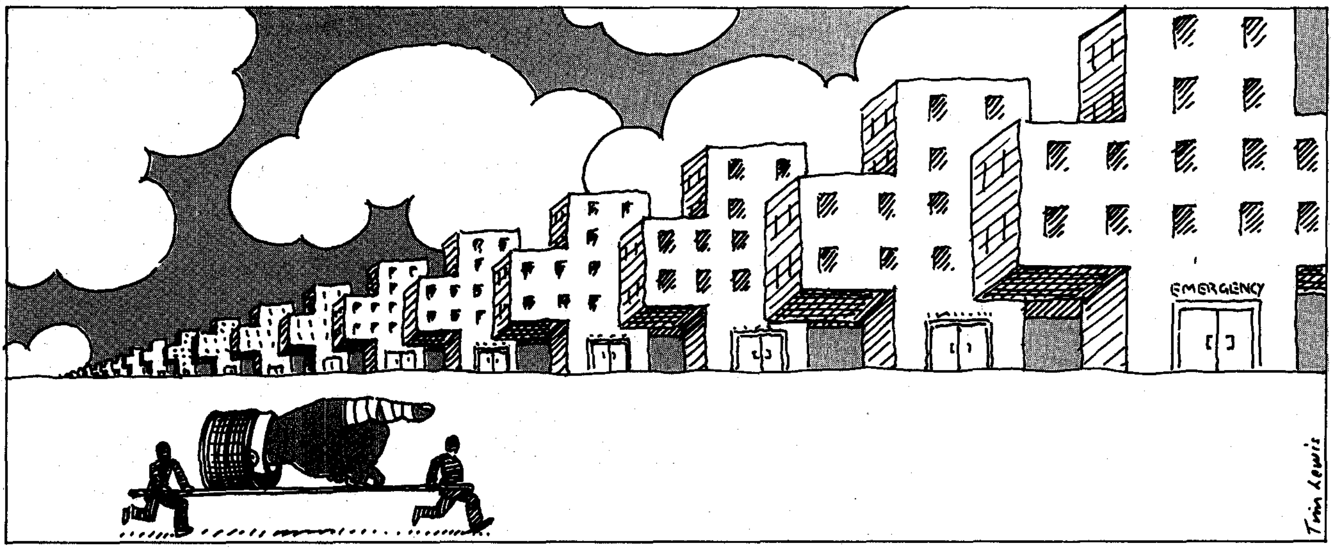
Midnight. A hysterical woman is hustled through the lobby into an examination room. It is the dead man's wife, and she is nearly delirious. "I know he's dead, I know he's dead," she screams over and over. Within moments the lobby is filled with anxious relatives of the victim waiting for word on his condition. The police are everywhere asking questions, but most people say they saw nothing. One young woman says she heard six shots, two louder than the other four. At some point, word is passed that the man is, in fact, dead. Another woman breaks down in hysterics; everywhere young Hispanics are crying and comforting each other. Plainclothes detectives make a quick examination of the body, check on the time of pronouncement of death, and begin to ask questions, but the bereaved are too stunned to talk. The rest of the uninvolved people in the lobby stare dumbly, their injuries suddenly paling in light of a death.

12:30 a.m. A black man appears at the admissions desk and says he drank poison by mistake. He is told to have a seat. The ambulance brings in a young white woman, her head wrapped in white gauze. She is wailing terribly. A girl friend stands over her, crying, and a boyfriend clutches the injured woman's hands, saying, "I'm here, don't worry, I'm here." The victim has fallen downstairs at a friend's house. Attendants park her stretcher against the wall to wait for an examination room to clear. There are eight examination rooms and only three doctors. Unless you are truly an emergency, you will wait. One doctor is stitching up the eyebrow of a drunk who's been punched out. The friends of the woman who fell down the stairs glance up at the doctors anxiously, wondering why their friend isn't being treated faster.

1:10 a.m. A car pulls into the bay and a young Hispanic asks if a shooting victim has been brought here. The security guard blurts out, "He's dead." The young man is stunned. He peels his tires leaving the bay.

1:20 a.m. The young woman of the stairs is getting stitches in a small gash over her left eye when the same ambulance driver who brought in the gunshot victim delivers a man who has been stabbed in the back on East 3rd Street. Once again the trauma room goes from 0 to 60 in five seconds. The patient is drunk, which helps him endure the pain of having the catheter inserted through his penis into his bladder. Still he yells, "That hurts like a bastard," then adds sheepishly, "Excuse me, ladies." But he is not prepared for what comes next. An X ray reveals a collapsed right lung. After just a shot of local anesthetic, the doctor slices open his side and inserts a long plastic tube. Internal bleeding had kept the lung pressed down and prevented if from reinflating. The tube releases the pressure. The ambulance driver says the cops grabbed the guy who ran the eight-inch blade into the victim's back. "That's not the one," says the man. "They got the wrong guy." A nurse reports that there is not much of the victim's type blood available at the hospital. One of the doctors says that's okay, he won't need surgery. Meanwhile blood pours from the man's knife wound and the tube in his side. As the nurses work they chat about personal matters, yet they respond immediately to orders from either doctor. "How ya doin'?" the doctor asks the patient. "Okay," he says. His blood spatters on the floor.

So it goes into the morning hours. A Valium overdose, a woman who fainted, a man who went through the windshield of his car. More overdoses. More drunks with split eyebrows and chins. The doctors and nurses work without complaint. "This is nothing, about normal, I'd say," concludes the head nurse. "No big deal." ▬



27 Emergency Rooms

By Melinda Blau

This guide contains detailed information about 27 emergency rooms in Manhattan. Bear in mind that the medical landscape is constantly changing, and something you heard last year may not be true anymore. Given the financial woes of most hospitals, an intensive-care unit (ICU) here today may be phased out tomorrow; triage offered for 24 hours a day can easily be cut back to 8; and fees, of course, are always on the rise. The data for each facility are distillations of firsthand observations, facts and figures supplied by the hospitals, and reports from various health agencies. Use the information as a guide, not gospel.

"M" indicates a municipal hospital. "V" is a voluntary hospital. "R" indicates a primary receiving hospital on the 911 system.

Hospitals have different methods of computing costs. "Basic" fee indicates the starting point; what a person actually pays also depends on insurance coverage and financial status.

Beekman-Downtown Hospital

(V, R), Gold Street at Beekman Street, 233-5300

Specialties: Mobile intensive-care vehicle staffed by paramedics operates 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. five days a week. Hospital has coronary ICU as well as general intensive-care facility.

Patients per day: 100.

What it's like: Often cited as a "model" E.R., it features "architectural triage": Depending on patient's condition, he is sent to appropriate area within the E.R.

What to expect: During work hours, the place is jumping. Good triage system minimizes waits, and you'll find a full staff and lots of other patients—65 percent come weekdays between 8 A.M. and 4 P.M.

Other options: Many options open to E.R. patients 8 A.M. to 4 P.M.: walk-in clinic; 40 subspecialty clinics; private physicians in building.

Fee: $60 basic; fees on a sliding scale for community patients who qualify.

Comments: Physically, this is one of the nicest E.R.'s in the city, but if you come after working hours you'll find a substantially smaller staff. Also, there is neither a pediatric nor an obstetric service.

Bellevue Hospital Center

(M, R), First Avenue at 29th Street, 561-4141

Specialties: Separate E.R. for children. Separate psychiatric E.R.; psychiatric cases now go to another building, old and horribly depressing. Special "emergency ward" (ICU), a step up from the typical E.R. holding area, features ten beds, one specially trained critical-care nurse for every two patients. Hospital has a rich variety of intensive-care units: coronary, medical/surgical (trauma), pediatric, neurosurgical, psychiatric, alcohol detoxification.

Patients per day: 250 adults, 100 children, 35 psychiatric patients.

What it's like: Clean, bright, and spacious quarters that sprawl over a huge area make it difficult to monitor patients. But the really sick ones are well supervised.

What to expect: A good 24-hour triage system ensures that the very sick or urgent cases are handled quickly—and well. Nonemergent cases wait long hours during late afternoon, early evening.

Other options: Triage nurse sends nonemergent patients to the walk-in clinic (open weekdays 8 A.M. to midnight, Saturday noon to midnight), to specialty clinics, or refers case to the public-health nurse.

Fee: $90 inclusive, on a sliding scale.

Comments: Don't let your prejudices about the Bellevue you *think* you know get in the way. It's one of the best places for trauma. E.R. has even done on-the-spot open-heart surgery.

Beth Israel Medical Center

(V), 16th Street between Nathan D. Perlman Place and First Avenue, 420-2000

Specialties: Hospital has coronary-care unit and neonatal ICU. World-famous Bernstein Institute handles alcohol and drug detoxification and psychiatric cases.

Patients per day: 110.

What it's like: E.R. is in newly modernized space with four adult treatment rooms, two pediatric rooms, and a three-bed acute-care unit. Two waiting rooms separate sick adults from children.

What to expect: There's no formal triage, because of staffing cutbacks. This results in longer waits, and patients don't have a "professional" in the waiting room.

Other options: Hospital is "committed to ambulatory care"; it has a number of outpatient facilities.

Fee: $50 basic, on a sliding scale.

Comments: A good E.R. to handle O.D.'s and alcohol problems; also good for coronary care. Kitchen is kosher.

Illustrated by Tim Lewis

Cabrini Health Care Center

(V, R), 20th Street between Second and Third avenues, 725-6000

Specialties: Hospital has coronary-care unit, medical/surgical ICU (trauma), alcohol detoxification and drug-overdose units, psychiatric facility. Nursing home on the premises for geriatric care and rehabilitation. Social worker in E.R. handles nonmedical problems.

Patients per day: 75.

What it's like: The waiting room, full of the poor and elderly, casts a depressing shadow over this E.R. But the area is fairly clean and well lit, ample for its traffic, although storage space is a problem.

What to expect: The staff seem particularly alert and dedicated, despite the unruly derelicts and drug addicts they often treat. It's not a crowded E.R., so waiting time is usually not bad. You see a doctor within 15 to 30 minutes, but you might then wait longer for treatment or tests.

Other options: Triage nurse often sends patients to General Medical Clinic during the day. There are also a number of specialty clinics.

Fee: $50 basic.

Comments: This E.R. sees a lot of gunshot wounds and stabbings, so the staff have become adept at handling victims of violence. Some personnel can "sign" or communicate with the deaf. Hospital has no obstetric or pediatric service.

Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center

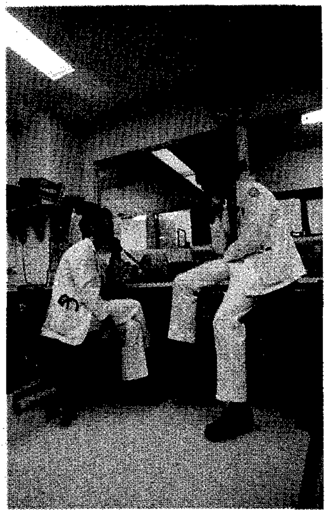
(V, R), 622 West 168th Street, west of Broadway, 694-2500

Specialties: Hospital is known for its cardiac intensive-care unit; also has trauma, neurosurgery, and neonatal ICU's. Hospital has many specialists and a reputation for dealing with unusual diseases.

Patients per day: 185 adults, 80 children.

What it's like: The crowded waiting room is not unlike a busy city hospital—full of the nameless poor. True emergencies are in luck: The E.R. has a top-rate "crash room," but it's underutilized.

What to expect: Triage nurse on duty until 4:30 P.M.; she sends patients to Area A (for true emergencies), Area B (for urgent cases), or to the pediatric section (open till 8 P.M.). Nonurgent cases are "fit in" as time allows.



At New York Hospital: *The triage station on a slow day.*

Other options: Hospital has walk-in clinic and a wide variety of specialty clinics.

Fee: $35 basic, on a sliding scale.

Comments: Traditionally regarded as one of the "biggies" in the NYC medical/political scene, Presbyterian is known for its esoteric specialties. Recently it has begun to stress primary care. It's a great place to go if you have chest pains, but don't expect the E.R. to be the posh Harkness Pavilion.

Doctors Hospital

(V), 170 East End Avenue, 535-3000

Specialties: Hospital has coronary and medical ICU.

Patients per day: three.

What it's like: This is one of the few hospitals where the E.R. is, literally, a room.

What to expect: A nurse is on duty in the E.R. from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. weekdays. At other times, visitors check in at the Nursing Office.

Other options: none.

Fee: $35 basic.

Comments: Don't come with anything too serious.

Flower and Fifth Avenue Hospitals

(V), Madison Avenue between 105th and 106th streets, 860-8000

Specialties: Hospital has coronary-care unit, medical/surgical ICU, and neonatal ICU.

Patients per day: 100.

What it's like: The entrance to the E.R. is through the hospital garage. The corridor leading to the area doubles as a waiting room. The E.R. itself is small and dingy. A chart above the nurse's desk translates the "street language" of drugs. A new E.R. is presently under construction.

What to expect: Triage nurse on duty during the day. Medical problems are usually taken care of more quickly than surgical problems.

Other options: Nonemergent patients are often sent to walk-in clinic, open 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. on weekdays.

Fee: $45 basic; all fees on a sliding scale.

Comments: Although this is not a receiving hospital, its E.R. is quite active, but its physical size is too small for the daily traffic. The E.R. is known for its pediatric service but has all specialists on call.

Harlem Hospital

(M, R), Lenox Avenue at 135th Street, 621-3131

Specialties: Separate pediatric E.R. for children two months to fifteen years (busiest between 4 P.M. and midnight and on weekends). Hospital has wide range of critical-care units; coronary, medical/surgical, neonatal, respiratory, and alcohol detoxification. Site of one of the city's five crisis-intervention centers—for battered wives, battered children, and victims of rape. Other social services provided to patients who need it. Ophthalmology department treats lye burns, eye trauma (punches). Large asthma-treatment room.

Patients per day: 325 adults, 90 children.

What it's like: This is what big city hospitals are all about: crowded waiting rooms; dejected faces; draped bodies waiting. E.R. area is spacious, and treatment rooms are plentiful—but not particularly clean.

What to expect: A visit could take hours, especially if you're not very sick. If you are, a triage nurse on duty 24 hours tries to speed up the process.

Other options: All first-time clinic patients must come to the E.R. first, where they're triaged to the walk-in, surgical (minor surgery), medical, gynecological, or psychiatric clinic. Some are also sent to specialized clinics.

Fee: $80 inclusive, on a sliding scale.

Comments: You're likely to see almost anything in this E.R., but the staff is trained to deal with everything and stays in practice. It's a great place for severe trauma and drug O.D.'s.

Hospital for Joint Diseases

(V), 1919 Madison Avenue, at 123rd Street, 876-7000

Specialties: Hospital has all services except obstetrics, but real strength lies in its orthopedic and rheumatology services.

Patients per day: 100.

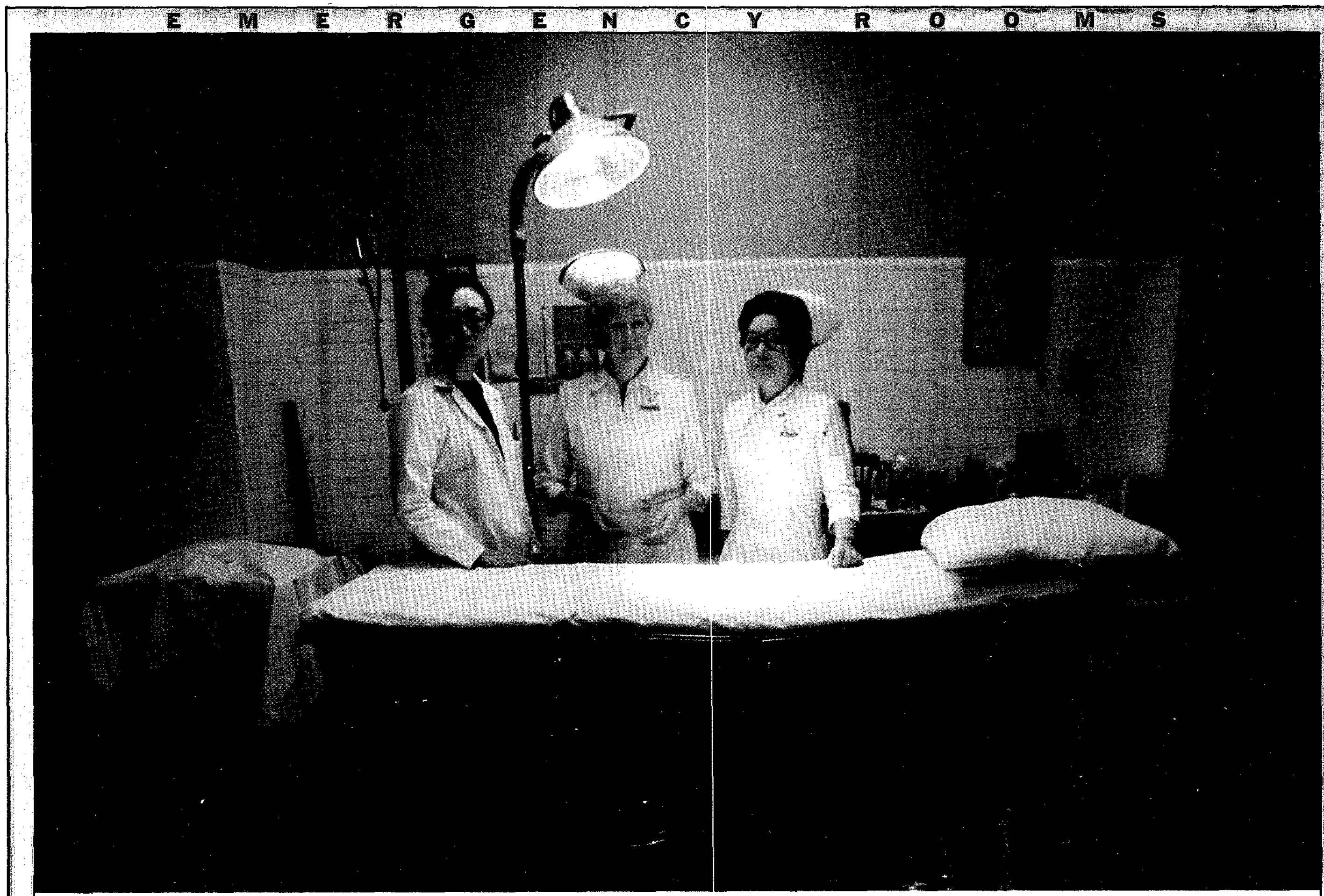
What it's like: The waiting room is a once white-tiled corridor. Clerk is behind a tellerlike window. Inside the actual E.R. are three small treatment rooms and a slightly larger room for serious cases.

What to expect: Once you check in with a clerk, a doctor or nurse peeks out to assess your condition—if things are not too busy in the back. Otherwise, a clerk triages.

Other options: General walk-in and specialty clinics are open 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. Largest clinics deal with orthopedic specialties and arthritis.

Fee: $45; on a sliding scale for patients in the immediate community.

Comments: This E.R. is good for broken bones and arthritic pain. It can handle most other emergencies too (with the exception of women in labor).



At Doctors Hospital: *Dr. S. Y. Chung (left), Mary A. Burgin, and Alice Matsuuchi—the E.R. day staff—prepare for action.*

Jewish Memorial Hospital

(V, R), 196th and Broadway (northeast corner), LO 9-4700

Specialties: Hospital claims to have one of the lower rates of mortality in its coronary-care unit. Also has a surgical ICU.

Patients per day: 40 to 50.

What to expect: Registrar sees all patients immediately to determine priorities. Payment is usually requested first. Busiest times are weekend evenings.

Other options: A number of general and specialty clinics.

Fee: $35 basic, on a sliding scale.

Comments: Administration described the E.R. as "somewhat older, smallish," and having "no sophisticated life-maintenance unit." It deals with a large elderly population and gets quite a number of coronary-care patients.

Lenox Hill Hospital

(V, R), 100 East 77th Street, between Park and Lexington avenues, 794-4567

Specialties: Hospital has coronary, medical, surgical, and neonatal ICU's.

Patients per day: 100.

What it's like: Given the neighborhood, you might expect a cleaner, better-run E.R. The waiting room is adequate (but the temperature's very cold). Inside, there are the usual treatment rooms and also a crash room.

What to expect: Unless you come in the morning or are very ill or injured, plan on a three-to-five-hour wait to see a doctor and to get lab results.

Other options: A full-service clinic is open 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. weekdays.

Fee: $55 basic; add-ons tend to be expensive.

Comments: Considering the fine hospital it's part of, this E.R. is poorly run. It's good for serious cases, especially heart attacks, but most visitors here have problems much less severe. Waiting is a problem, and the surly attitude of the clerk on duty adds insult to injury. To be fair, she sees a lot of private-doctor patients and they give her a hard time too.

Leroy Hospital

(V), 40 East 61st Street, between Park and Madison avenues, 838-8200

Specialties: This is the only New York voluntary identified as an "osteopathic hospital." It has a full range of surgical and medical subspecialties (except pediatrics and obstetrics). There is no ICU per se; it has a "special-care unit" used for both general and intensive care.

Patients per day: two.

What it's like: You might mistake this wood-paneled lobby for a midtown hotel. The E.R. is smaller than most second bedrooms.

What to expect: During work hours the E.R. is handled by two registered nurses. They will call a resident from the floors to treat you, send you to the clinic, or refer you to a private physician in the building.

Other options: There are a number of subspecialty clinics.

Fee: $35 basic, on a sliding scale.

Comments: The staff doesn't get much practice with hard-core emergencies. But for minor casualties during work hours, it's at least convenient—and there's no waiting time.

Arthur C. Logan Memorial Hospital

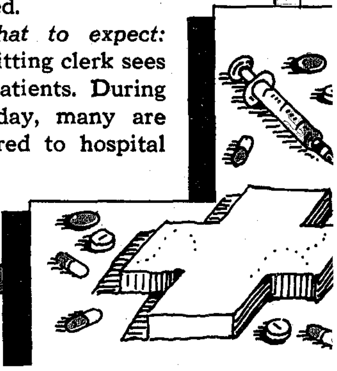
(V, R), 130th Street between Convent and Amsterdam avenues, 690-7222

Specialties: Hospital has general intensive-care unit for serious cases. One floor is devoted to drug and alcohol detoxification. Methadone clinic.

Patients per day: 75 to 100.

What it's like: Not visited.

What to expect: Admitting clerk sees all patients. During the day, many are referred to hospital



clinics. Serious cases are sent directly to the operating room since the E.R. has no facilities for such care. Nonurgent cases without insurance are referred to a city hospital.

Other options: This hospital has a number of small specialty clinics.

Fee: $35 basic, on a sliding scale.

Comments: This small voluntary hospital is struggling to stay open but still receives "911"ambulances in its area.

Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital

(V), 210 East 64th Street, between Second and Third avenues, TE 8-9200

Specialties: Provides emergency care for ear, eye, nose, and throat problems of children and adults. The hospital specializes in plastic surgery; in rare cases, it's done on an emergency basis.

At Bellevue: *Dr. Howard Floch takes a break between duties in a 24-hour workday.*

Patients per day: 35 (higher on weekends and after clinic hours).

What to expect: At least one ear-nose-throat resident and one eye resident on duty at all times. Nonemergent cases advised to go to clinic if it's open. Patients seen almost immediately.

Other options: Clinic open 8:30 A.M. to 3:30 P.M., a better choice if your situation is not urgent.

Fee: $25 (patient is entitled to follow-up visit at $5).

Comments: A wonderful place for pollution-plagued New Yorkers to know about, but for other kinds of troubles, you might as well go elsewhere.

Metropolitan Hospital

(M, R), 96th Street between York and First avenues, 360-6464

Specialties: Hospital has coronary, medical, surgical (trauma), and neonatal ICU's. Has a MERVAN, a specially equipped mobile unit used for disaster calls and multiple casualties. Special procedure for rape cases allows patients to press charges.

Patients per day: 250.

What it's like: Good physical setup with central desk surrounded by various treatment rooms. Pediatric waiting room and treatment area located in special, separated section of the main E.R. Though it was renovated in the late sixties, the E.R.'s size is far from adequate considering the traffic.

What to expect: If you're in bad shape, this is a good place to be. Long waits for nonemergent cases. All medical and surgical specialties on call.

Other options: Screening clinic available to nonemergent patients before 2 P.M. Patients are then referred to one of 72 specialty clinics. After 2 P.M., all walk-in patients must use E.R.

Fee: $65 inclusive, on a sliding scale.

Comments: This E.R. claims 40 percent of all patients are *real* emergencies, so they really know how to handle life-and-death situations. They've seen it all. It's a nice place for an emergency, but once you're stabilized, you may not want to stay there.

Midtown Hospital (a division of NYU Medical Center)

(V), 309 East 49th Street, between First and Second avenues, 355-6490

Specialties: none.

Patients per day: ten.

What it's like: not visited.

What to expect: Open 24 hours and supervised by the hospital nursing staff, which will call in a resident if the patient's condition is one they cannot treat; suitable transfers will be arranged by private ambulance or the 911 system.

Other options: none.

Fee: $20 basic.

Comments: This E.R. is conveniently located in midtown but it's only good for minor emergencies.

Mount Sinai Hospital

(V), Madison Avenue at 100th Street, 650-6500

Specialties: Hospital has a host of rare subspecialties not found elsewhere and very expensive and sophisticated equipment accessible to E.R.: CAT scanner (total body X-ray) to determine cause of trauma, and hyperbaric chamber (to treat gangrene, the

CALLING "911": How It Works

New York, like many other cities, has a universal three-digit emergency number: 911. Within seconds—it rarely rings more than three times—a police operator will answer, ready to dispatch a patrol car. If you're calling for medical help, the operator immediately connects you to the city's Emergency Medical Service (EMS), the division of the Health and Hospitals Corporation responsible for coordinating the 110 ambulances on the 911 system.

At the center, an operator writes your name, location, and troubles on a computer punch card. If the call is an obvious emergency, such as a gunshot wound or heart attack, a dispatcher will send an ambulance posthaste. If the operator has any doubt about the urgency of a particular case or does not feel qualified to answer the caller's questions, a registered nurse comes on the line. You don't have to repeat what you've said, because a conveyor quickly delivers the punch card to the R.N. She asks questions and, if necessary, suggests interim treatment.

If the operator or the nurse decides that no ambulance is needed, she may give the caller a little heart-to-heart reassurance or perhaps instruction to go to the nearest emergency room via taxi or public transportation. Of the 1,700 to 1,800 calls that come in daily—greater volume than any other city in the nation—this "telephone triage" weeds out about 200 unnecessary or prank calls.

Once a call has been determined to be ambulance-worthy, the conveyor takes the punch card into an adjacent room to one of five ambulance dispatchers. (Ambulance response time on 911 calls averages ten minutes.)

If the victim has had a heart attack, the dispatcher can deploy one of the five EMS-trained paramedic units. Paramedics can start an IV, give drugs, even perform tracheotomies. Their $35,000 vehicles enable them to monitor a person's heart on an EKG machine and simultaneously transmit that information to a doctor in the emergency room slated to receive the patient.

EMS estimates that about 300 calls a day—one out of every five runs—require paramedic skill. To fill that need, they plan to phase in 55 more such units over the next three years. In the meantime heart-attack victims can only hope that one of the five units will happen to be free. —M.B.

bends). Special E.R. “teams” on call to treat particular problems; some, like the trauma team, deal with typical emergency situations; others handle less common subspecialties such as acute intestinal bleeding and hemophilia. E.R. pharmacy open until midnight. Dental emergencies treated on second floor. Department of Communication Disorders deals with speech, hearing—any trouble that affects communication; it's open 8:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; after that specialists are on call.

Patients per day: 155.

What it's like: E.R. is large and very well equipped to handle its heavy traffic. Adult E.R. has color TV in waiting room, twelve treatment rooms, and a room for minor surgery. Setup prevents constant monitoring of patients, but holding area is well supervised.

What to expect: A “screening” nurse can schedule patient on E.R. list or refer to appropriate clinic. If you're not an emergency or at least urgent, expect long waits during late afternoon and between 6 and 9 P.M.

Other options: Mt. Sinai has over 150 clinics to which E.R. patients can be referred (or you can go directly on your own).

Fee: $50 basic; all fees on a sliding scale.

Comments: At this E.R. you're getting some of the best minds and most expensive equipment known to the medical profession. It's even worth the wait.

New York Eye and Ear Infirmary

(V), 310 East 14th Street, between First and Second avenues, 673-3480

Specialties: Emergency and clinic facilities for patients with ear, nose, throat, or eye problems.

Patients per day: sixteen.

What it's like: Not visited.

What to expect: E.R. has 24-hour coverage. Nonemergencies should use clinic.

Other options: ENT clinic open 9 to 11 A.M. and 1 to 3 P.M. Eye clinic open 1 to 3 P.M. Both are open Saturdays 9 to 11 A.M.

Fee: $22 for E.R.; $15 for clinic.

New York Hospital

(V), 70th Street between York Avenue and the East River, 472-5454

Specialties: Hospital has a gold mine of medical resources, including every specialty you'd need and intensive-care units for coronary, burns, medical surgical (trauma), neurological, neonatal, psychiatric troubles. High-risk-infant transport (by special vehicle or helicopter) handles premature babies, babies with heart defects, and other critical conditions. A 24-hour paramedic service is supplied by a private ambulance company; patients must call 794-3200 for service.

Patients per day: 110.

What it's like: Immaculately clean, incredibly well equipped. There are eighteen treatment rooms—one of which is used *only* for proctoscopic examinations.

What to expect: Patients are triaged immediately. All specialists on call 24 hours. Even though this is not a crowded E.R. and they could handle more “real” emergencies, backups sometimes cause long waits for minor conditions.

Other options: Screening clinic open to anyone during the day.

Fee: $44 basic; other costs added on.

Comments: New York's main problem is that it doesn't get enough work to keep it busy and the staffers don't see much trauma. But it's a great E.R. for most medical problems. Few places rival its capabilities.

New York Infirmary

(V), 321 East 15th Street, east of Stuyvesant Square, 228-8000

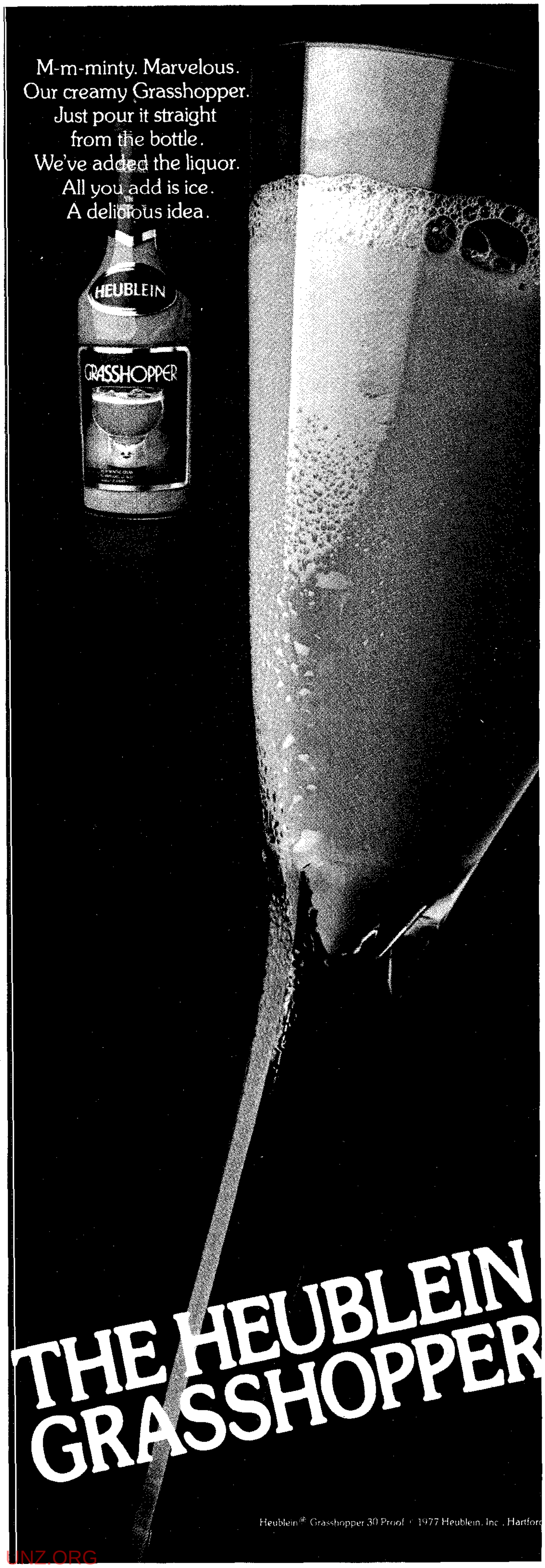
Specialties: Hospital has coronary-care unit and medical intensive care.

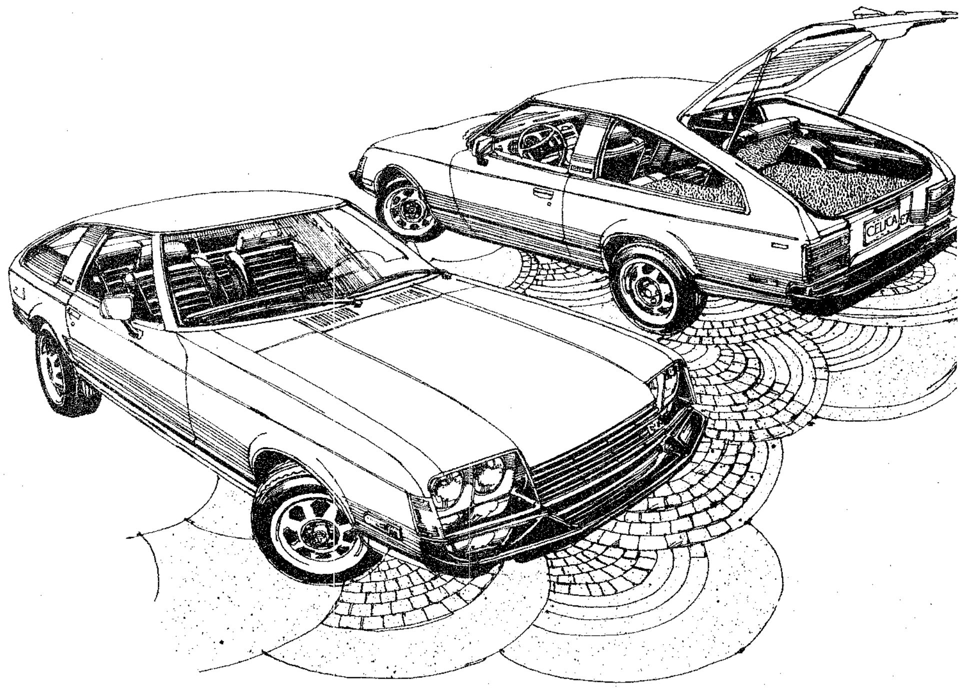
Patients per day: 30.

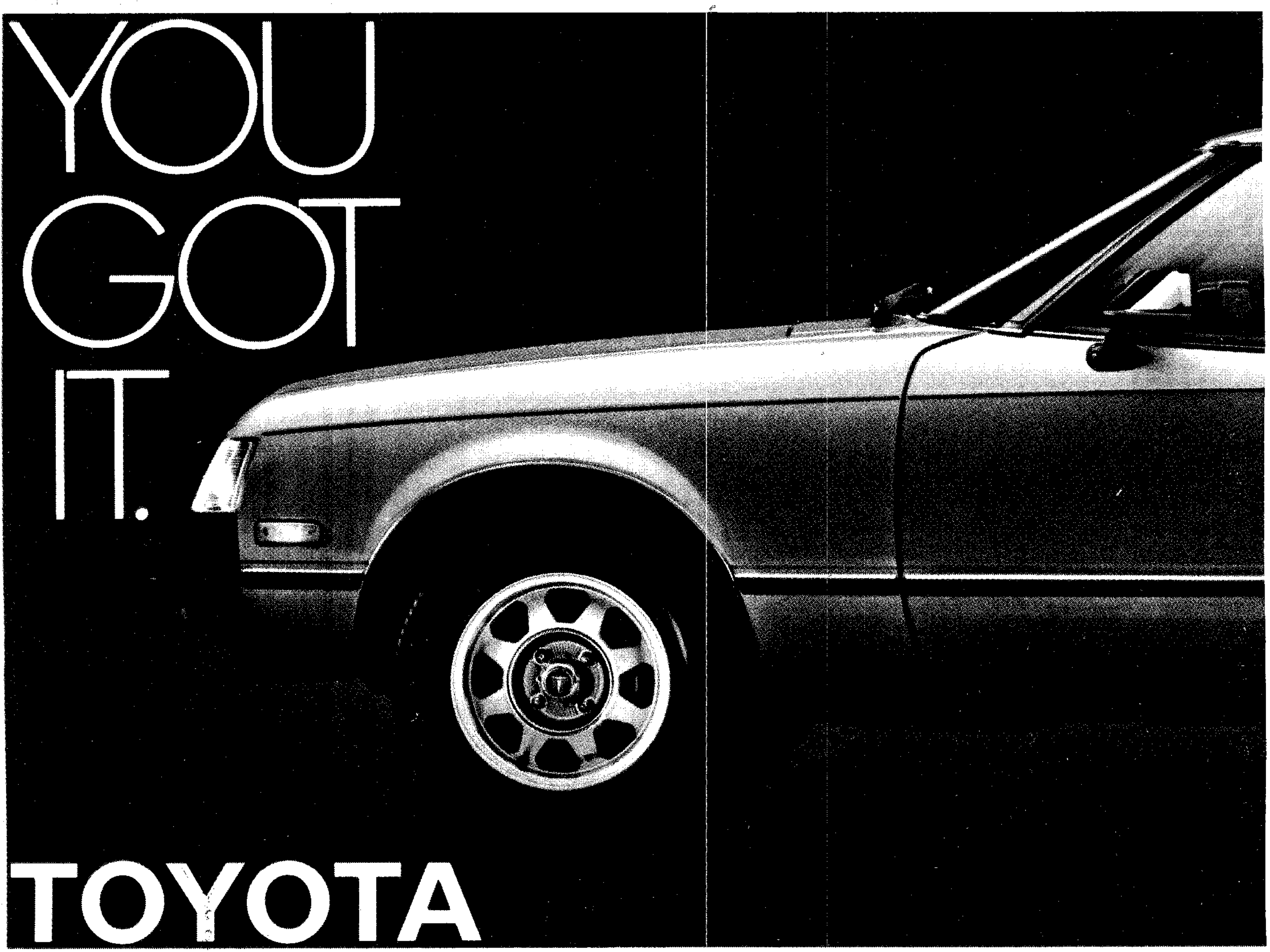
What it's like: The E.R. is one of the smallest in the city—literally a “room” with five curtain-separated beds.

What to expect: Attending physicians are on call, but this

(Continued on page 52)




CELICA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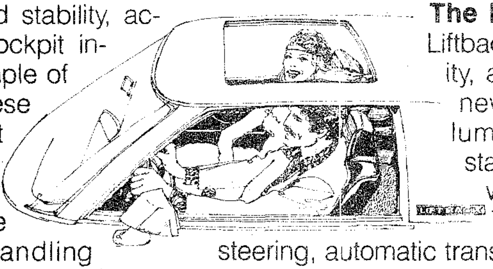
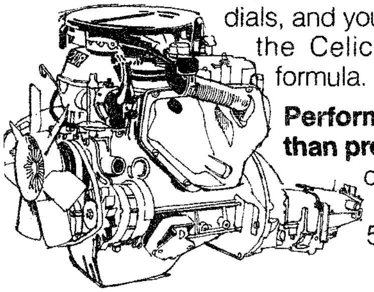
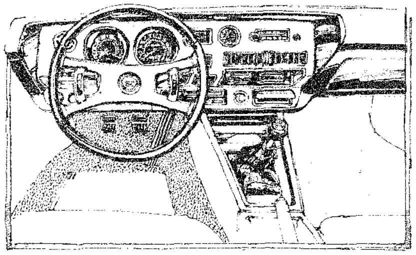


A beautiful, fine machine. The Celica GT Liftback's aerodynamic design has contributed to increased interior room (4" at the shoulder), reduced interior noise, increased stability, acceleration and efficiency. The cockpit instrumentation is a beautiful example of functional engineering. Add to these refinements MacPherson strut front suspension, power assisted front disc brakes, steel belted radials, and you have the Celica's handling formula.





Performance that's more than pretty good. A 2.2 liter overhead cam power plant coupled to a 5-speed overdrive transmission delivers Grand Touring driving excitement and Toyota economy. In EPA tests the Celica GT Liftback was rated at 34 highway, 20 city. These EPA ratings are estimates. Your mileage will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California ratings will be lower.

The beauty is value. The 1978 Celica GT Liftback delivers traditional Toyota dependability, and value. Reclining bucket seats with newly designed adjustable driver's seat lumbar support and AM/FM Stereo are standard. The Liftback features a rear hatch which opens to a fold down, split rear seat. The GT Liftback options include power steering, automatic transmission, and something no other Toyota has—the feeling of the wind in your hair from the optional sun roof (available Jan. 1978). The 1978 Celica. Comes in two other models as well—the GT and ST Sport Coupes. Dynamically practical cars for the 80's at your dealer today.

©Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc., 1977

(Continued from page 49)

E.R. doesn't see much action.

Other options: Strang Clinic, open 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. weekdays; different schedules for men and women.

Fee: $30 basic, on a sliding scale.

Comments: This hospital has good obstetrical, gynecological, and pediatric services, but the E.R. isn't geared up to handle serious trauma.

New York University Medical Center

(V), 560 First Avenue, at 33rd Street, 679-3200

Specialties: Hospital has coronary-care unit and also is one of the most active open-heart surgical facilities in the country. Has a medical ICU. Shares a neurosurgery team with Bellevue. Here's *the* hospital for spinal-cord injuries.

Patients per day: 45.

What it's like: A hospital lobby serves as the E.R.'s waiting area. Inside, there's a triage desk (but no one sat there at the time of this visit) and three treatment rooms.

What to expect: You'll be triaged immediately: Doctor tries to see patients within fifteen minutes.

Other options: none.

Fee: $43 basic; recurring visits $29.

Comments: For a hospital of its reputation, this E.R. is surprisingly minimal, but it's a good place to come for heart problems.

Roosevelt Hospital

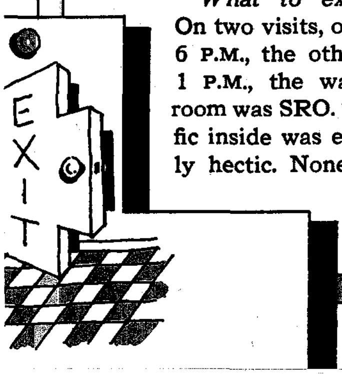
(V, R), 58th Street off Ninth Avenue, 554-7000

Specialties: Critical-care units in the hospital include coronary, surgical, neonatal, alcohol detoxification, and general ICU.

Patients per day: 130.

What it's like: This E.R. is plagued by run-down quarters and overcrowding.

What to expect: On two visits, one at 6 P.M., the other at 1 P.M., the waiting room was SRO. Traffic inside was equally hectic. Nonemergencies can generally count on a three-to-four-hour wait. No formal triage.



Other options: During the day, patients whose conditions are not serious are referred to the general walk-in clinic or to a specialty clinic.

Fee: $45 basic, on a sliding scale.

Comments: The atmosphere both *outside* and *inside* the hospital smells of decay and hopelessness. And the E.R. truly seems like purgatory's waiting room.

St. Clare's Hospital and Health Center

(V,R), 52nd Street between Ninth and Tenth avenues, 586-1500

Specialties: Hospital has coronary intensive care and medical/surgical ICU (trauma). Ophthalmology service is good. Paramedic unit gives prehospital service; especially good for heart cases.

Patients per day: 85.

What it's like: The main treatment area is small, but it's kept clean and well lit. Actual treatment area consists of a number of small partitioned treatment areas, one of which is kept for pediatric cases.

What to expect: There's no formal triage, but there's not a huge volume of patients either. Waiting time is not bad. You'll be asked for payment before being seen, unless seriously injured.

Other options: Clinic open 8:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. weekdays, Thursday till 6:30 P.M.

Fee: $45, on a sliding scale.

Comments: This hospital handles most general emergencies—except burns, women in labor, and disruptive psychiatric patients. E R. can do only minor surgical repairs. Good coronary care.

St. Luke's Hospital Center

(V), 113th Street between Amsterdam Avenue and Morningside Drive, 870-6000

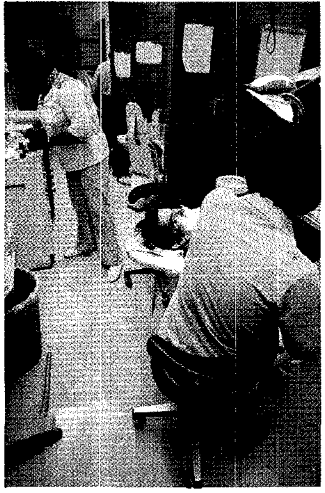
Specialties: One of the four teaching institutions connected with Columbia University, the hospital enjoys a fine reputation, especially for open-heart surgery. Several ICU's: coronary, medical, surgical (trauma), neonatal, alcohol detoxification, and drug overdose. Rape intervention team and 24-hour psychiatric coverage in the E.R.

Patients per day: 210.

What it's like: Busiest in the afternoon and evening, when it strains at the seams. It's badly in need of a good face-lift and some modernization.

What to expect: The E.R. is well equipped to handle any situation on a 24-hour basis.

Other options: Medical clinic, major specialty clinics, and numerous subspecialty clinics take some of the burden off the E.R., as do a number of other community medical programs.



At Mt. Sinai: *The dental emergency clinic.*

Fee: $45 basic; only patients in catchment area pay on sliding scale.

Comments: Despite its shoddy exterior, this hospital has excellent credentials, but there are long waits.

St. Vincent's Hospital and Medical Center of New York

(V, R), West 11th Street between Sixth and Seventh avenues, 790-7000

Specialties: Hospital itself has a wealth of facilities, including ICU's for coronary, trauma, spinal-cord injuries, neonatal, psychiatric, and alcohol detoxification.

Patients per day: 140.

What it's like: Overcrowded and antiquated, this E.R. has only four treatment rooms. In busy late afternoons and early evenings its narrow hallway serves as a "holding area."

What to expect: Triage during the day only. After triage you may wait a long, long time.

Other options: Hospital has one of the largest ambulatory-care clinics in the city, open 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Triage nurse may send nonemergent patients there. Or you can go directly—Seventh Avenue between 12th and 13th streets. Many subspecialty clinics are available.

Fee: $45, inclusive, on a sliding scale.

Comments: For a hospital of its reputation and heavy outpatient traffic, this E.R. is a disaster. It takes far too long to actually get through the E.R. to the fine services the hospital has to offer.

Sydenham Hospital

(M, R), 565 Manhattan Avenue, at 124th Street, 678-5151

Specialties: Hospital has medical/surgical ICU for trauma. Social worker on duty in E.R. 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. weekdays.

Patients per day: 100.

What it's like: Building is old and run-down, but patients seem to feel comfortable.

What to expect: Triage done by nursing staff or a clerk. Many of the repeat customers are known by name or face.

Other options: Hospital Neighborhood Family Care Center at 215 West 125th Street (between Seventh and Eighth avenues) relieves the E.R.'s burden. Open 8 A.M. to 5 P.M..

Fee: $50, inclusive, on a sliding scale.

Comments: Many Harlem residents prefer this atmosphere to the crowded E.R. at Harlem Hospital. Waiting time is less.

Trafalgar Hospital

(V), East 90th Street between Lexington and Third avenues, 876-6600

Specialties: This small community-oriented hospital has one general surgical ICU. Hospital administrator was not available for further information. ■

Waiting game: *Left to right, Toby Knight, Glen Gondrezick, and Ray Williams sit one out.*

Can the Rookies Save the Knicks?

By Jeff Greenfield

> "...The problem now is that the Knicks are a schizophrenic team, lacking not only a leader but a theme, a consistent mode of play..."

'Twixt the optimist and pessimist
The difference is droll:
The optimist sees the doughnut
But the pessimist sees the hole.
—McLandburgh Wilson

Willis Reed sits in a conference room tucked away in the suite of Knick offices inside the Madison Square Garden complex. A large table, a green slate board, and a huge Sony videotape screen surround the rookie coach. He is wearing aviator glasses, a striped shirt with cuff links, and the vest and pants of a rust-brown three-piece suit, one of many that have replaced the bush jackets and wide-collar shirts he used to wear in his playing days.

From where Reed sits, the playoffs should be a piece of cake. But somehow they're not. Try a doughnut.

The Knicks have one of the best shooting big forwards in the history of the game in Bob McAdoo. They have a 22-year-old, six-foot-eight forward named Lonnie Shelton, who is either one of the quickest big men or one of the biggest quick men in the league, and who will provide scoring, rebounding, and defense for the Knicks for a decade. They have Earl Monroe, a magnificent shooting guard. And they have three rookies, who often play at the same time, who represent the best Knick college draft in ten years. Right now, despite some mid-season faltering, the Knicks seem headed for a playoff spot for the first time in three years.

Why a doughnut? Because of the hole: As with the doughnut, it is located right in the middle of the Knicks. For the fourth year since Willis Reed's premature retirement, the team lacks a single legitimate center: the big man in the middle who keeps the offense away from the basket, who pulls down the rebound, triggers the running game, and gets position under his own basket for an easy field goal or for an offensive rebound to keep the ball alive.

"McAdoo's been playing center for us," Reed says, "but he's a big forward. And Lonnie Shelton plays like a small forward. Night in and night out, you need those big men on the court."

Reed should know. For ten years, he was the symbol of Knick success. His last-minute appearance in the seventh game of the 1970 playoffs, when he scored the first two baskets with a crippling leg injury, is one of those moments in sports that turn into legends the instant they happen. When he replaced the faltering, reclusive Red Holzman as coach, it seemed as if Reed were being offered to the fans as a gesture of faith, as if a recognizable superstar could somehow be on the bench what he was in the pivot.

This season began with a ceremony formally welcoming Willis as coach. His is the only face, the only presence, that graces the cover of the Knicks' press guide. And Walt Frazier, Reed's only rival in the affections of Knick fans, was traded to Cleveland not just to speed up the Knick offense but because there was no way those two egos would work together with one the coach and the other a player.

Thus far, the picture is cloudy. New York is a hustling ball club, running more than it has in the past, younger, hungrier. It is, as Reed clearly admits, a club that is far from the best in the league, with an inconsistency that at times amounts to schizophrenia. They can rip apart the division-leading Philadelphia 76ers Christmas night, build a thirteen-point halftime lead, hold a six-point advantage with 44 seconds to play—and escape with a three-point victory after foolish fouls and a loss of poise give Philly one last chance to tie. They can build an early 23-point lead against the New Orleans Jazz but win at the close by only 2 points. They can let the Denver Nuggets take an eighteen-point lead, close the gap in eight minutes with the rookies and a second-year man on the court—then kick the game away with half a dozen turnovers in two minutes as Reed deliberately turns off the successful running game. They utterly lack the capacity to blow a rival off the court; only five times this year have the Knicks beaten an opponent by ten or more points.

The Knicks, in other words, are a hardworking, rebuilding basketball club in a city that defines itself as the basketball capital of the universe.

"New York is unique," says Knick general manager Eddie Donovan, who built the championship team of 1970 and is now back after six years in Buffalo. "You can rebuild in Cleveland or Buffalo, but in New York, you can't even say it. The fans are . . . *impatient.*"

And unlike Giant or Ranger fans, who fill parks to agonize with second-rate teams, Knick fans tend to drift away when their team is not really in title contention. While the Knicks' 15,800 average attendance is the highest in the league, it is some 3,500 fewer than it was when the team won its last championship, in 1973. Spread over a season, those empty seats, and the playoff-money grosses, amount to some $2 million a year. That $2 million will

Photographed by Sue Cassidy Clark

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pay the entire Knick payroll for a season. But those empty seats will not fill up again until the Knicks are a lot more than halfway back.

Willis Reed's idea was simple. "I wanted the Knicks to become a running ball club, because the fans want to see an exciting, aggressive club: trying to steal the ball, running the break. But it's also the only kind of basketball that can win. If you don't have the strength to play the muscle game, you have to go with the young players who can pass and run."

Since Reed has been under attack by writers and fans for his shortcomings as a coach, it ought to be said that in his first year—and after Reed had personally scouted every possible Knick newcomer—New York produced the team's single best college draft in a decade. After years of drafts that got them nothing—who remembers Bill Hosket, Mike Price, Eugene Short, Tom Riker, Jesse Dark?—1977 produced three rookies who can play respectable NBA basketball. In a year that has seen Walter Davis, Marques Johnson, and Bernard King enter the NBA, none of the Knick rookies is a candidate for rookie-of-the-year honors; but taken together, they represent a foundation for a strong New York team.

Ray Williams, the Knicks' first-round draft choice, is a six-foot-three guard whose baby face gives him the appearance of a ball boy. He comes from Mt. Vernon, New York, from the same family that produced Seattle SuperSonic Gus Williams ("I *hated* it when they called me 'Little Gus,' " he says, "especially since I was an inch taller than he was"). His childhood was marred by the death of his father when Ray was eight, an experience he still dislikes talking about, since "it put me in a bad way for a long time." His mother kept the family together.

Williams, now 23, played college ball at San Jacinto Junior College in Texas, then at the University of Minnesota, where he specialized in passing the ball inside to Minnesota's high-scoring center, Mychal Thompson. This skill has been very much in evidence in his first year with the Knicks; Williams had 40 assists in five games recently and has shown extraordinary ability to find Lonnie Shelton and Bob McAdoo inside for easy baskets.

He has also demonstrated continuing difficulty in holding on to the ball, averaging a turnover every six and a half minutes—the single worst such mark in the league. Williams blames his teammates' lack of familiarity with his style of play. "When I'm out there," he says, "we'll have a time-out and Willis will say, 'Run this play.' But most of the time, the play isn't there. If I'm driving the lane, I find myself up in the air with nothing to do. I'm trying to tell the guys to make themselves available for the pass, not to hide behind their man."

A quick, ball-handling guard is crucial to the Knicks' new style of play, and not just because the guard runs the fast break. "If a forward gets a step on his man a few times and doesn't see the ball," says Eddie Donovan, "he'll stop running and start jogging after a while. With Earl and Clyde pounding the ball on the floor, looking for the shot, things slowed down. With Ray flipping the ball out, they'll run."

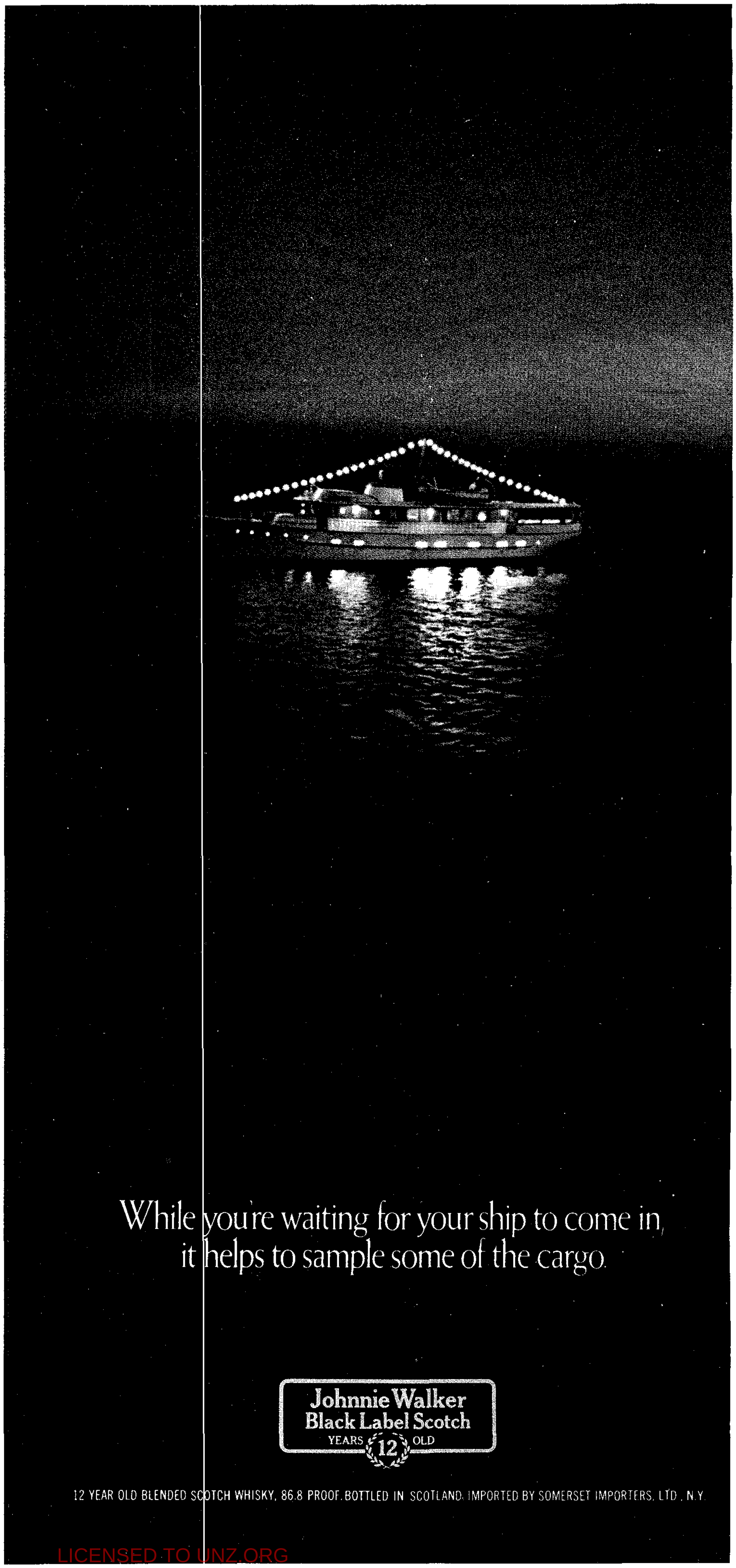
Glen Gondrezick, 22, a six-foot-six second-round choice from the University of Nevada at Las Vegas, is the Knicks' only "small" forward outside of Jim McMillian; he can swing to the guard position when New York needs height all over the floor. Gondrezick ("Gondo," for the sake of fans, announcers, and box-score typesetters) is a native of Boulder, Colorado, the middle child in a family of thirteen children; his father worked for an insurance company and his mother taught, both evidently in their spare time.

Gondrezick played all high school sports, but it was his performance in a high school all-star game that brought him to the attention of Jerry Tarkanian, the high-powered UNLV coach.

A variety of qualities brought him to the attention of the Knicks. When Willis Reed returned from scouting Gondrezick, he exulted to Eddie Donovan, "He gives 100 percent, he hustles, he's great on defense—and he's white!" Apart from the seldom used Phil Jackson, Gondrezick is the only white player the team has. This fact has been known to be of interest to the people who sell basketball tickets.

On the court, Gondrezick is a disruptive influence to the rival team (and sometimes to his own as well). His is an intensely physical game, and he is constantly trying to deny the ball to the player he's guarding, looking to trigger a fast break, occasionally losing his man on defense as a consequence. According to Reed, "Gondo goes to the boards as well as anyone on this team; he can take the contact." He is still dissatisfied with his shooting and is working, he says, "to release the ball faster."

Toby Knight is a six-foot-nine forward from Notre Dame, a solemn-faced native of Long Island who comes from a home with two sisters and no father (his parents separated). The family's financial status can be suggested by two examples: When the Knicks wanted to call Toby's home to tell his mother he'd been drafted, they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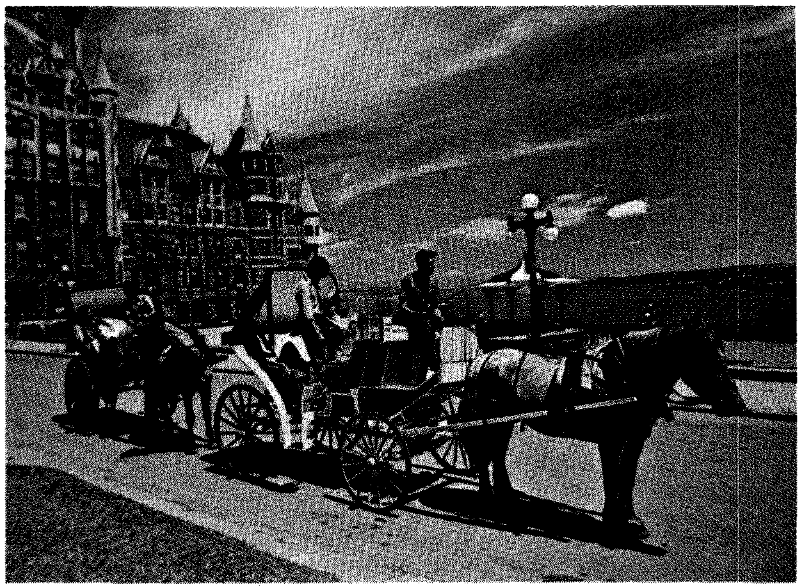

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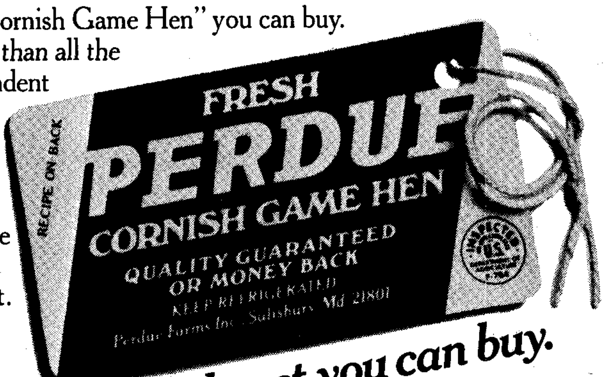

The tenderest you can buy.

discovered there was no phone in the house. And when a Knicks lawyer, presenting the 22-year-old Knight with a $10,000 bonus, told him, "Don't spend it all in one place," Knight replied seriously, "That's impossible." Given the number of Rolls-Royce among professional athletes, that comment is a true measure of innocence.

At times Knight has shown a hesitancy on the court, both in taking shots and in fighting his rivals for position. But he has also shown flashes of promise, especially in a Chicago Bulls game when he shot ten for eleven from the floor and in two Denver games when he helped his fellow rookies win one game and pull even in another. He is clearly impatient to play more—"I can put my time on the bench in perspective," he says, "until I get home and yell my head off"—but he understands that "there's only so much time in a game; for now, our job's to make the other team work hard while the big guys on our team are resting."

He is, appropriately, less understanding about an off-the-court problem: his difficulty as a black in finding a place to live. "There was one place in Great Neck. Hell, I didn't even get out of the car; she ran down and told me it was rented. It was hard everywhere we looked—until they found out I was a Knick."

This season, the Knicks have frequently played the three rookies, plus second-year man Lonnie Shelton, together, in an effort to change the tempo of the game. "They're quicker," Reed says. "We've been out of games and they've brought us back, running more, playing harder. I know they'll screw up; that's what rookies do. But we haven't lost games because of them. We *have* won some because of them."

The problem now is that the Knicks are a schizophrenic team; they lack not only a leader but also a theme, a consistent mode of play. With McAdoo, Monroe, and Spencer Haywood in the game, the Knicks are one kind of team, loaded with shooters. With the rookies in, it's an entirely different act, scrappier, sloppier, always looking to run, sometimes overlooking the better shot or surer pass.

The three rookies think it's their mission to generate a kind of team spirit. On a road trip through Milwaukee last month, Williams, Knight, and Gondrezick stopped in at an army-surplus store and bought outlandish derbies, ties, and T-shirts on which they had printed "Sap #1," "Sap #2," and "Sap #3" (after the Saperstein character on *Kojak*, who is forever being picked on by Kojak).

"We were trying to develop some kind of unity on the team," Williams explains. "We can't have six guys going one way and two going another." This is traditionally the role the veterans play, not three players who've never been on the team before.

Listening to Donovan and Reed, an observer gets the clear impression that running is what the Knicks' future is

What the Numbers Tell You About the Knicks

Each week, from out of the NBA's Olympic Tower headquarters come fresh figures about every team and player in the league. Read them right and you can find out a lot about what's happening to what team — like with the Knicks, for instance, as of January 29:

☐ **Wins.** The Knicks can't stay with the big boys. Against teams with a .500 or better winning percentage, the Knicks (after 50 games) are 10–14.

☐ **Offense.** They've shifted from a guard-oriented offense to a front-line offense. Last year, the guards —who are 40 percent of the team— accounted for 45 percent of the scoring. This year, with McAdoo and Shelton, 64.6 percent of the scoring has come from the front line. Since it's easier to score up close, this is a sign of improving offense. (They're the sixth-best offensive team in the NBA.)

☐ **Defense.** Defensively, they're the fourth-*worst* team in the league, but it's interesting to see *why* they're allowing 111.1 points a game.

☐ **Shooting.** The Knicks are shooting very well, averaging .488 from the floor—only Portland and San Antonio are better. They've scored 124 more field goals than they've given up; only Portland has a better spread.

☐ **Fouls.** They're getting killed on fouls. They've committed more fouls than any team except the Nets, Kings, and Hawks—all teams well under .500. Opponents have taken 414 more foul shots than the Knicks; only Atlanta has a worse disparity. This is why Willis Reed has been less than kind to the officials. But it also reflects the fact that other teams, with bigger men, may be getting position on Knick defenders, forcing them to foul.

☐ **Poise.** One unhappy note: The Knicks have committed 1,083 turnovers; only Detroit has had sloppier hands. —J.G.

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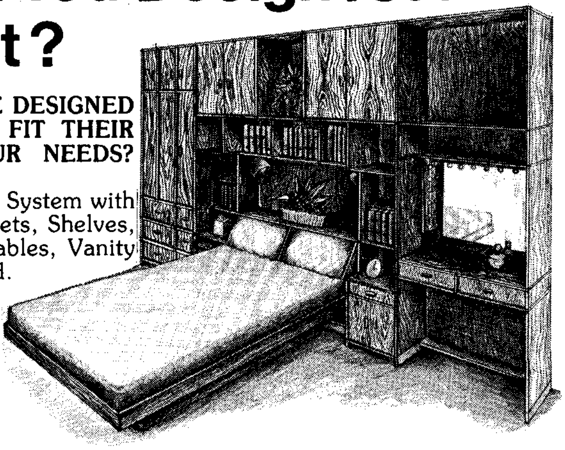
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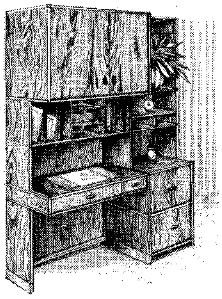
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all about. But as both men acknowledge, two key elements are missing.

"We need a big guy in the middle," Willis says. "The league has changed a lot in the last five years. There are more teams playing two big forwards with a big center." Few teams have an extra center to deal, and one that does—Philadelphia—has no wish to strengthen a divisional rival, especially after the Knicks tried to steal George McGinnis from them in 1976. So Donovan wistfully looks at a player like Darryl Dawkins, six feet eleven, just 21, and notes, "You could give up a lot to get a big kid. You work with him for a year, and there's your center for the next ten years."

The Knicks also need a big shooting guard to succeed Earl Monroe. Ray Williams is not going to fulfill this role. Last season, New York was close to a deal that would have sent Frazier to the Los Angeles Lakers for rookie guard Earl Tatum and this season's first-round draft choice, but Laker owner Jack Kent Cooke vetoed the deal. The club was also close to a deal that would have brought it Mike Newlin from the Houston Rockets, but that too fell through.

New York has a third need, and that is the need for poise, or discipline, or self-confidence—an inner sense that they know how they are going to win. The rap on Willis Reed is that he is not instilling this quality. New York doesn't seem to know how to keep doing what it was doing right in the first place. No victory is secure, because the Knicks will find a way to give up the ball and give opponents one more breath.

"You can't teach the bench," Eddie Donovan says. "You can't teach time-outs, substitutions, match-ups. When Willis was playing, he took care of himself. Now he has to take care of eleven guys."

The rookies can't save the Knicks—and Willis Reed may not be able to either. Reed is, it should be remembered, a rookie too, one who never spent a day as a coach before taking the Knicks' head job. Beyond that, he is coaching a team whose biggest hole is just that kind of player he was when the Knicks were in their glory years: the big man in the middle.

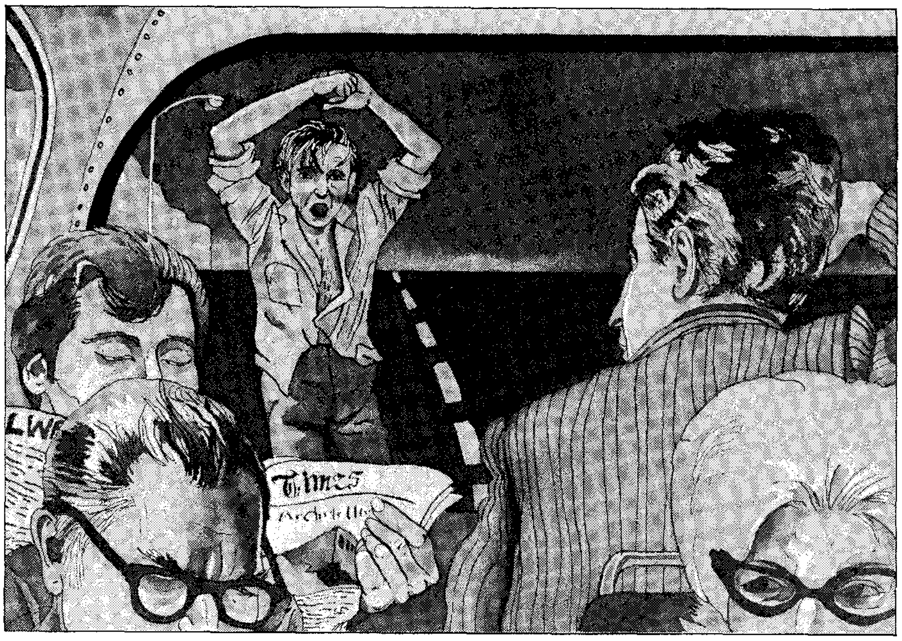
"I hear a lot about smart coaches and dumb coaches," Reed says. "But I'll tell you—Bill Walton could make me a *damn* smart coach."

So could a young, healthy Willis Reed. And so sometime in the next year, the Knicks are likely to give up anyone—with the single, contractual exception of Earl Monroe—to get that big man. With $2 million a year at stake, no deal is out of the question. ■

New York Journal / Philip Ross

A WALK ON CENTRAL PARK WEST

"... It occurs to me that his eyes are too alert for him to be drunk. Yet he is not the kind of person I associate with insanity..."



It is a Saturday night and I have just left a cheerless restaurant. I am walking on 72nd Street toward Central Park West, where I will take a bus home. What I am thinking about is whether I will spend most of my life eating alone on Saturday nights.

When I first see him, he is in front of the Dakota and walking unsteadily toward me. He is wearing gray trousers and a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up and its buttons open to reveal a hairy chest. His rumpled jacket is slung casually over one shoulder and his straight gray hair is disheveled. He is perhaps 45, of average height, well built. His features are strong and unsubtle. He reminds me of an Italian pop singer.

I do not ordinarily see people like this in my neighborhood, especially people like this who are out of control. I assume he is drunk, and I look around for a wife or some friends to be bringing up the rear. He is alone.

I am about to pass him when he weaves into my path.

"Excuse me," I say.

"Jesus won't take spaceships to Mars," he says.

I nod in agreement and continue to walk. But now I have company. He has done an about-face and is walking beside me.

"The cuckoo birds are going to make the fat people work," he says.

Once again I shake my head affirmatively. A passerby might think we were two good friends engaged in serious conversation.

"Nobody knows anything about rub-a-dub-dub," he says.

"You're absolutely right," I say.

It occurs to me that his eyes are too alert for him to be drunk, his deep voice too clear. Yet he is not the kind of person I associate with drugs or insanity. He is the kind of person who drinks.

I am trying to come to terms with this when we arrive at Central Park West.

"God will never!" he shouts. "Never! Never! Never!"

We were walking alone before, but this is different. People are standing on the corner near us. Others are approaching.

"Well, I've got to go," I say, pointing to a bus that is coming to a stop across the street. "That's my bus. I'll see you."

I step into the street, but the light is against me and cars are coming. As I move back onto the sidewalk, I realize that I won't be able to cross in time to make that bus. I am upset, not because I have to wait, but because I am still with him.

"What are you doing?" he shouts.

"It's okay," I mumble. "I can't make that bus. I'll get the next one."

He throws his arms open. "What's the matter with you?" he screams. "You can make it. You can get it at the next stop. Run."

The bus has started to move already. "Don't worry about it," I say quickly. "It's all right."

He lays his arms on my shoulders and looks directly into my eyes. His voice is firm. He is commanding me. "You can make it," he says. "Now run."

People are watching us; perhaps it is because of this that I move away from him. I am wearing sneakers, and when I look down at them I realize that I am trotting. I am crossing Central Park West and I am heading in the direction of the moving bus.

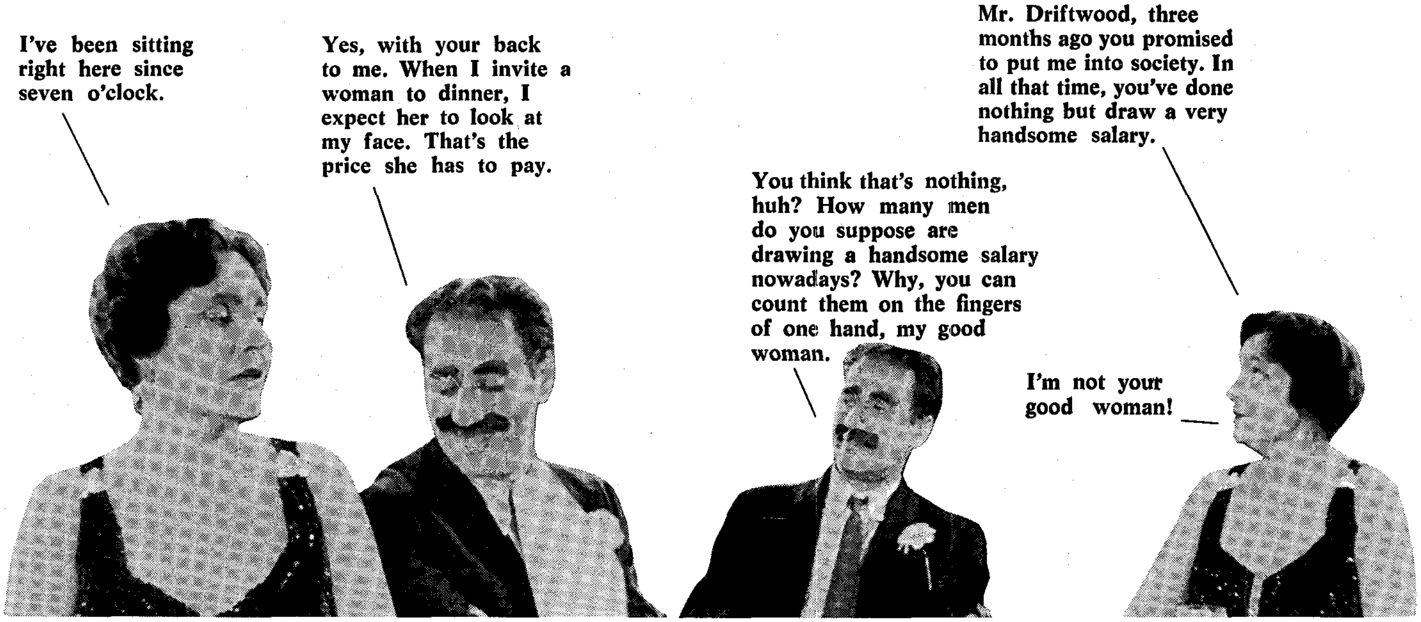
I can hear him behind me. He has stayed where I left him, but he is calling after me. "Faster," he is shouting. "Run faster."

And I am running. Past benches filled with people who look up at me as I glide by. Around strollers who glance at me and then try to locate the wild voice that is a block away now and exhorting me on. "You can do it," he is screaming. "You can do it." I run faster. This is crazy, but I suddenly feel as though my life depends on making that bus.

It is about to leave 74th Street when I arrive. The driver sees me and reopens the door. I climb the steps and stand there, panting. As I deposit a token and walk to the rear, I am grinning at the faces looking up at me, at the people who may have seen me running and heard him shouting. But I don't care. I am feeling so good.

The bus has started to move again by the time I find a seat. I stick my head out a window and turn for a last look. He is still there, standing under a streetlight. I can no longer see his face or hear his voice. But I can see his arms. They are raised in triumph. ■

Illustrated by Larry Weil


I've been sitting right here since seven o'clock.
Yes, with your back to me. When I invite a woman to dinner, I expect her to look at my face. That's the price she has to pay.
Mr. Driftwood, three months ago you promised to put me into society. In all that time, you've done nothing but draw a very handsome salary.
You think that's nothing, huh? How many men do you suppose are drawing a handsome salary nowadays? Why, you can count them on the fingers of one hand, my good woman.
I'm not your good woman!

(*From* A Night at the Opera.)

What Are They Laughing at, Julie?

By Charlotte Chandler

"...Margaret Dumont's big number was 'I Want to Be Loved Like a Leading Lady.' She was, especially by Groucho..."

She was the one lady that never laughed at his jokes. Groucho loved her. When he was awarded his Oscar in 1974, he grouped her with his mother and Erin Fleming as the most important women in his life.

This *grande dame*—or, as Groucho called her that night, "great dame"—was born Daisy Baker in 1889 in Atlanta, Georgia. She became Margaret Dumont later. She was brought up in the home of her godfather, Joel Chandler Harris, creator of Uncle Remus, Brer Rabbit, and Brer Fox. Groucho talked about her at dinner one night with Arthur Whitelaw, who was the producer of *Minnie's Boys*, and me.

Arthur Whitelaw: How did you discover Margaret Dumont, Groucho?

Groucho: Sam Harris. She had worked in some show of his.

Whitelaw: She was really the lady offstage as well, wasn't she?

Groucho: That was why she was great. But she never understood any of the jokes.

Whitelaw: The first time she appeared in a film with you, it was supposed to be in just one film, right?

Groucho: In one film. She was so great that we used her in a lot of pictures.

Whitelaw: Was she really a wealthy woman?

Groucho: No. She didn't have any money.

Whitelaw: She certainly played a lady with a lot of money.

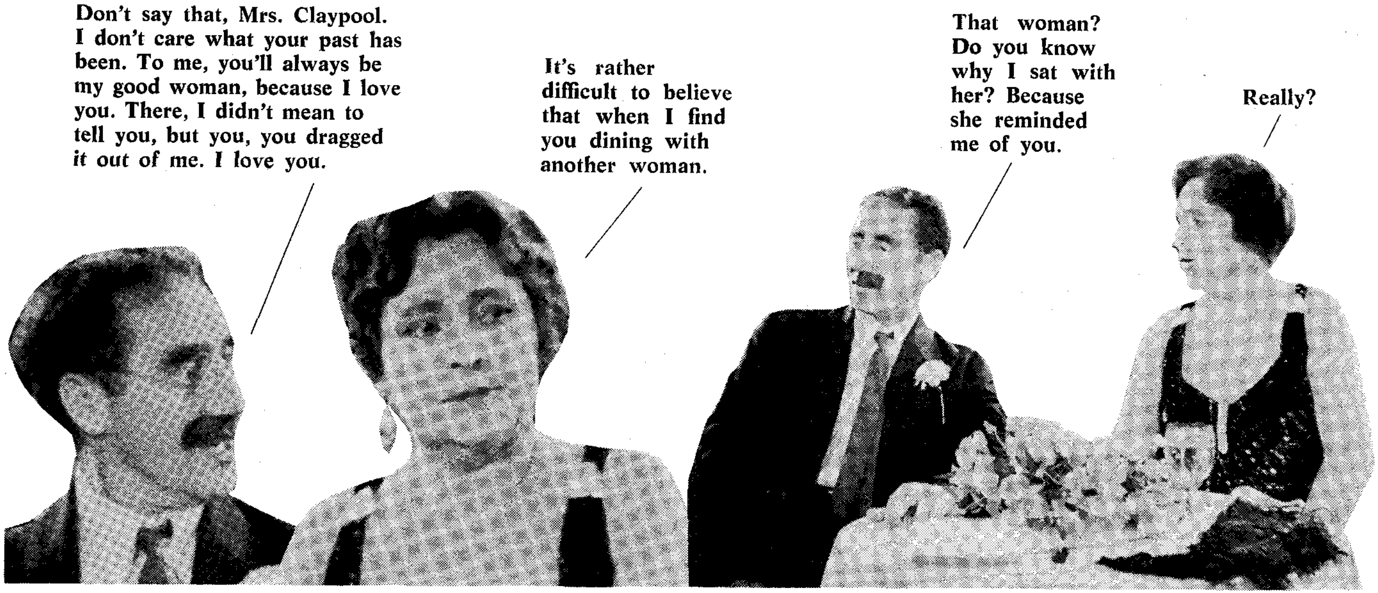
Groucho: She wouldn't go on my quiz show unless we gave her $1,000. Nobody got paid on that show. If they won money that was all right. Peter Blatty went on one night and won $10,000. Then he wrote *The Exorcist.* She would have been great on my quiz show.

Margaret Dumont was the widow of John Moller Jr., son of a wealthy businessman and a member of New York's 400. Her husband's family "didn't entirely approve of my return to the stage," she used to say. She had been known as Daisy Dumont and was playing Trixie Fluff in a musical, *The Summer Widowers,* when she married Moller in 1910. Earlier she had appeared in Lew Fields's *The Girl Behind the Counter,* in which a reviewer described Daisy Dumont as "tall, statuesque, and beautiful" in her role of "a forelady in a London department store." Her big number was "I Want to Be Loved Like a Leading Lady." Opera-trained, she had served her apprenticeship for two years as a show girl in the music halls of England and France. She made her debut at the Casino de Paris, later playing with George M. Cohan on Broadway before joining the Marx Brothers in the stage version of *The Cocoanuts.*

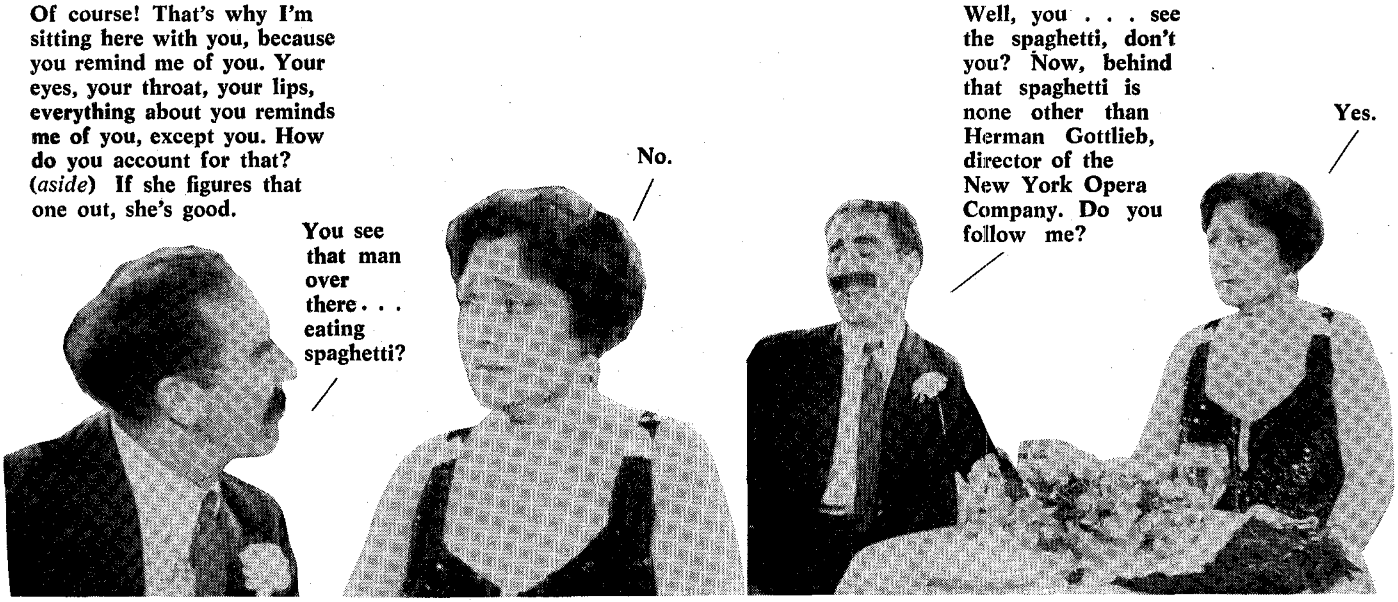
According to Morrie Ryskind, Margaret Dumont really was that character she played so successfully on the stage and the screen. "She'd been a social lady, and her husband died, so she needed a job," Morrie Ryskind told me. It was while she was playing the part of a social climber in *The Four Flusher* that Sam Harris, who was producing *The Cocoanuts,* cast her as Mrs. Potter, the first of her many comic trysts with Groucho.

This article is adapted from Ms. Chandler's forthcoming book, Hello, I Must Be Going.

FROM THE BOOK "WHY A DUCK?" © COPYRIGHT 1971 DARIEN HOUSE, INC. DISTRIBUTED BY AVON BOOKS.


Don't say that, Mrs. Claypool. I don't care what your past has been. To me, you'll always be my good woman, because I love you. There, I didn't mean to tell you, but you, you dragged it out of me. I love you.
It's rather difficult to believe that when I find you dining with another woman.
That woman? Do you know why I sat with her? Because she reminded me of you.
Really?

Dumont in "A Night at the Opera": *"I'm a straight lady, the best in Hollywood."*


Of course! That's why I'm sitting here with you, because you remind me of you. Your eyes, your throat, your lips, everything about you reminds me of you, except you. How do you account for that? (*aside*) If she figures that one out, she's good.
You see that man over there . . . eating spaghetti?
No.
Well, you . . . see the spaghetti, don't you? Now, behind that spaghetti is none other than Herman Gottlieb, director of the New York Opera Company. Do you follow me?
Yes.

"... And I say, 'I'm fighting for your honor, which is more than you ever did.' Later she asked me what I meant by that..."

Margaret Dumont once expressed her own conception of her inner and outer dignity:

"It isn't the gown or its fine material that makes a woman stylish or otherwise nowadays, but her carriage and the amount of clothing she has on beneath the gown."

As the straight woman in the Marx Brothers' act, Margaret Dumont could expect no better than the wrong end of the slapstick, but offstage she did expect some respite from the onstage indignities she suffered. The Marx Brothers, however, never needed a proscenium arch to justify an impractical joke.

"We took her clothes off once," Groucho said. The occasion was a trip in a Pullman car late at night during the *Night at the Opera* tour. The boys had wearied of cards and chorus girls and were looking for a novel divertissement. "And we took off all her clothes. She screamed so loud you couldn't hear the train whistle."

"After that first week with the Marx Brothers," Morrie Ryskind recalled, "she was never the same. In fact, none of us were ever the same."

Morrie Ryskind: She hadn't quite been used to this sort of thing. At most of the big dinners she'd gone to, they didn't do that, you know. But she got used to them.

Groucho: She never understood any of the jokes.

Erin Fleming: Did she really not understand?

Groucho: No. She said. "What're they laughing at, Julie?" She was a comedian but didn't know it. We bounced laughs off her, like the bridge game where Harpo kicks her, hitting her in the stomach.

One of Margaret Dumont's most famous parts was as Mrs. Claypool in *A Night at the Opera.* Groucho described a scene between them that brought down the house during one of the live tryout performances:

"We were sitting in a box, supposedly a box in an opera house, and the opening line was, 'Well, toots, how do you like the show?' I was nervous, and I said, 'Well, tits, how do you like the show?' The audience laughed for five minutes." I asked Groucho if that was really an accidental ad lib. His only answer to me was an enigmatic raise of his eyebrows.

Margaret Dumont herself was far from naïve about her contribution:

"I'm a straight lady, the best in Hollywood. There is an art to playing the straight role. You must build up your man but never top him, never steal the laughs from him."

The director George Seaton, talking with Groucho and me over brunch at Hillcrest, remembered that the time the Marx Brothers undressed Margaret Dumont was not unique, nor even a rare occurrence:

"Harpo was just the dearest, sweetest man. I don't think you can find anyone who had a bad word to say about Harpo. But he was a leprechaun, an elf. He used to do silly, wonderful things, like stealing Maggie Dumont's wig. She was as bald as a billiard ball and always wore a wig. He'd take great delight in stealing her wig before we got off the train. In Chicago or someplace, here would come Maggie with a towel wrapped around her head, and on it it said 'Pullman.' "

Groucho said:

"I enjoyed all my romantic scenes with Margaret Dumont. She was a wonderful woman. She was the same offstage as she was on it—always the stuffy, dignified matron. She took everything seriously. She would say to me, 'Julie, why are they laughing?'

"At first I'd try to explain, like the line when Chico and Harpo were stealing a painting in *Animal Crackers.* She and I came into the room, which was pitch-dark. She said, 'My, it's so dark in here you can't see your hand in front of your face.' And I came back with, 'Well, you wouldn't get much enjoyment out of that.' The audience laughed like hell, but she couldn't understand why. She said, 'Julie, what was funny about that? It was dark and I couldn't see my hand.'

"In *A Night at the Opera,* I'm having a rendezvous with Mrs. Claypool, and when she arrives at my room, fourteen people come out. But she never understood what was funny. At the end of *Duck Soup,* we're alone in a small cottage and there's a war going on outside and Margaret says to me, 'What are you doing, Rufus?' And I say, 'I'm fighting for your honor, which is more than you ever did.' Later she asked me what I meant by that."

Maureen O'Sullivan told me that Margaret Dumont actually believed that *A Day at the Races* was a serious picture:

Well, stop followin' me, or I'll have you arrested. Now, I've arranged for you to invest $200,000 in the New York Opera Company.
I don't understand.

Don't you see? You'll be a patron of the opera. You'll get into society. Then you can marry me and they'll kick you out of society. And all you've lost is $200,000.

"I used to get a lot of fun out of Margaret Dumont. She had no idea why *A Day at the Races* was funny or even that it *was* funny. When we started, she told me, 'It's not going to be one of *those* things. I'm having a very *serious* part this time.' "

The writer J. B. Priestley said of Margaret Dumont, "She could maintain her social presence and style while being fired out of a gun." The Marx Brothers used her in seven of their thirteen films. Whenever she was absent from a Marx Brothers movie, the studio always received an avalanche of letters demanding her return. She worked in other pictures as well, but sometimes there were lean years even for a dowager. George Seaton remembered such a year:

"I was doing a film—as a matter of fact, it was my first directorial effort. Zanuck wanted me to start with a small picture, and I said, 'No.'

"I wanted to do something very big, because I knew if I made a successful small picture, I'd be known as a good small-picture director. So I chose a Betty Grable musical, and in it was a dream sequence. The character that Betty Grable played always wanted a mink coat, so she dreams that here she is in this beautiful mink coat. She's going up this tremendous flight of stairs, and at the top is Mrs. Rich-Bitch, and all she had to say was, 'Good evening, my dear. So good of you to come.'

"So I was thinking, and I said to myself, 'Maggie Dumont would just be perfect!' I called Maggie, who lived at the Knickerbocker Hotel, and I had tea with her. I called her and I said, 'I just hate to offer you this, Maggie, but if you would do it, it would be a great favor for me, because nobody could do it the way you do.' She said, 'Well, send me a script and let me read the character and see if I'm right for it.'

"I sent her the script, and she called and said. 'Yes, that's quite an interesting small part. I'd be very pleased to do it. Who will design my clothes?' Well, Charlie Le Maire, the great designer, who was at that time head of the Fox wardrobe department, had worked with Maggie back in New York. So I said, 'Charlie, she hasn't worked in a long while. Let's do something for her.' And he said, 'Oh, wonderful!' So he found three outfits in the wardrobe department. They were all there already, but he made sketches, new sketches.

"We went to tea at the Knickerbocker Hotel and laid out the sketches for Maggie to pick the one she wanted, and she chose one. She said, 'How long will it take to have this made?' 'Well,' he said, 'I'll put on an extra crew. Don't worry, it'll be ready on time.' Of course, he just took it off the rack.

"My partner, Bill Perlberg, went right along with it. He said, 'Let's get the biggest trailer we've got, and we'll put a star on the door—MARGARET DUMONT—and we'll fill the place with roses,' which we did. Now came the day. I tipped Betty Grable off, and Betty was just thrilled by it. She rushed in with flowers for Miss Dumont and said, 'Miss Dumont, I've admired your work so much over the years. Please, if there's anything you can do to help me with my performance, I would be only too happy to have you tell me.' Maggie said, 'It's quite all right, girl. Let's do it.'

"Well, we came to shoot it, and Betty came up the stairs. Margaret Dumont said, 'Do you mind if you step back just a little bit. Not quite so close, my dear child.' So Betty said, 'Yes ma'am.' Then we did three takes, and Maggie said, 'Now which take are you going to use?' I said, 'Well, I have to see the dailies first, but I'll call you immediately after seeing them,' which I did.

"I said, 'I thought Take 2 was the best, Maggie.' She said, 'Well, isn't that strange? I thought Take 3 was better.' So I said, 'Well, I tell you, why don't you come to the studio? We'll run the three takes for you, and *you* select the one that you think is best.' She saw all three of them, and she said, 'No. I must agree with you. Take 2 is better.' So she left in a blaze of glory. She was queen for a day.

"At a party a couple of weeks later, I was sitting at a table with Groucho, and I told him this whole story. He said.'George, that's the most wonderful thing anyone could do for that dame. You know, she hasn't worked since the last Marx Brothers picture.' Then he paused, and he said, 'What am I talking about? *I* haven't worked since the last Marx Brothers picture!' "

Although she will always be remembered as the archetypal dowager of the Marx Brothers films, Margaret Dumont was a versatile actress. She herself was happily resigned to being typecast: "I am always the Newport dowager, whether I'm reclining on a chaise longue or hanging from the top of a tent in my drawers."

Groucho told me about the last time he saw Margaret Dumont:

"She was a tall, good-looking woman. She looked like she came from high society. I was in the last show that she ever did—on *The Hollywood Palace.*

"I'll never forget. After the show she stood by the stage door with a bouquet of roses, which she probably sent to herself. Some guy came along in a crummy car and took her away. A couple of weeks later she died. She was always a lady, a wonderful person. Died without any money." ■

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

STEVEN GUARNACCIA

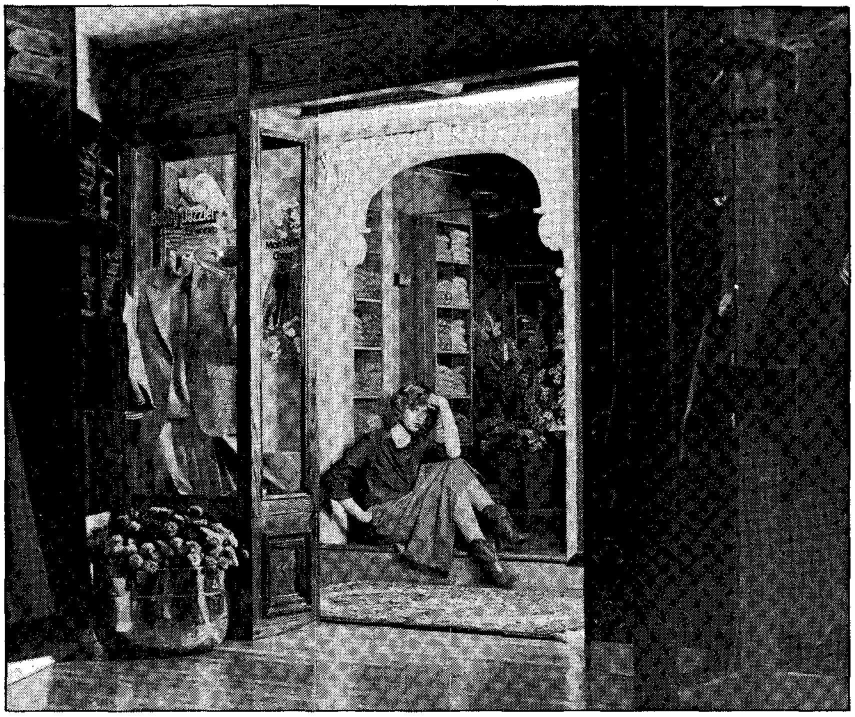
Oh, What a Beautiful Mourning

This is not *any* trip to Cannes and Rome. This is one to die over. The Croisette! The Corso! Casinos! And cemeteries! The dearly departing will visit the Roblot Mortuary in Monte Carlo, the Roblot Mortuary in Menton, the Roblot Mortuary in Grasse; hear talks on the social and anthropological aspects of death, on the organization of French cemeteries, on funeral merchandise and customs; tour a casket factory; and lots, lots more.
EUROPEAN STUDY TOUR FOR FUNERAL SERVICE/*March 3–11/Air France/$899*

Bullshot

Some folks run to hounds. Some run amok. Then there's Joe Distler, a Long Island teacher who runs with the bulls. And the Whitney, which will run a video documentary by Bill and Esti Marpet—about Distler, bulls, and fiesta.
RUNNING WITH THE BULLS/*February 14–19/Whitney Museum*

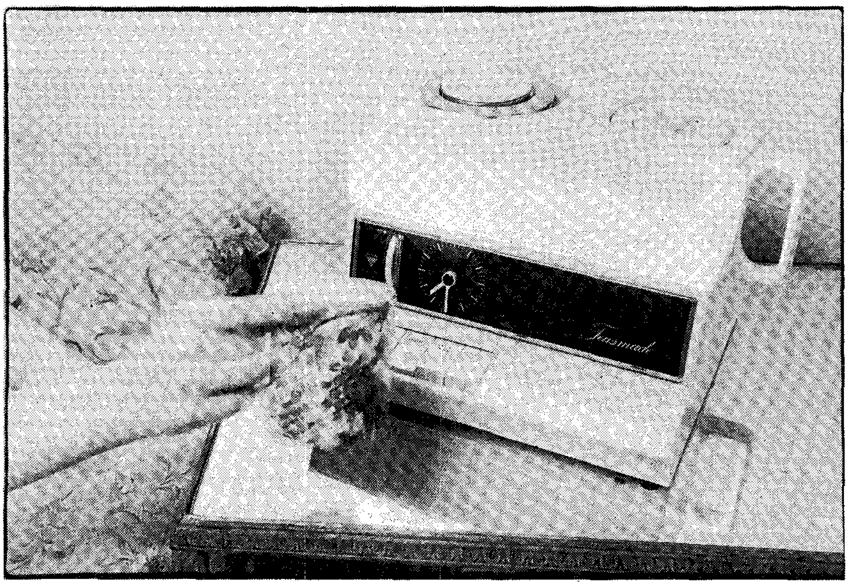
ALFONSO BARRIOS



Three's Company

James Bond would love the new Blades: its space board with chrome electronically locked lockers in the front; its three wallpapered roomlets, each opening up a step out of the one before like decorated Russian eggs, one inside the other; its sleek, sexy, tailored clothes (silk shirt, $59; flannel skirt, $65; turtleneck, $25), perfect for this kind of woman. People keep telling Brian Hall and Kurt Schuster that Blades, their third store in a row (Bobby Dazzler, for men, and My Rich Uncle Henry are the others) should be on Madison Avenue, but they say they like the neighborhood. —**Priscilla Tucker**
BLADES/*1452 Second Avenue, near 76th Street/734-6666*

MARK CHIN



Brews in the Night

Had Rube Goldberg been British, he might have come up with Teasmade (above), a $110 contraption that sits on the bedside table, brews a "perfect" (twelve-minute) cup of tea, lights up when it's ready, then wakes you.
TEASMADE/*Bloomingdale's, Hammacher Schlemmer*

Getting the Bugs Out

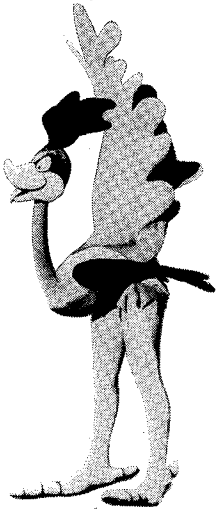
"It's not what you'd call 'a career move,' going into the Bugs Bunny show," says Rodger Hess. And Rodger Hess should know, since he runs what must be the world's only talent agency for cartoon characters. Not cartoon characters in cartoons or in the funny papers; cartoon characters in costume, onstage. Hess's new production, *Bugs Bunny Meets the Super-Heroes,* opens this week at the Felt Forum.

His actors (if you can call grown-ups prancing around in tails and whiskers actors) earn a weekly minimum of $225 plus another $100 on the road. Auditions are held in August (girls trying out for Bugs Bunny have to be flat-chested), and rehearsals begin in September. Foreign productions are cast abroad.

"It's hard work," Hess explains. "We do very physical shows . . . in addition to which you're wearing a two-or-three-pound head. Just last week in Bogotá," he groans, "Bugs Bunny fainted."

Hess loves what he's doing. And why not? He started out as a kid in Philadelphia determined to shine in show biz. His first job was running scenery up and down the aisles in a summer theater. Eight summers and one college degree later, he came to New York to run coffee up and down the aisles as chief gofer on *The Happiest Girl in the World.* The show passed swiftly, as did Hess. Into the mail room at MCA, and out; within six months, he was an agent. He signed Selma Diamond and slept through her first performance. He signed Lily Tomlin and kept his eyes open.

Merrily he rolled along. He joined the Licensing Corporation of America, the division of Warner Bros. responsible for T-shirts, toys, and trunk stickers promoting Bugs Bunny, Porky Pig, and other cartoon characters. But the trinkets were small. And Hess had bigger ideas. Soon he was pasting together twenty-minute productions featuring the protagonists we love so well—Bugs and Porky, Bugs and Yosemite Sam, et al.—and selling these productions to shopping centers, state fairs, and rodeos. The demand grew. Magic Mountain amusement park paid him $25,000 for ten characters to walk around and shake hands. *Holiday on Ice* put a passel on skates.



By 1973, Hess had corralled his cartoony clients and formed Rodger Hess Productions. *Bugs Bunny Follies*—a full-scale stage show, with dances, songs, costumes by Brooks-Van Horn, voices by Mel Blanc—opened in 1976 at the Westchester Premier Theater. From there it went to South America, Australia, and England. It's still traveling.

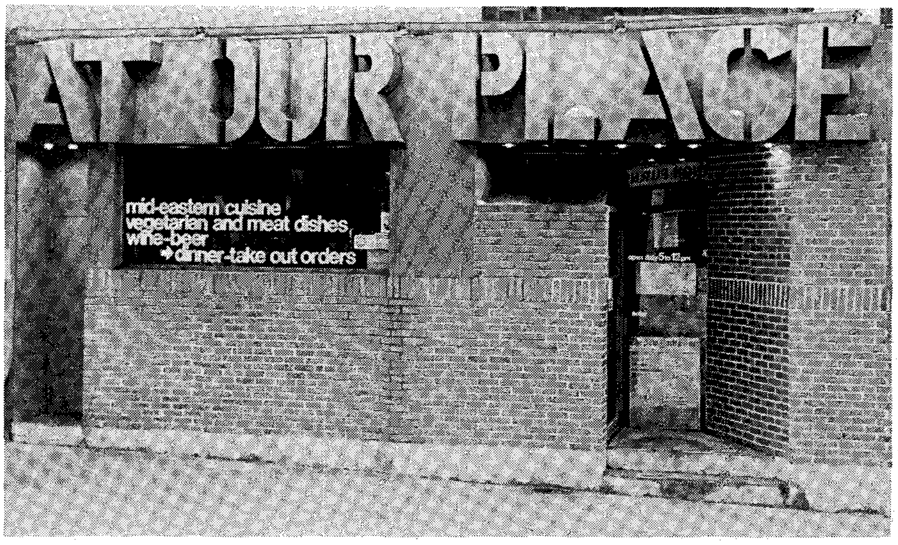
Since his obligation is to "the people who own the copyrights," Hess also markets Warner Bros. and DC Comics souvenirs. "But there's just so much time: intermission and the end of the show. It has to be very, very quick. A pennant, a balloon, something you can put into the kid's hand fast." His markup is four times the cost.

It's quite a jump from Selma Diamond to Bugs Bunny, from Lily Tomlin to Porky Pig. But Hess knows just where he's jumping. Someday, he intends to have the Disney characters in his stable. For now, he has Bugs, Porky, Daffy Duck, Elmer Fudd, Tweety, Sylvester, Yosemite Sam, Wile E. Coyote, Road Runner, Speedy Gonzales, Foghorn Leghorn, Tom, Jerry, Howdy Doody, Buffalo Bob, Batman, Robin, Popeye, Olive Oyl, Flash Gordon, Bat Girl, and Wonder Woman. It's a start.

BUGS BUNNY MEETS THE SUPER-HEROES/*February 15–26*
The Felt Forum

The Underground Gourmet/Pat McNees

ANOTHER LIGHT ON BROADWAY



Broadway in the Nineties is better known for fast food than fine food, which helps to explain why many a gourmand walks right past the takeout sign in the window of **At Our Place** (2527 Broadway, near 94th Street, 864-1410). Even in its previous incarnation as Cleopatra (the current owners took over in 1974), the exterior suggested more of a down-at-the-heels discotheque than the gem of a Middle Eastern restaurant that it was. (And still is.) The sharp-angled booths and the arrow-shaped space dividers make the place feel like a cross between an attic and the inside of an egg carton, but this doesn't discourage neighborhood regulars, who like the vibrations and know it is possible to dine here for less than $5. One night when I told two greedy friends that the sky was the limit, my treat, we waddled happily out of the place for a mere $10 each for five courses, tax included, leaving a lot on our plates. (We spent another $5 on a bottle of Rodytis, a dry Greek rosé that suits this food to a T; both beer and wine are served.)

Appetizers here are so good that it is hard to choose among them, and luckily, you don't have to: For $6 you can get "The Everything Appetizer," which gives you portions of all five items ample enough to serve as appetizers for four or a meal for one. Or try them separately. There are the two traditional sesame-based purées, fine dips for pita bread—hummus bi tajine (made with chick-peas) or baba ghannooj (made with mashed eggplant, and the tastier of the two), $1.35 each. The custardy vegetable quiche is not Middle Eastern, but who cares?—it's delicious, $1.75. It, and the unusual, pleasant falafel, deep-fried balls of puréed fava beans and parsley, $1.75, are also available as entrées, at $3.50. The stuffed grape leaves, $1.35, were so freshly made that we fought over the one that turned up extra.

The Egyptian head chef, Fathi Deraz, is a holdover from Cleopatra days and is said to have cooked for Nasser. (The food is considerably better Tuesday through Saturday, when he's on duty.) The present owners have increased the seating and reduced the previous menu to a third its former size, adding dishes to suit changing tastes. The emphasis is on fresh ingredients—shown to good effect in the vegetarian entrées, which are among the restaurant's current strengths. Two eggplant-based dishes in particular are superb: Moroccan moussaka and imam bayildi. This imam bayildi is the kind of dish you rush home to re-create, a light and surprising variation on a dish too often drowned in oily tomato sauce. Here, the eggplant is stuffed with tomatoes, onions, pine nuts, and raisins (which taste like grapes when freshly baked) and is served with chick-peas and cracked wheat, the latter cooked to crunchy perfection, $4.25. Equally unorthodox and mouth-watering is the Moroccan moussaka, the vegetarian counterpart to the house's popular lamb-and-eggplant staple. Layers of eggplant alternate with peppers, mushrooms, and tomatoes, topped with a béchamel sauce and served with chick-peas and cracked wheat—worth $4.25 for the sheer beauty of the presentation alone. Both inventive dishes represent a perfect blend of tastes, yet individual ingredients retain their integrity—just as the cookbooks say vegetables should. And when I complained one Sunday night that the imam bayildi was not up to par, the chef brought out a replacement. I have experienced less satisfaction at much higher cost.

Well-heeled carnivores may opt for shish kebab, which, at $6.50, is steep for four chunks of lamb, though each large morsel of prime lamb is charcoal-broiled black on the outside, juicy and pink inside. Shish kebab is dear, but other entrées range from $3.50 to $5.50, and they all come with a vegetable soup and salad. Cornish hen is available three ways; our favorite was the charcoal-broiled version, succulent and subtly flavored with a lemon-butter marinade that made each bite better than the last, $5. Kibbeh malfufa, two-layered lamb meatballs with pine nuts and onions, $4.50, and lamb khodar, pan-roasted with subtle and tender artichoke hearts, $5.50, were fine. Curried dishes were adequate and mild; stewed dishes tended to be too oily and overcooked for my taste. At Our Place's kitchen is death on green beans, which are served limp and tasteless, and the pita bread was often stale.

But the crisp salad, full of scallions and parsley, is served with an offbeat dressing—flavored with cumin—that complements this cuisine nicely. There are only two desserts: a fair baklava, $1.25, and a refreshing apricot pudding, $1, which is better without whipped cream. You may be too full for either, but even if you are, try the sweet Turkish coffee, 75 cents, which is good enough to be dessert.

Seats 74. Open daily from 5 P.M. to midnight. No wheelchair access. Reservations recommended for weekends, especially for parties over four (there are only three large booths). Credit cards: American Express, Master Charge, and Visa, for orders over $5. Take-out orders and catering are available. ■

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Art / Thomas B. Hess

THE FLYING HOLLANDER OF EASTHAMPTON, L. I.

"...De Kooning's new paintings have a freedom and energy which would be astonishing in a man of 30 (he will be 74 next April)..."

For years, writers have spread the rumor that painters are stupid. Not *stupid* stupid, you understand, just illiterate—inarticulate, ill-educated bumblers who shouldn't be trusted with the Sèvres teacups, much less an epistemological construct. It's a provincial attitude, a hangover from the Old Testament, anti-image taboos that affect so many Jewish and/or Puritan theoreticians. And it's a point to remember when considering the extraordinary achievements of **Willem de Kooning**, a generous selection of whose paintings, drawings, and sculptures, from 1962 to 1977, are at the Guggenheim Museum (through 4/23). Because de Kooning is an intellectual artist, even if he does move the pigments fast, with lots of drips and sloshes.

He is a highly cultured man, widely read in literature, philosophy, science, and the arts, including architecture, music, and the dance. He thinks ideas through for himself and often gives them startlingly original formulations. The Dutch accent that inflects his English has made him leery about lecturing and writing. The few papers and statements he has given, however, are marked by vivid turns of phrases and poetic associations.

He is a born draftsman. He draws the way a gifted mathematician thinks with numbers on a blackboard—puts down one sign, adds another, erases the first, balances the second, shape responding to shape like the sides of a formula grow according to a particular visual (i.e., nonverbal) logic. He was trained in the Beaux-Arts disciplines at the Rotterdam academy; he spent his teens with a sharp pencil, a stick of soft charcoal, and a paper stump, the way an American kid becomes familiar with an automobile jack or a baseball mitt.

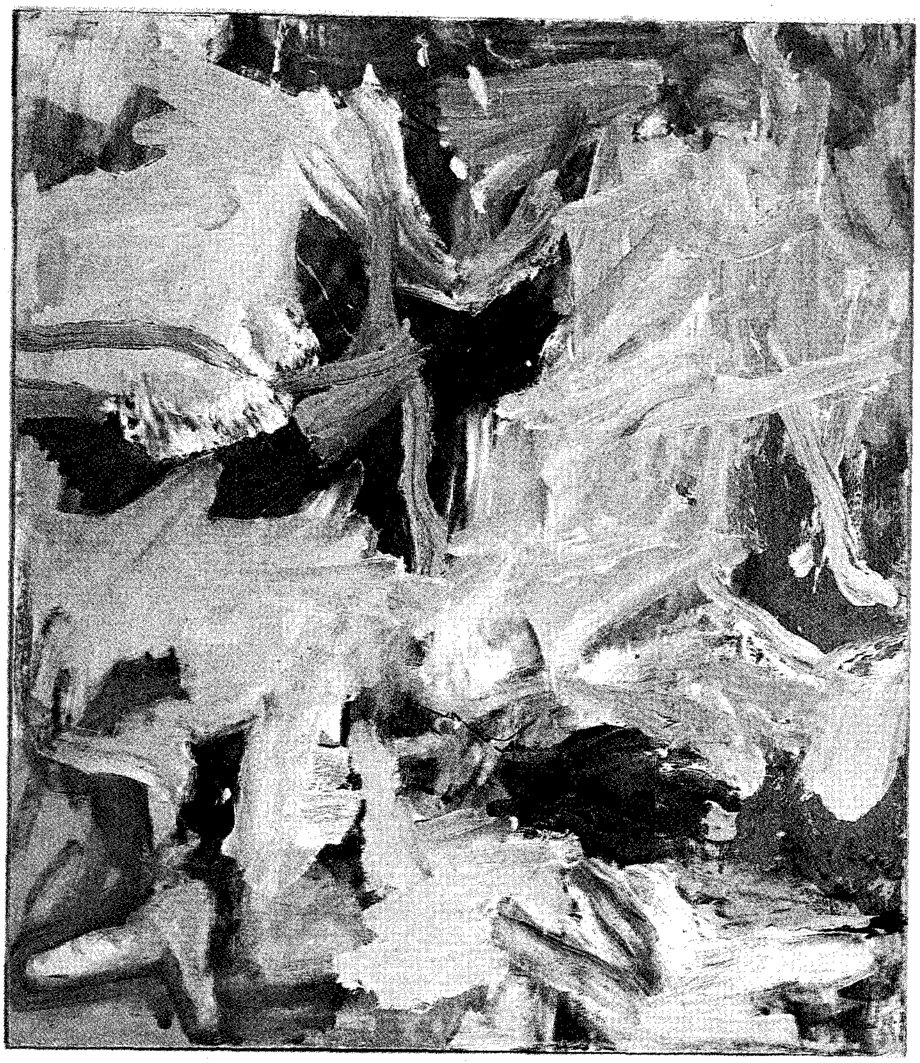
If de Kooning's art could be considered as a dramatic form, the enemies in his pictorial agon are his innate ability to draw and his gift for intellectualization. He fights to overcome them. He would like his art to be spontaneous, fresh, natural, like a radish. He wants pictures to look effortless, unplanned, unedited, as if they had simply arrived with a toss of the dice. He dislikes the appearances of control. Formality gives him the jitters. Like Arp or Courbet, he hopes his images can fill a place within reality, with a tree in a grove or a boulder in a field. Like Cézanne and Mondrian, he understands the impossibly complex artifice required for "simple" appearances. You can compare the paradox to certain grips or gestures in athletics. Nothing is less "natural" or more uncomfortable at first than a proper golf grip, for instance, or a soccer player's free-kick style. You've got to contort every joint and go against every instinct to arrive at the most efficient swing or the strongest thump. For de Kooning to make a certain swipe of crimson or fleck of grayed white lie flat on the canvas as if it belonged there, as both itself and as a part of a larger illusion, he must submit it to methods of a Byzantine complexity. He has developed his procedures over the years, and to understand their recent exfoliations, you should review the chronological installations presented with expert taste and tact by Diane Waldman, curator at the Guggenheim.

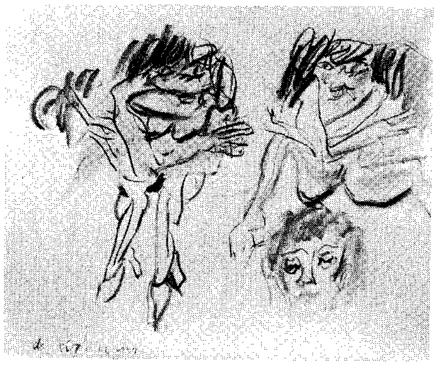
The show opens with three of the last paintings de Kooning finished in his abstract urban-landscape style of the early 1960s. In June, 1963, he moved from his loft at 831 Broadway to a dream studio he designed and was building in the Springs—a scrub-oak subdivision on the wrong side of the railroad tracks out in Easthampton. The first paintings he did in the country were of small nudes standing on a beach, with light from waves and leaves dappling their rosy dimples. The earlier, abstract landscapes, with their massive, unitary planes of harsh color, invoked the limbo between the modern city and the despoiled countryside—parkways with giant cloverleafs, empty lots where oil slicks reflect crumbling sheds and garish roadhouses—what de Kooning has called "no environment," places of lost identity. The break between the highway abstractions and the beach maidens seems drastic. It isn't. The figure of a woman haunts the vectors of de Kooning's last painting completed in New York. And dozens of charcoal drawings connect the *terrains vagues* of the city's edges with the intimate proportions of the blond nudes whose September morn is so cheerily sun-kissed.

In the six years that followed, figures of women became more and more explicit. They loom in ravening solitude in a group of vertical panels of 1964. Later they come in pairs, often with one woman standing in mock imperial solemnity while the other assumes a peculiar froglike squat that de Kooning invented around 1963 and has kept using ever since. It exposes as much genitalia as possible; de Kooning usually insists on the sex characteristics of his figures with a kind of form-follows-function ethics. In 1963–69, the artist also produced stacks of charcoal drawings with a variety of creative invention and richness of imagination that reminds you of Picasso's in the 1950s. De Kooning perfected a new sort of draftsmanship for his fast, smudging charcoal lines. It's a shorthand that can trap any passing fancy under almost any conditions. It is as if de Kooning realized that his best ideas come to him while watching television or snoozing or shaving, and he found a way to record the concepts before they dissolved in the superego. Every sort of object bobs up among the elegantly jangling lines—snap-brim fedoras, beach chairs (the sort that, at the slightest opportunity, break your ankle), women dancing the Charleston, groupies screaming, teenyboppers bopping, Christ crucified, monsters lurching, mustaches twirling, cats pretending to be dogs, bushes suffocating under August dunes, long bare feet, wood clogs, waves holding the reflection of a naked bather.

Often he cut apart or traced drawings for further variations. Some elements were used in paintings. Some parts of paintings became a basis for further drawings which, in turn, were cycled back into paintings. It was like a climatic process of evaporation and condensation—ideas become drawings, all translated

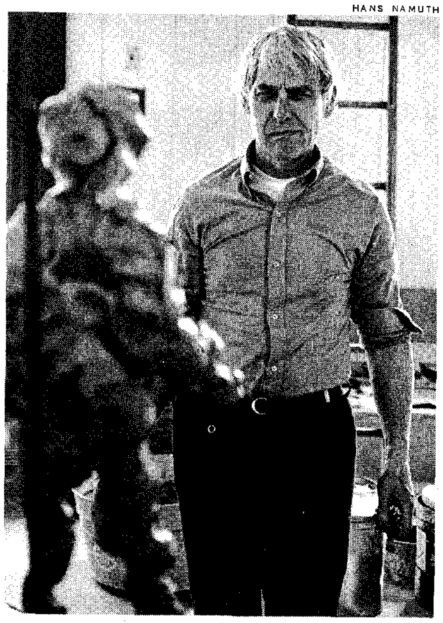
(Continued on page 72)



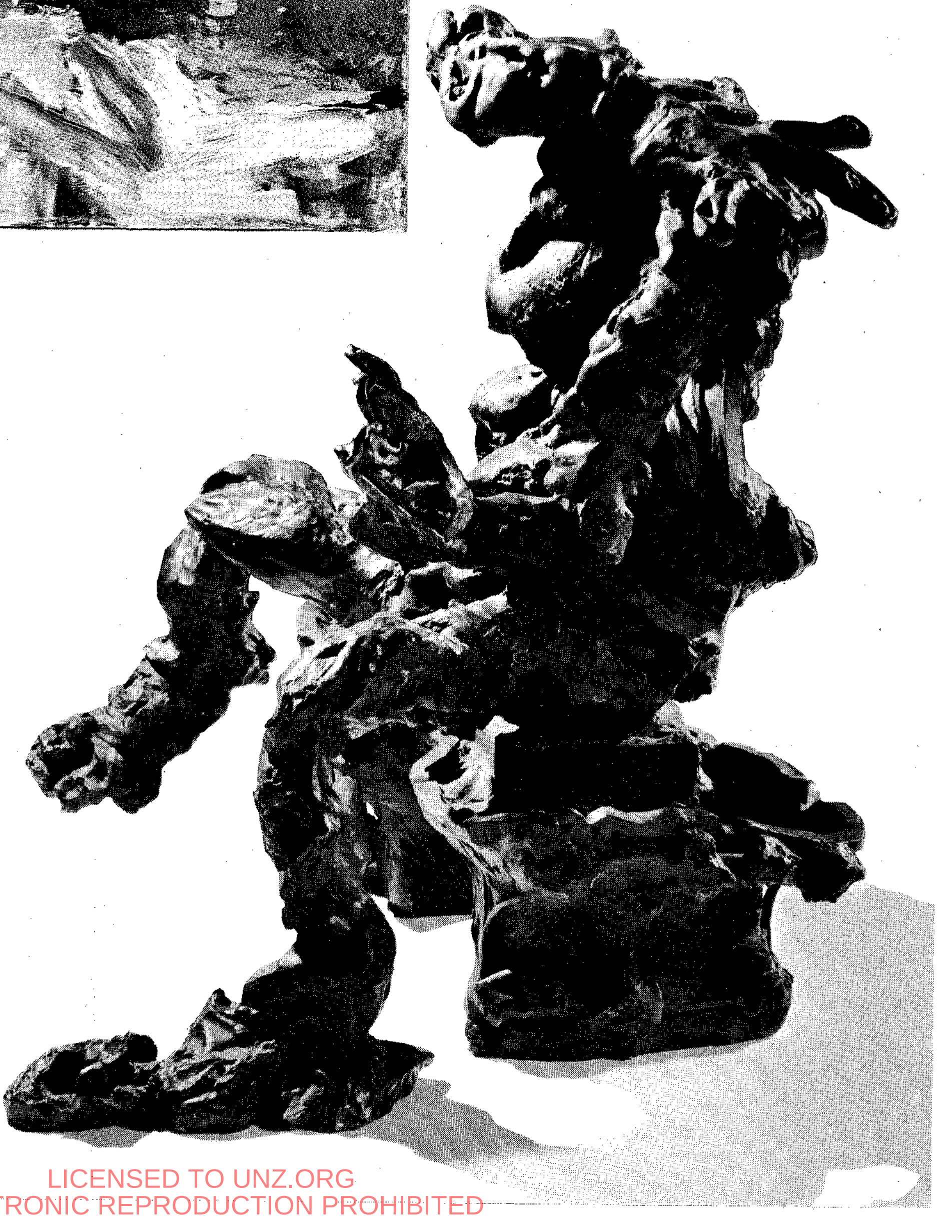


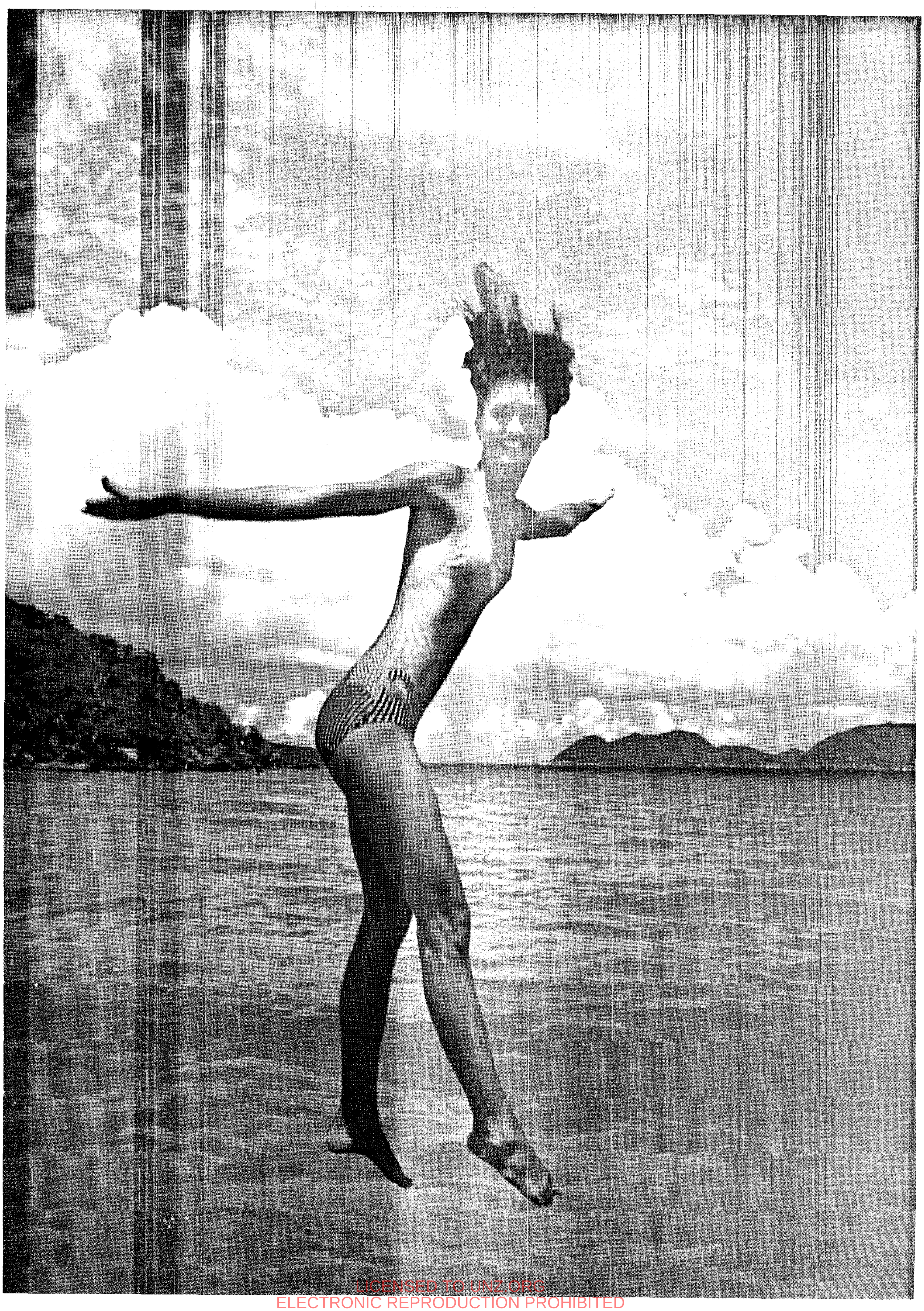
De Kooning's women at work: Untitled VI, *1977, oil on canvas, 70 by 80 inches (left);* Drawing, *1968, charcoal drawing, 19 by 24 inches (above).*

HANS NAMUTH



Man of many mediums: *De Kooning at work in his studio (above);* Seated Woman on a Bench, *1972, bronze sculpture, 38 inches high (right).*





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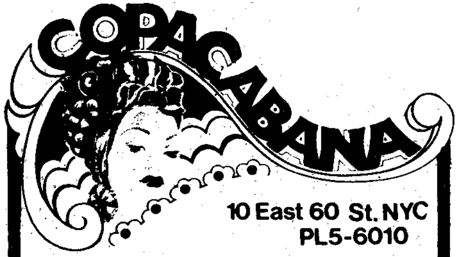

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"... Atlantic light and ocean pressures are de Kooning's dominant subject matter..."

(Continued from page 68) into heavily brushed paintings, which set off more drawings that yield new ideas.

In 1970, de Kooning produced a series of lithographs (unfortunately not in the exhibition) in which the unfamiliarity of the heavy ink medium urged him to make the chain of associations even more complicated.

Shapes held together at first; the figure of a woman preserved its integrity; arms, breast, toes, etc., were more or less where you'd expect to find them. Sometimes a figure disappeared under a fallout of pictorial energy. In *Two Women*, 1967 (lent by the Stedlijk Museum, Amsterdam), a squatting woman is beaten to a heap of flesh-colored mush. In *Montauk I*, 1969, the largest painting the artist had undertaken in twenty years, the figure is chopped apart and strewn across the canvas. A giant face is where the head belongs (at the top of the image); there are eyes, a Cheshire cat's grin, amphibian limbs. But surface tensions seem to pull the body apart. Anatomical syntax is broken by pictorial necessities. In some of the later lithographs, too, the figure is sliced apart and collaged together for fancifully erotic cocktails.

In the early 1970s, the artist concentrated on sculpture, and most of the bronzes he completed are at the Guggenheim, appropriately installed in front of a generous sampling of drawings. Modeled in Plastilene on armatures rigged to his specifications by an assistant, they refer to figures (male as well as female) and appear to have jumped out of the paintings; they rejoice in a similar viscous, cozy, fluid humor. Still, it seems to me that they are three-dimensional drawings rather than characters in exile from painting. De Kooning likes to work with clay because he can correct it endlessly, slap it together, slit it apart. It moves with the speed of a charcoal stick; he can draw by digging his fingers into the surface. The bronzes also share a goofy, almost slapstick comedy with the drawings. A hostess at an Easthampton buffet stands like a zombie simpering on the reception line. A Breughelian clam digger carries his phallus like a spade.

Work with sculpture (from 1969 to 1972) occupied an otherwise fallow period. There have been other empty times in his career. Usually they mark a shift from pictures with figures to abstractions, or vice versa. De Kooning hit his stride again in 1974 with a velvety, rippling pastel of figures in a landscape whose green to mustard tonality and visceral foliage are like jaunty salutes to his old friend Arshile Gorky. In 1975, he began to produce large and small paintings with a new freedom of expression and energy which would be astonishing in a man of 30 (de Kooning will be 74 next April). Figures are chopped apart, minced, with the insouciance of an artist who has worked on bodies all his life. Sometimes the woman disappears; usually an eye or a knee or a smooch appears, and a face and torso can be deduced from a few floating hints. In *Untitled VI*, 1977, a flesh-colored swastika shape whirls among lush, boudoir-cherry-red and lime-green hues. At the center of the picture, colors congeal to a basic *sorbet cassis* crimson which, in turn, is impossibly transfixed by pale green modeled in grape jellies.

To make the surface hold, to contradict a virtuosity that is everywhere apparent, de Kooning uses various offset methods. He sticks a sheet of tracing or newspaper on the wet canvas, pushes down, then pulls it off, or slides it off, eliminating the marks of the brush. He uses fatty emulsions that dry to suave, unridged skins. You can see how the brush moved; there is no trace of the bristles.

As I've suggested before in these pages, turbulent waters, ocean pressures, Atlantic light are de Kooning's dominant subject matter. In his recent paintings, the motif has become even clearer. One title refers to drowning at sea, another to the noise of gulls. Colors are tempest-tossed. In *Untitled XVIII*, 1977, a sailboat out of John Marin appears as the double of the sex of a vast tip-tilted amazon.

The myth of the Flying Hollander comes to mind, a galleon careening over the potato fields and suburban shopping centers of Long Island, bringing a reminder of the magic and the pathos of marine adventure. De Kooning's studio, with its canted roof and angled windows, is poised on its acres like a ship about to sail into a squall of young pines. Inside the house it's quiet—the silence of an artist's concentration, his deliberate motions. Only in the pictures do you sense that the barometer is falling. It was in such storms that life first was created, and creativity—the miracle of genesis—is the ultimate concern in de Kooning's difficult, elusive, spontaneous art. ■

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% Professional/Managerial	*New Yorker*	New York	*New York Times Magazine*	*U.S. News*	*Time*
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Source: 1977/1978 Simmons

There's a new vitality at

New York

Music/Alan Rich

MITIGATED TRASH

"…There are worse operas on the bills than *Thaïs*—not many, perhaps, but *Adriana Lecouvreur* is surely one of them…"

Thaïs and **Adriana Lecouvreur** have returned to the Metropolitan Opera repertory, the one after nearly four decades, the other after nine years. For both operas, the Met's program book includes interesting background articles (Herbert Kupferberg, Speight Jenkins) that strongly suggest an apologetic tone. Jenkins, in fact, doesn't merely suggest; "Every opera . . . doesn't have to be a masterpiece to give pleasure," he says right off the bat. Elegant indeed, his gift for understatement.

That both scores are inferior, in both music and dramaturgy, seems beyond argument. There are worse operas on the bills than *Thaïs* (list on application to the publisher); *Adriana Lecouvreur* is surely one of them. It is curious, however, that bad art encounters greater tolerance in opera than in most other kinds of music. Curious, because any single opera constitutes a sizable percentage of a company's yearly activity, not to mention budget. A symphony orchestra can dredge up an amusing bit of trash now and then, and then set things right later in the program; a bad opera is an evening's commitment.

There are, of course, many kinds of bad. If we didn't have easy access to *Manon* (and less easy access to such deserving, unfamiliar pieces as *Cendrillon*), it would be easy to dismiss the Massenet of *Esclarmonde* and *Thaïs* merely as a lesser follower of Gounod, a writer of singable melodies that do not sing, and of wall-calendar religious portentousness and glitzy exoticism. But Massenet did compose some good operas, which makes the singular dullness, aimlessness, and gesturesome vapidity of the score for *Thaïs* the more pathetic. There is somewhat less, even, to be said of Francesco Cilea on the basis of his two known works (*Adriana* and *L'Arlesiana*): a composer of appallingly meager talent, whose melodic style makes an occasional amusing aspiration toward the long lyric line, only to shatter into symmetrical shards.

Yet, both operas do have their attractions—if not for audiences, at least for their singers. Massenet and Cilea are not the only composers who knew how to mingle inferior musical invention with high theatrical sense; Puccini and Strauss also mastered the craft on a somewhat loftier level. The name roles of both operas are plums, especially for sopranos with pretension to histrionic skill. A soprano can revel in the part and, if she is beloved by her audience, send some of that pleasure across the footlights. The roles differ, however. Thaïs requires movement, and the tessitura lies high; Adriana can be disguised in all varieties of grandness, and with Cilea's maddening tendency to double every vocal line with his dense, lurid orchestration, the music is almost impossible to sing off pitch. It is a role much loved by aging sopranos in vocal trouble; Tebaldi practically forced it upon the Met in 1963, and Olivero is said to have sung it well a few years back in New Jersey. Only sheer laziness, therefore, can explain why Caballé and, later in the season, Scotto would want to undertake it while still in prime estate.

I cannot deny having had a good time at *Thaïs,* against all sane judgment. Tito Capobianco's gross, overlarge direction did (to paraphrase Pauline Kael's immortal comment on the Marx Brothers vs. *Il Trovatore*) for the opera exactly what should be done. A sense of outrage was everywhere apparent, seconded by Carl Toms's hilariously overdone sets. (What a good time to own stock in Mylar!) I did, however, object to the costumes—not for their garish design, but for their execution. After all, if you *must* have Beverly Sills simulating seminudity by sashaying around in a sheer body stocking, at least get one that doesn't sag so badly.

Sills sang prettily, if not exactly alluringly; Sherrill Milnes was also excellent, considering the hash that Massenet and his librettist had made of this particular role. (Literary vandalism, never forget, is one of the great French traditions, as witness Gounod on Shakespeare and Goethe.) John Pritchard's unremarkable conducting did not, at least, make the opera seem any longer than its length.

Not even that, however, could be said for the *Adriana Lecouvreur* in which the flabby, timorous conducting of Jesús López-Cobos cast an additional pall on the depressing evening. (López-Cobos, Pritchard, Patané, Kord, and Hager—is it time to start asking rude questions about an opera company whose musical administrator is also a conductor?) Caballé was in splendid voice, as were her fans; Fiorenza Cossotto was also dazzling as Adriana's rival—surely one of the most ridiculous and dramatically implausible roles ever put into any opera, good or bad. The splendid Maurizio was José Carreras, whose tendency to hang his head while singing may bespeak some understanding of the score. The tacky old sets (based on designs for an antiquated La Scala production) remain; Ray Diffen's new costumes are full of attractive ideas. He was ill-advised to drape Caballé in black in Act Three, however; my thoughts dwelled on supertankers at that point.

The Philharmonic's **Prospective Encounters,** initiated by Pierre Boulez early in his regime, have now been taken over by Gunther Schuller. This is an excellent choice; Schuller, like Boulez, is not only a composer of sovereign talent but also an advocate of considerable eloquence for the art of composing difficult music in a hostile society.

In a society less impervious to new

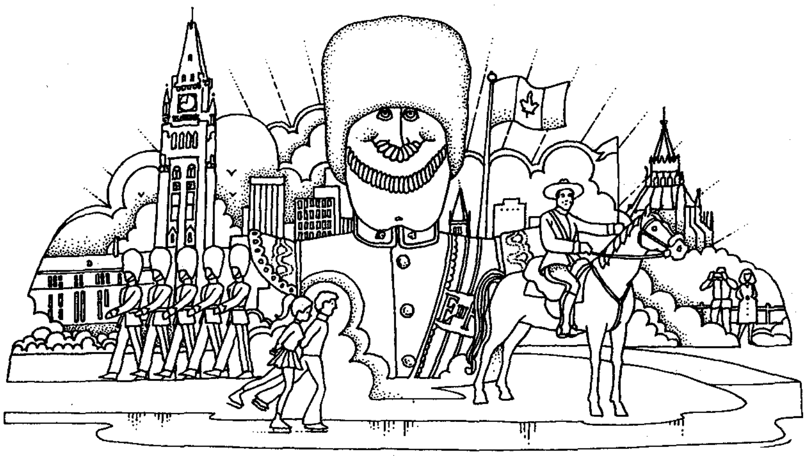
Illustrated by Doug Taylor

musical ideas, such "encounters" would be unnecessary, and new music would be welcomed in its rightful place on formal subscription concerts. The notion of isolating new music as a phenomenon apart, and then of giving concerts of nothing but challenging, abstruse works, can be ultimately damaging to the Cause. Currently, however, there seems no other way.

Boulez's original idea was to have each composer talk about his piece, which would then be performed twice. The idea of composer-as-program-note seldom worked, since composers can sound foolish at least as often as critics can. The idea of repeated performances was, however, an excellent one for obvious reasons. (Serge Koussevitzky, when his championing of new music with the Boston Symphony was a solitary beacon, would often repeat a new work at the end of a concert, after the program had run its normal length.) Schuller has dropped both ideas, however. At the first Encounter last weekend, the program consisted of a full-length concert of new music, followed by a panel discussion (including some of the composers, some of the performers, and the great Milton Babbitt as combined kibitzer and paterfamilias). The discussion dealt with problems facing contemporary composers, in general terms rather than those raised by the particular program. One idea, touched lightly upon by the eloquent young pianist Ursula Oppens, sent me away with an interesting speculation. Are we, perhaps, wrong to think of new music as necessarily belonging to the "serious" mainstream? Or has some of it actually oozed across the line into what we used to think of as "popular"? The young audience at this first Prospective Encounter, which has learned to groove on both Mahavishnu and Messiaen, might have some interesting answers.

The program itself was of mixed interest. A new piece for clarinet and tape by California's Olly Wilson seemed very much like the academic stuff Vladimir Ussachevsky was turning out a generation ago. There were two notable works, however: an amusing quartet called *Scat,* for voice and instruments, by Pittsburgh's David Stock—somewhat jazzy and loaded with interesting play with scat vocalises; and *Paintings No. 2,* by Yale's William Thomas McKinley, four extremely elegant movements for instrumental sextet, with the third a most haunting slow elegy. Some of the best new-music players in town worked under Schuller like people possessed; I would gladly have heard the entire concert played twice. ■

THIS WEEKEND INSTEAD OF BACKGAMMON WITH THE BERKLEYS...



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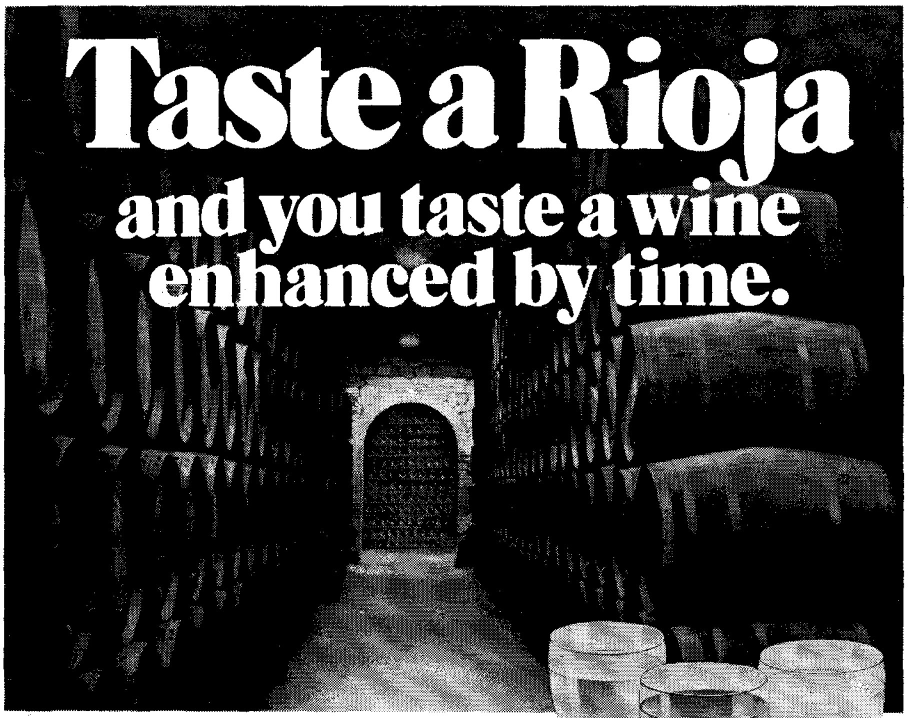

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STATING THE CASE, CASING THE STATE

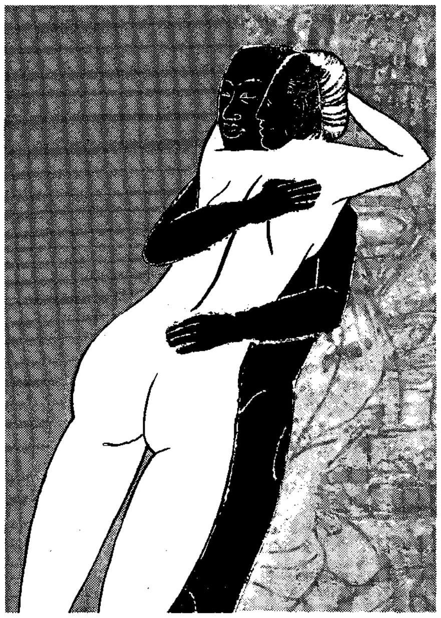
"...In *Statements*, Veronica Castang and Robert Christian are admirable at conveying the disturbed complexities of the couple..."

It would be absurd to pretend that, just because we might like it so, theater can and must serve only the cause of art. There clearly are places and occasions that demand something else: South Africa, with its shortsighted, stupid, and evil government and apartheid policies, is a case in point. To expose it, pillory it, arouse protest against it is a far from unworthy cause for theater to embrace.

Among all forms of expression, theater is uniquely qualified to convey the plight of individuals, to make us care for one or two particular people within a larger framework of, say, social injustice. In fiction, style has a way of coming between the less sophisticated reader and the persons in the tale; in cinema, plot has a tendency to preponderate at the expense of character, what with the camera roving among events, crowds, worlds. On the stage, however, we are continually confronted with persons confined within narrow spaces, specific circumstances, and, above all, their fleshly presence and its obvious limitations. The theater has a way of riveting us to the naked essence of its creatures.

To emphasize this nakedness to the utmost, Athol Fugard, the author of the first play on the Manhattan Theater Club's current double bill, keeps his two principal characters unclothed almost throughout. The play is **Statements After an Arrest Under the Immorality Act,** and its main people are Frieda Joubert, a white librarian, and Errol Philander, a black (or is it "colored"?—in South Africa such differences exist and matter) principal in a ghetto school. At first we see them naked in the aftermath of lovemaking on the floor of the library, where they must hide their relationship from the Immorality Act, which condemns interracial sex partners to anywhere up to seven years of hard labor. This is an idyllic nakedness.

Soon the nakedness changes meaning. It becomes self-examination and mutual revelation between ill-matched and uneasy lovers. To the unglamorous virgin librarian of 40, her longing for the handsome and bright teacher is a



last chance at passion; to the socially repressed black man, married and a father, this affair must in some ways represent escape from all forms of entrapment. But there is the terrible shadow of the inhuman law, along with other forms of insecurity: Frieda's criticalness of her aging body, parts of it still satisfying her, others not; Errol's anxiety about never really seeing his mistress's body—in hiding, the couple must love in puritanical darkness. This second nakedness, now dimly illuminated by scraps of light from the window and by groping toward a clearer understanding of each other, is an equivocal bareness of fearful scrutiny and timidly proffered support.

But a neighbor has alerted the police, and, led by Sergeant DuPreez, they apprehend the lovers and flash cruel lights at them as they take pictures for incriminating evidence. Finally, the pair are stripped by the remorseless searchlight of inquisitorial justice, which forces humiliating confessions from them. Their physical nudity now becomes a metaphor for their total vulnerability, helplessness, and victimization. This is a dreadful, ugly, loveless nudity.

Fugard's idea is good and, I imagine, true as well: There is every indication that *Statements* is based on an actual case. By reserving the main stage for the lovers, and bringing in only one policeman—and that marginally, in both the visual and philosophical sense—Fugard creates an atmosphere of relentless intimacy, of anguish reduced—or, rather, enlarged—to essentials. There is also history in its broader aspects skillfully worked into the play by means of Errol's interest in geology and cosmology—no doubt as a release from the constrictions of the present. The man is particularly haunted by Charles Lyell's phrase about a world with "no vestiges of a beginning and no prospect of an end." Are other things like this? Say, love or suffering?

But the play has its weaknesses, too. Fugard, commendably wishing to surpass mere documentary realism, reaches for poetic heightening. In some of his previous plays, this has worked out, thanks to one lucky device or another. Here, except for the nudity (which itself, in the end, begins to look a bit forced), there is no device, saving Fugard's attempts at shuttling between everyday talk and the language of visionary lyricism. That language tends to escape him in the best circumstances; here, the fast shifts into and away from it make it clumsier yet. In their closing monologues the naturalistically written Frieda and the desperately poeticized Errol seem to inhabit different plays, very much to the disadvantage of the latter.

The acting by all three performers is very fine, though it takes some getting used to Veronica Castang's figure, which does not live up even to the modest demands of the playwright and the logic of the situation. But both Miss Castang and Robert Christian are admirable at conveying the disturbed complexities of this couple, and John C. Vennema most adroitly resists making DuPreez anything more or less than the impersonal instrument of the law.

The companion piece, Steve Wilmer's **Scenes From Soweto,** is both less good and better than *Statements.* It is a lesser work only in the sense that it freely espouses the format of documentary theater—agitprop, if you insist—but

Illustrated by Gina Freschet

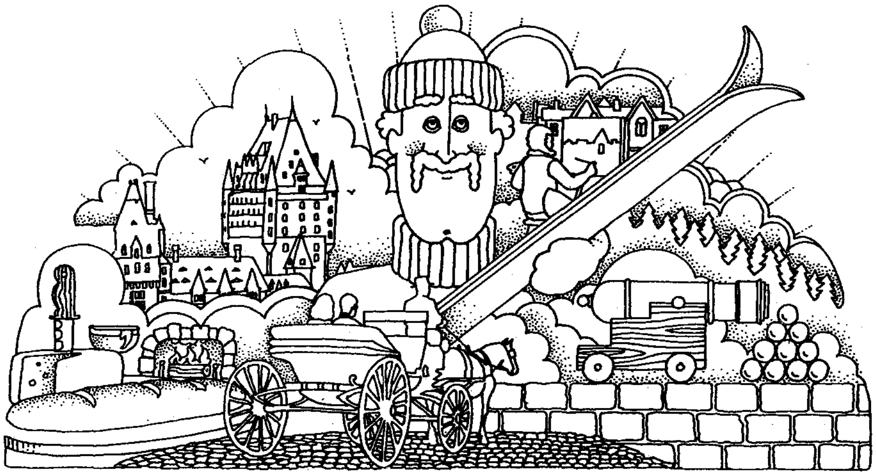
better in the sense that it delivers what it proposes to do with flawlessly harrowing efficacy. The work of an American writer living in England, it concerns Nelson Matubane, a black man (this time avowedly based on a real person) who comes back to his native Johannesburg with an Oxford degree in mathematics, at which he is extraordinary. He gets a good job with an Anglo-American development company and hopes to help both his family and his fellow blacks to improve their respective lots by peaceable evolution. The situation becomes unbearable as the Soweto student riots and the general strike erupt. The good but apolitical Nelson becomes politicized and, against his will, a hero and a martyr.

The subject alone might seem sufficient to make this work almost unbearably moving—which it is. But there is more to it, thanks to Wilmer and his able director, Thomas Bullard. First, the play is written for one black and one white actor only, the former mostly, but not exclusively, Nelson; the latter playing a variety of contrary roles. This already provides some distancing from brute reality. Then there are moments of irony and humor, as in the black and white chessmen, with either of which Nelson, a chess wizard, can easily win. Slide projections of the Soweto riots are powerfully integrated into the proceedings. But, though the play does not shy away from the various horrors, it has a fastidious intuition about where to stop. Finally, through the presence of a well-meaning but superficial and befuddled American, it extends its significance well beyond South Africa.

Here, again, the acting is exemplary. Robert Christian thoroughly humanizes the somewhat schematic figure of the protagonist, and John C. Vennema gets an impressive variety and vitality out of peripheral helpers and tormentors. Further praise is due the actors and their dialect coach, Gordon Jacoby, for creating accents that, to my ears, sounded unusually convincing. Dennis Parichy's lighting is consistently helpful, and Judy Dearing's costumes are shrewdly accurate about humdrum or seedy details.

Together, the two plays of *Statements,* as the double bill is known, make a mighty statement without neglecting the artistry that must go even into theater whose prime concern is not artistic. I would like to believe that there is political efficacy in them, that this is not merely preaching to the converted. At the very least, they prepare us for not wasting pity when retribution comes—as it must—to those who so purblindly provoked it. ■

THIS WEEKEND INSTEAD OF QUAFFING COGNAC AT THE CLUB...



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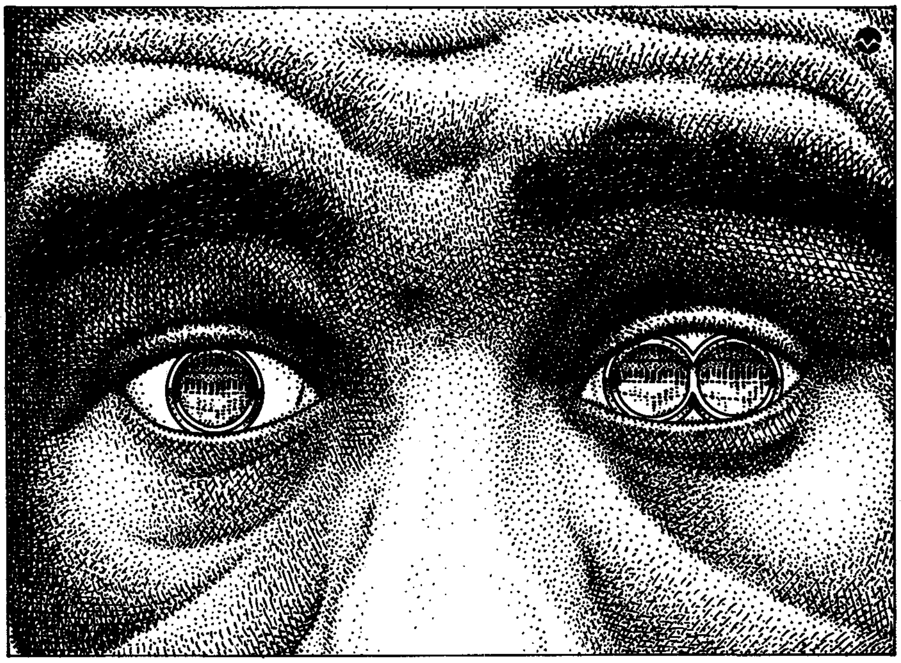
Movies / Molly Haskell

TOWARD A MORE IMPERFECT UNION

"... *Blue Collar* is an engrossing, if oddly lethargic, drama. It is a filmed mélange of comedy, melodrama, and social document..."



Paul Schrader's success as a screenwriter has inspired the current crop of teenage cinephiles to withdraw their allowances, pack their duffel bags, sell their collections of comic books and Cracker Jack prizes, and leave Mom and Dad for Malibu. I don't mean to blame the author of *Taxi Driver* (and *Obsession* and *The Yakuza* and *Rolling Thunder*) for all the screenwriters *manqués* who are now carhops in drive-in banks or hatcheck persons. Even with a disproportionately high ratio of scripts sold to movies, there are no doubt hundreds of "Schraders" sitting in trunks, and still others paid for and languishing in studio files as executives play musical chairs. And with all his much publicized sales, it has taken Schrader until now to make the transition to directing, a step that producers by no means regard as the inevitable outcome or the inalienable right of the successful screenwriter.

The result is **Blue Collar,** an engrossing, if oddly lethargic, drama of three Detroit automobile workers and their disastrous attempt to rip off their criminally corrupt union. Yaphet Kotto, Richard Pryor, and Harvey Keitel star as Smokey, Zeke, and Jerry, the three drinking buddies who, on a coke-high evening at Smokey's flashy bachelor pad, plan the heist of the treasury. This unlikely trio—one tough and black, one beige and ambiguous, one white and scared—reflects the uneasy alliance within this filmed mélange of comedy, melodrama, and social document.

If Schrader hasn't quite managed to integrate these diverse elements, I can't help but admire his tackling so murky and intransigent a subject as union politics. His view of the proletarian heroes, in a screenplay which he wrote with his brother Leonard from a story by Sydney Glass (the screenwriter son of a Detroit assembly-line worker), is admirably sympathetic without being either patronizing or idealized.

Blue Collar isn't quite what one might have expected from Schrader. It has none of the hopped-up, romanticized insanity or obsession worship of his previous scripts, which were really paeans to violence from an intellectual movie buff. But it is not a comedy either, though there are early indications to the contrary: Pryor's name in the credits, a jazz-rock syncopated riff on the assembly line that opens the film, and some back talk by Pryor at a union meeting set us up for a proletarian farce, perhaps a "prequel" to *Car Wash.* It isn't. There are several sight gags and perhaps 30 very funny lines (since this is 30 more than in any previous Schrader screenplay, we can assume that Leonard is the family clown), but the prevailing mood is one of unacknowledged despair.

Far from being a vehicle for Pryor shtiks, *Blue Collar* is most uncertain in its treatment of the sometime comedian. We are never sure what ironies, what intimations of mockery his remarks contain. Whether he is complaining with manic desperation about his locker key or justifying his collaboration with union officials, we watch his face for a sign that he is kidding, wondering how we should react.

Schrader refuses to lead us and so robs his own climaxes of their drama. The gags—Kotto's burglar's mask, with its foot-long bulging eyes—come out of nowhere. The moments of pure horror—Smokey's death and Keitel's discovery that because he couldn't afford braces for his daughter she had made them for herself with a coat hanger—are sprung on us, and the moment is over before we know quite what has happened or how we should respond.

The film is full of such puzzling scenes, poised halfway between melodrama and realism. Schrader has opted for the latter in casting (Harry Bellaver as president of their local is indecipherably jovial; Cliff DeYoung is confusing as an FBI man posing as a student), but without supplying all the details necessary to our understanding. To the extent that there are a plot and heroes in the traditional sense, we miss the conventions of old-fashioned Hollywood melodrama, in which characters, played by recognizable types, occupied a fixed place on the moral spectrum, allowing the action to proceed without undue need for explanations.

Yaphet Kotto is the revelation of the movie. He steals the show because only he is simple and direct, richly transparent in every move. Of course, his carefree bachelor is obviously freer to act on impulse than the tortured family men played by Pryor and Keitel.

Illustrated by Marvin Mattelson

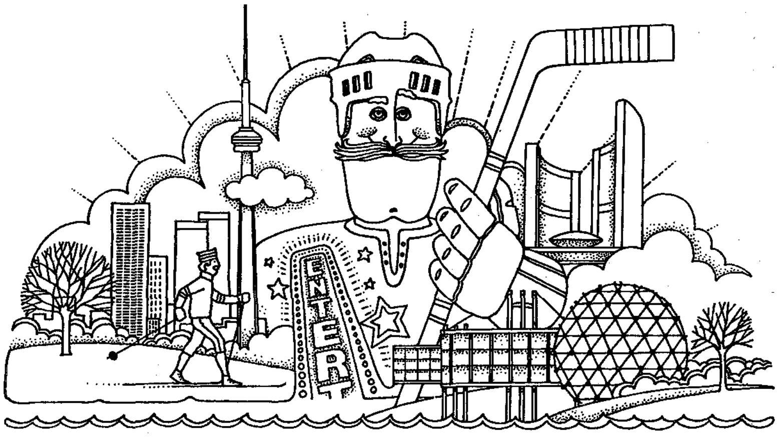
Their moral deliberations plunge us into a complicated world of competing values: ideological and emotional, professional and domestic, to which the plot can't do justice. Even if the exploration of union corruption were more sophisticated, the issues would remain hopelessly tangled. Schrader's solution is to tie up the film with a single knot: Keitel and Pryor locked in racial combat that an epilogue blames on the imperial "they." But it is Schrader, not management, who has reduced their relationship to a single-issue conclusion and done his own complex movie a disservice.

With *Oh, God!* and now **The One and Only,** Carl Reiner has become a highly successful maker of "laughjerkers"—this being the comic equivalent of the tearjerker. Both use formula methods to produce the appropriate responses: One elicits tears by drawing on the wells of self-pity, the other gets laughs by triggering the reflexes of prejudice and repression.

The One and Only is a compendium of such humor—fag jokes, toilet jokes, absurd juxtapositions, most having but a tenuous relationship to the story of a young man on the make who winds up as a television star in the Gorgeous George mold. The young man is played by Henry Winkler as a cross (ethnically improbable as it is) between Sammy Glick and Holden Caulfield. His self-promotion begins as an undergraduate in a sappy midwestern college set, like Reiner's mental and emotional clocks, in the fifties, a time when boys were boys and girls were girls and any aberration was a dirty joke.

Andy Schmidt (Winkler) begins his campaign by making a nuisance of himself as often and as publicly as possible, a strategy that mysteriously succeeds, though his self-advertising might bring a blush to the cheek of Norman Vincent Peale himself. While antagonizing us, he charms his schoolmates and wins an appropriately sappy bride (Kim Darby) as a souvenir.

In portraying Schmidt's rise to stardom, Reiner is perhaps defining for us the prototype of the new media star in the making—i.e., the "personality," someone whose confidence in himself so excels any basis for that confidence as to render irrelevant the question of talent (for what?). Here is the germ of what might have been an affectionate and witty send-up of the early days of television, a subject Reiner knows something about. In the script of *The Thrill of It All,* the *Network* of its time (1963), he captured the breezy behind-the-scenes machinations of producers and executives retailing America's white-bread image of itself, wherein, by



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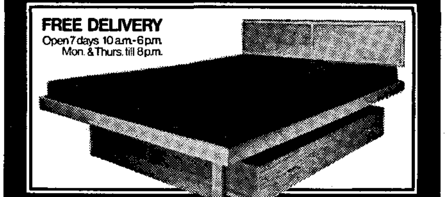

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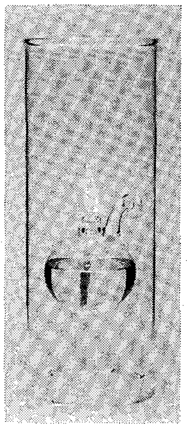

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a snap of the fingers, the Monroe-type—a buxom blonde—was replaced by Doris Day as the wholesome girl-next-door type in a soap commercial.

Reiner's humor was nourished most successfully on the rye-bread turf of the outrageous *Where's Poppa?* The ethnic composition of *The One and Only* is vague, avoiding the Jewish identification—Winkler is the brainy eccentric on a jock-oriented campus—that might have made the character plausible, if not sympathetic.

Winkler strikes me as a gifted actor who might develop a fine movie talent if he were allowed to calm down and grow up. I may get lynched for saying it by the fierce little Fonz fans, but they may be the very ones holding him in arrested adolescence, as Mary Pickford's fans once kept her in a gilded cage.

There are very few actors in this day and age who can play members of a virginal couple. Kim Darby, looking like a three-day-old daisy, and the wound-up Winkler are not among them.

Gene Saks has some funny moments as a wrestling promoter, as does the dwarf Hervé Villechaize, playing a lounge lizard whose lust makes no allowance for his physical limitations. But the finesse that each exhibits is a wasted asset in this blunt and unerringly vulgar assault on the funny bone.

Anyone who has ever wondered why all the French with gumption and brains leave the provinces for Paris should see **Blue Country,** Jean-Charles Tacchella's *hommage* to country folk, which is far more damning than any satire. Not all the accents in this perpetual pastoral bacchanal are thickly provincial. Some of the recruits are ex-urbanites, but from the look and sound of them they were expelled by the mental ecology authorities.

It may come as a surprise that writer/director Tacchella is the man responsible for the modestly charming romantic comedy *Cousin, Cousine.* But the entrancing Marie-Christine Barrault and Victor Lanoux only partially enabled us to ignore what was suspect around the edges—and decidedly wide edges they were. The witless and broadly drawn social types that pressed in on that fantasy couple like a heavy gilt frame surrounding a watercolor are more or less the whole picture here. The bravely independent romantic duo—Brigitte Fossey as the city girl, Jacques Serres as the country boy—must be found guilty by association with the company they keep. These are presumably what are called "real people" by the tourists who are fortunate enough never to alight in their midst. ▬

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"...No one who has seen the Heath Brothers perform can doubt the enjoyment they derive from working with each other..."

The **Heath Brothers Quartet**, which played the Village Vanguard a few weeks ago, has been in existence for about two and a half years, working sporadically and recording only once—a pleasing but unrepresentative album called *Marchin' On* (Strata East 19766). It is one of the most rewarding jazz ensembles to emerge in some time. Contemporary without being trendy, deliberate without being solemn, the quartet is, by turns, inspiriting, reflective, swinging, and jocular, and it always functions as a unit. No one who has seen them perform can doubt the enjoyment the brothers derive from working with each other and their gifted pianist, Stanley Cowell. Their music, though well planned, is never taken quite seriously enough to vitiate the band's humor and serendipity; though rich with emotional resonance, it never descends to the level of contrived emotionalism.

The three Heaths are the sons of a Philadelphian auto mechanic who played weekend clarinet in an Elks marching band. Percy Heath, the eldest, is best known for his twenty-year association with the Modern Jazz Quartet. Jimmy Heath is an accomplished bandleader, arranger, flutist, and an immensely talented tenor saxophonist; he has written several standard jazz themes, of which "Gingerbread Boy" and "Gemini" are exemplary. The baby of the family, Albert Heath, has become a drummer of striking authority and earthiness since returning from a long stay in Sweden; he divides his energies between the Heath Brothers and the Yusef Lateef Quartet. Stanley Cowell, co-founder of Strata East records and Collective Black Artists, is, like the Heaths, technically proficient, ingenious, and undervalued.

The Heaths have played together before, but the quartet format has inspired them all. Percy, for example, never dabbled as a composer until Albert's 1974 debut album, *Kwanza* (Muse 5031). For the quartet, he has written the widely noted "Watergate Blues" and an untitled bop line based on the chords of an unlikely standard. Moreover, he's taken up a second instrument, the baby bass, which combines a cello body with bass tuning and a widened fret board. It was designed by Ray Brown and should not be confused with Ron Carter's half-sized or "piccolo" bass. Sometimes he used it for plucked improvisations, as on Charlie Parker's "Yardbird Suite," which he phrased as a ballad before accelerating the tempo with resounding bop triplets. On a beguiling, pastoral arrangement of "Warm Valley," he played arco while Albert stated the theme on first flute (a second instrument *he's* recently adopted); Jimmy played counterpoint on second flute, and Cowell accompanied them on the kalimba, or African thumb piano.

Two flutes were also heard on "Maimoun," from Cowell's *Illusion Suite* (ECM/Pol. 1026): Albert played lead from the back of the Vanguard and Jimmy fluted from the stage: Cowell married them with deft blue glisses on the piano. In previous bands, Coswell was relegated to sideman duties, but with the Heaths he is heard extensively in a handful of pieces he has perfected like a lapidary. Perhaps the most impressive of these is Thelonious Monk's "Round Midnight," an overworked masterpiece that Cowell has managed to renew. He begins with swirling arpeggios and full-blooded harmonies, and then pecks at the theme with angular chords that abruptly dissolve as he lifts all but one or two fingers, wringing the remaining notes with hand vibrato. The technique derives from Monk, but Cowell adds keyboard washes that recall Art Tatum in color and execution.

Jimmy Heath, however, is the key figure in the quartet, both as composer and soloist. His tunes are so well put together that the soloist is given an edge just by following their structures and harmonic progressions. His improvisations, especially on tenor, provide the band with its most driving, satisfying moments. Heath has become increasingly adept at varying his tone, using a Latino cry on the modal introduction to "One for Juan" (Percy, playing arco bass, cheered, "Gato! Gato!"), and a fluid mellowness on Kenny Dorham's "Prince Albert," an ideal framework for his high-speed lyricism. His alternation of melodies and riffs is lucid, poised, almost aphoristic. (It's strange that the attention justly given Dexter Gordon these days has not spilled over on one of his worthiest heirs). Albert Heath's accompaniment is uncannily precise, his solos carefully modulated epics of drum history: the tom-tom rhythms of Baby Dodds and the snare-drum licks of Max Roach are suggested then swept away in his surging energy.

The Heath Brothers Quartet embodies the most durable aspects of modern jazz while adding several post-modernistic twists. Given its large repertoire, its standard of performance, and accessibility, one would expect it to record prolifically. Instead, it is a cult secret—further evidence that the recording industry is bogged down in a stylistic fascism: Jazz that doesn't bear the electronic imprimatur of the seventies is bypassed as esoteric, elitist, or old-fashioned. I defy anyone to apply those adjectives to the Heath Brothers, and I urge you to hear them when they return to the Vanguard. You can find "Watergate Blues" and "Warm Valley" on *Marchin' On*, "Round Midnight" and two enchanting excerpts from Jimmy Heath's *Afro-American Suite of Evolution* on Stanley Cowell's solo album, *Waiting for the Moment* (Galaxy 5104), and superior straight-ahead saxophone playing on Jimmy Heath's *Picture of Health* (Xanadu 118). ■

Illustrated by Randall Enos

SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Cheese—Several types of cheese are on sale here, including extra-sharp Canadian Cheddar, was $4.29 a lb., now $2.98; from Switzerland, Grade A Swiss and Gruyère (both aged, both natural), were $3.59 a lb., now $2.49, unsliced; Italian Fontina, mild and creamy, was $4.98 a lb., now $3.49; French Corolle, a large-form double-crème, was $4.98 a lb., now $3.49; French Brie, sold by the wheel only (average weight 2½–2¾ lbs.), was $10.95 each, now $8.95; real sheep's-milk feta, mild and lightly salted, was $2.89 a lb., now $1.98. Cash-and-carry only. *Ideal Cheese Shop, 1205 Second Ave., at 63rd St. (MU 8-7579); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Sat. till 6 p.m.; through 2/18.*

One-day factory sale—You've seen these suede and snakeskin address books, appointment books, diaries, etc., in the fashion catalogs and in several big-name stores. Now the overstock is being cleared out at the factory this Saturday only, to make room for the new line. A suede legal-pad cover, trimmed in snake, advertised at $40, now $20; suede address book/agenda, snake-trimmed, retail $38, now $19; all-snake address book, retail $30, now $15; gold-lamé address book, now $7.50; and a number of one-of-a-kind sample items at various prices. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Esrob Designs (factory), 842 Ave. of the Americas, between 29th and 30th sts., fourth floor (532-6966); Saturday, 2/18, only, 10 a.m.–3 p.m.*

Beads and baskets—This store is world-famous for its beads, notions, findings, and craft supplies, but it recently made a large purchase of handwoven baskets from Kenya, and it is offering them at a 40 percent discount for just seven days. The baskets, which come in a wide variety of sizes, shapes, and color combinations, are useful and ornamental, and ranged from $4 to $39 (for a set of five nesting baskets), now $2.40–$23.40. Woven-straw wall decorations, were $6–$9, now $3.60–$5.40; handmade sisal shoulder bags from Kenya, were $7–$12 depending on size, now $4.20–$7.20. For early birds, just a few animal-hide stringed instruments, looking like they came out of *King Solomon's Mines*, were $30 each, now $18. At the same time, everything else in this vast store is being offered at 20 percent off. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Sherú, 49 West 38th St. (730-0766); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. 9:30 a.m.–5 p.m.; 2/13–20.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

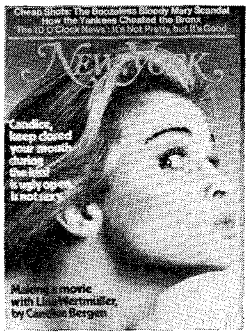
Four-day fur sale—This wholesaler is giving extra discounts for four days only, bringing down the prices on furs to wholesale level or below. Although quantities in each category are limited, there are many fine garments to select from, including: long muskrat coats at $595; raccoon coats at $1,075; long, fully let-out red-fox coats at $1,750; natural Russian-fitch coats at $1,950; a red-fox jacket at $895; a hooded nutria coat at $895; a fully let-out ranch mink at $2,750; full-length dyed mink at $1,300; Australian opossum, light or dark, $695; one-of-a-kind "fun furs," $395. These prices refer to coats already on the rack; if you have one made to measure, it may cost more, depending on size. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Germaine, Inc., 330 Seventh Ave., between 28th and 29th sts., third floor (695-0645); seven days a week 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; 2/16–19.*

Two-for-one sale—If you call for an appointment before 4/1, this carpet-cleaning firm will clean two rugs or two wall-to-wall areas of carpeting for the price of one. You pay for the more expensive rug or area, and the second is free. Stairs and halls are excluded. Some sample prices include: 12 cents per sq. ft. for regular shampoo process; 18 cents for steam soil extraction (wall to wall); $23.95 for a 9-ft. by 12-ft. domestic rug, $47.95 for the same size Oriental. White or shag carpets cost more. The minimum on wall-to-wall jobs is $40; on area rugs (they'll pick up), minimum is $25. Master Charge, Visa accepted; no checks. *Long Island Carpet Cleaning Corp. (784-5500); Mon.–Fri. 8:30 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 3/31.*

Menswear—A Washington's Birthday sale at this Flushing men's shop includes three-piece suits by Lanvin, Chaps, Groshire, GGG, and Cerruti, were $175–$350, now $87.50–$175 (sizes 38–48 regular, 38–44 short, 40–48 long); sport jackets, were $125–$195, now $62.50–$97.50. Also at half off are all-wool overcoats, suburban coats, and shearling jackets by Zero King, Lakeland, and Gleneagles; sport shirts by Excello, Arrow, Byford, and Christian Dior; neckwear by Guy LaRoche, Oleg Cassini, and Yves Saint Laurent, was $8.50–$15, now $4.25–$7.50; and hats, mufflers, and Shetland sweaters. Freeman shoes in broken sizes are 20–40 percent off. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Nibs Men's Shop, 72-28 Main St., Flushing, near Main St. Theatre (263-8088); Mon. and Wed. 10 a.m.–9 p.m., Thurs.–Sat. till 5:30 p.m., Sun., 2/19, 11 a.m.–4 p.m.; closed Tues.; 2/17–25.*

Camera repair—Having moved to new offices, this firm is celebrating by giving a 25 percent reduction on the on-premise repair and maintenance of better cameras brought in during February. Only Nikons, Pentaxes, Minoltas, and other similar single-lens reflex cameras will be accepted (no pocket cameras, movie cameras, projectors, or "instant picture" types). Almost all work is done on the premises by factory-trained personnel using factory methods and genuine spare parts. If by chance your camera has to be sent out, alas, no discount. A general maintenance check and tune-up of a good camera usually runs $40–$60, will now be $30–$45. Mail orders accepted with complete, concise instructions. Work is guaranteed for six months. Master Charge, Visa accepted; no checks. *Steve Gordon Camera Repairs, 101 West 30th St., Room 529 (736-3088); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 2/28.*

Parsons tables—Furn-A-Fit Workshops has opened a second store and both branches are offering 25 percent off their made-to-measure mica Parsons tables to the end of February. The offer includes over 800 colors and finishes, along with slate and sculptured leather, but excludes metallics, cork, and raised-basket-weave patterns. But the sale extends to all possible variations—extension leaves, drawers, shelves, thicker legs, aprons, and, for the first time, to tables with panel ends and to the waterfall tables. Deliveries of ordinary Parsons tables are promised within four to six weeks, the more complicated tables within seven to nine weeks. Delivery charges are extra. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; work guaranteed and refunds possible. *Furn-A-Fit Workshops, Ltd., 228 East 51st St. (755-7707), and 453 Park Ave. South (689-6634); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; through 2/28.*



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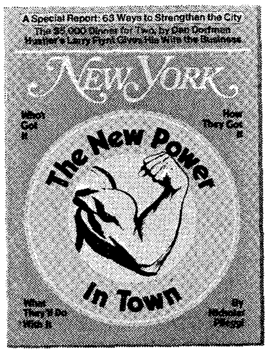

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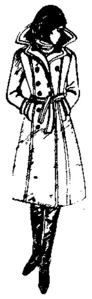

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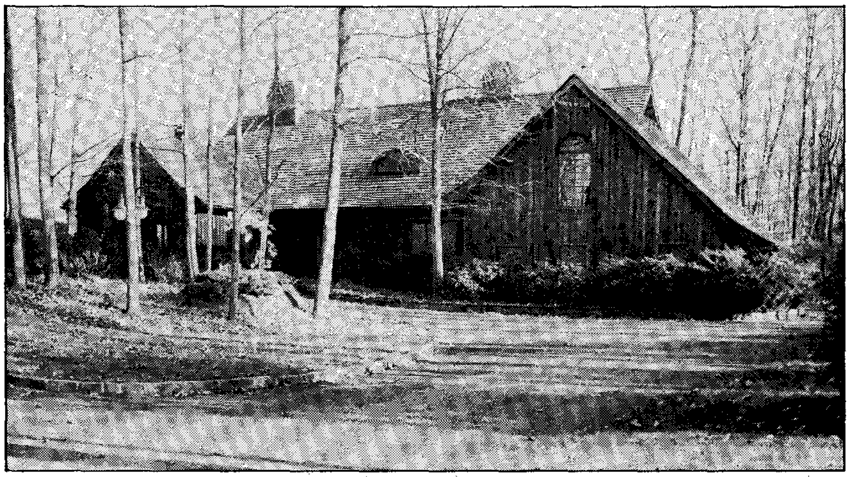

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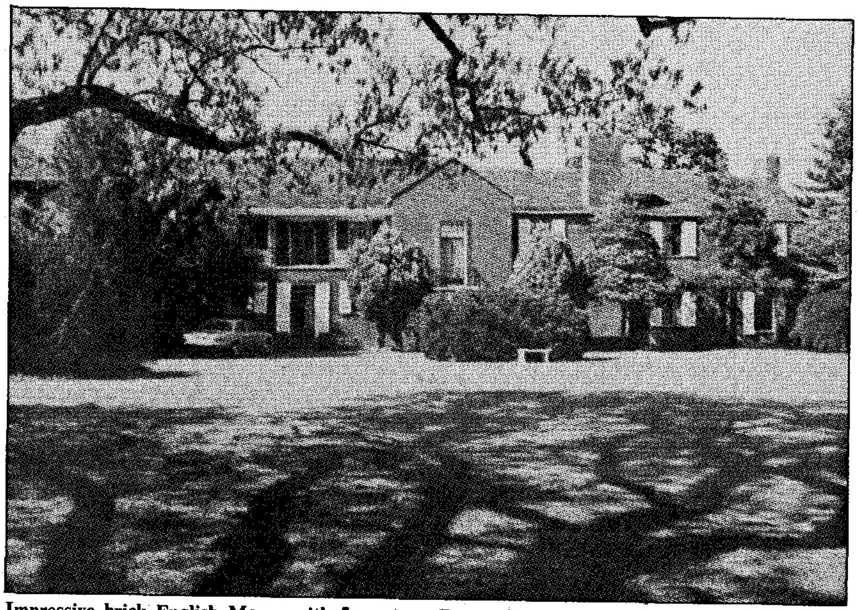

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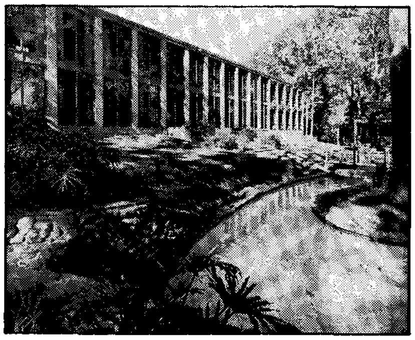

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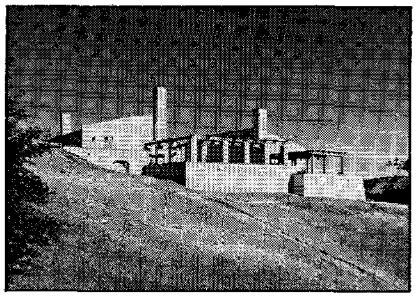

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THE LAST PLAYWRIGHT

"... Since 1913, Guy Bolton has averaged nearly two new plays each year. No playwright has been more successful or prolific..."

Perhaps it is the creative impulse alone that charges the blood, renders the arteries pliant, preserves the prostate, and lights the eye. Possibly it is because no board of overseers can mandate withdrawal from the fashioning of sonnets and sonatas and collages. Whatever, it is astonishing to scan the roster of men and women who continue distinguished careers in the arts far into their advanced years: Marc Chagall (90), Artur Rubinstein (92), Aaron Copland (77), Georgia O'Keeffe (90), Martha Graham (83), Norman Rockwell (84), George Abbott (88), Alfred Hitchcock (78), Ruth Gordon (81), Eubie Blake (95), Eugene Ormandy (78), Robert Graves (82), Luis Buñuel (77), Josef Albers (89), Andrés Segovia (83), Henry Moore (79).

They have conquered age.

So has Guy Bolton. In 1965, two of his novels were published and one of his plays produced. A prodigious output, and Bolton was 81. Much has happened since. *Very Good Eddie,* a musical comedy he wrote with Jerome Kern in 1915, was revived for long runs in New York and London. *Oh, Kay!,* a George Gershwin musical with a Bolton book, is rumored to be Broadway-bound. He turned out three more plays, one of them a musical with his longtime collaborator, P. G. Wodehouse. That lifted Bolton's total to over 100.

Bolton is, in a real sense, the last American playright. Probably no one will be able, ever again, to make a living exclusively through the writing of plays. Bolton has, and still does. Certainly none has been more successful or prolific. Since his first production in 1913, he has averaged nearly two new plays each year. Contemporaries drifted off into films or novels, but Bolton still hasn't left the theater. To celebrate his ninety-fourth birthday recently, he sent his agent a new play.

During the fall theater season, the Boltons prefer their flat in London's Belgravia. Guy was born in England, to an American father and an English mother. Most of the year they stay at their home in Remsenberg, a quiet village on eastern Long Island. "Plum" Wodehouse lived just a mile away.

Herbert B. Livesey is the author of Second Chance: Blueprints for Life Change, *published recently by Lippincott.*

On a shimmering summer day, the atmosphere at the tidy frame house was one of renewal, not vigil. Two painters scraped the clapboard siding while a gardener molded the forsythia. Cardinals flashed from bush to bush, and the smell of the ocean was light.

Virginia Bolton answered my knock. Guy was on the telephone, she explained. He was parrying the blandishments of an insistent producer whose attention was fixed on *Anything Goes,* a Bolton-Cole Porter effort already revived twice on Broadway and thousands of times on the straw-hat circuit. After that, there were calls to return to others anxious to restage *Oh, Lady, Lady* and *Oh, Kay!* Mrs. Bolton showed me to the sun porch.

Theirs is an uncommonly vigorous old age. There were no canes or walkers or eyeglasses in sight. She talked animatedly, her hands fluttering like birds thrust into a cage. Finally, Bolton arrived, moving deliberately, but with little grasping of chairbacks and tabletops. Formalities attended, he settled without caution in a low chair by a glass-topped table. He talked readily about the present and the future, but only with prompting about the past.

"I met Wodehouse the opening night of *Very Good Eddie,*" he said with faintly British intonation. His voice was an elegant rumble, without a quaver. "It was the second of the so-called 'Princess plays,' after the theater in which they were produced. I went alone, and I thought I musn't applaud my own lines, so I didn't. At the end of the first act, the man in the seat next to me said, very angrily, 'If you don't like this show, why the hell don't you go home?'

"Jerry Kern did the music. He liked to stay up all night waiting for the reviews, wet from the presses. He brought over this man who was there to write up the play for *Vanity Fair,* a very popular magazine at the time. It turned out to be Wodehouse.

"The night went on. Sometime before dawn, I asked Plum to do the lyrics for our next show. He said he would. And he did. That was *Oh, Boy,* and Plum even wrote the review. Something of a conflict of interest, that, but he wouldn't quit the magazine until he knew he had a hit."

Oh, Boy was the beginning of a tripartite association that lasted until the outbreak of World War II. The trio was so uninterruptedly successful, an anonymous New York critic felt compelled to pen a Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance-style homage to the combination:

This is the trio of musical fame:
Bolton and Wodehouse and Kern;
Better than anyone else you can
name,
Bolton and Wodehouse and Kern.
Nobody knows what on earth
they've been bitten by
All I can say is I mean to get lit
an' buy
Orchestra seats for the next one
that's written by
Bolton and Wodehouse and Kern.

A dishy teenager in a mini-length uniform entered the sun porch and asked Bolton if he might like a preluncheon drink. "Why, yes, dear," he said, "some of that Chablis, perhaps." Bolton observed appreciatively the girl's comings and goings. Mrs. Bolton came in and noticed my smile.

"Ah, yes," she said. "It's the theater, you know. He always was something of a ladies' man. Very handsome. A wife just has to close her eyes and hope she treats him a little better than the chorus girls. I must have done all right because I've had him since 1939. None of his other three wives lasted seven years."

"You poor thing," he said. "It has been difficult for you."

"Nothing of the sort," she answered. "It's been a marvelous life, even though I didn't like him at all when I first met him. We were at a party and he sat there and ate all the black olives. All of them! I thought he was terrible and selfish, and told him so. Then I went off to California and married the man who owned Rin-Tin-Tin."

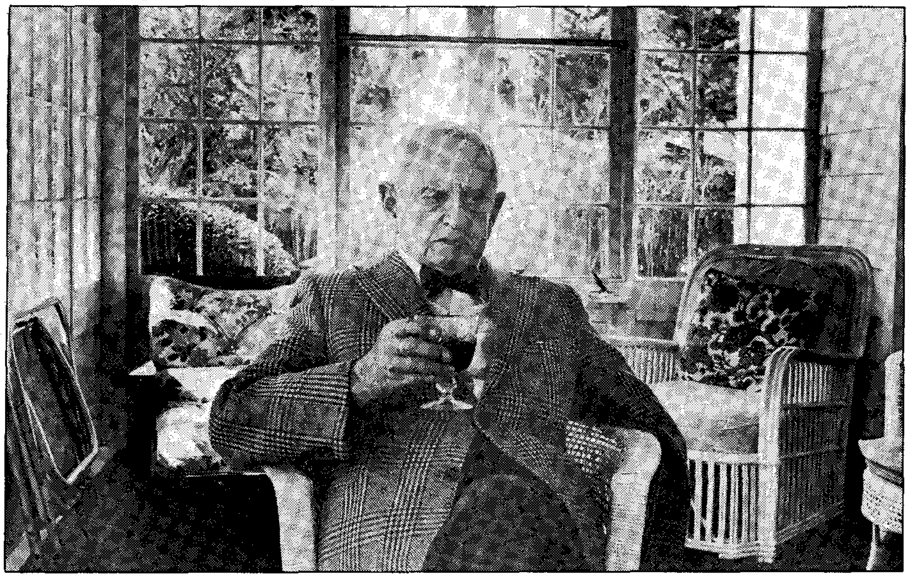
"She gave up Rin-Tin-Tin for me,"

Bolton deadpanned.

"Not at all. My mother had it annulled. I took you on the rebound. Shall we go and eat?"

Mrs. Bolton ladled portions of cold chive soup.

"Did you hear what David Merrick said?" Bolton asked. "Silliest thing. He was talking about *Travesties*—a marvelous show, by the way—and said he was the most important person in it because he put up the money. Always manages to put his foot in his mouth. As if writers grow on trees."



Guy Bolton at home: *"Writing just turned out to be something I was good at."*

I wondered aloud if Bolton thought of his writing as a calling.

"Good heavens, no," Bolton answered. "It just turned out to be something I was good at. I was an architect first, for eleven years. Did the Soldiers and Sailors Monument in Manhattan, which was just a copy of another monument somewhere else. Worked on buildings at West Point, but didn't do anything significant up there, either. I wrote short stories all that time, mostly for a magazine called *Smart Set*. Then in 1914, I took a leave of absence to see if I could make a living at it. Finished three plays in a year. Never looked back . . . always preferred to do straight plays, but these musical things kept popping up."

Bolton is credited with being the first to recognize that musicals could have fully developed stories which not only wove the songs together but could stand alone. That has been the pattern ever since.

Indeed, the book for *Very Good Eddie* is both more engaging and enduring than the music. Bolton nevertheless was skeptical when a revival was proposed.

"They wanted to do it up at the Goodspeed Opera House in Connecticut. I said it couldn't possibly go, all these years later, and I refused to have anything to do with it. I was wrong, apparently."

Bolton rewrote *Very Good Eddie* for Broadway. It ran longer than the original production. The year before, 1974, he had rewritten *Oh, Kay!*

"We put it on in London. Only one person was any good at all in it, and *she* couldn't sing the numbers. All the others were dreadful. It ran for a year anyway. The first one had Gertie Lawrence. She was marvelous, even though her voice wasn't especially good."

How did he feel about actors in general?

"They are quite an extraordinary race. Don't realize how different they are from other people. I think highly of them, though. Found chorus girls very pleasant." He glanced at his wife from his heavy-lidded, deep-set eyes.

"Don't look at me," she sniffed. "I don't care."

"Poor old Plum," Bolton continued. "He had no experience with girls. We took a show on tour, *Oh, Lady, Lady*, I think. We were out six weeks. No wives around. It was duck soup. Plum fell for one young lady and decided to sow his wild oats. One night Jerry and I were playing poker on the train. When we went through the sleeping car, Plum stuck his head out of one of the berths and said, 'Shh, she's asleep.' The minute we arrived back in New York his wife accused him of a dalliance. First thing he said was, 'Who told you?' No defenses at all, poor man."

"She still holds it against him," said Mrs. Bolton. "She said to me a few weeks ago, 'Did I ever tell you how Plum broke my heart?' That was 60 years ago!"

Mrs. Bolton spooned out chicken-and-walnut salad. Cherie refilled wine glasses.

"Have you seen George Abbott?" Bolton asked. "He's taken care of himself. I worked with him a few times. He's quite good at comedy, but he put on a play of mine, *Anastasia*, and ruined it utterly and completely. George was very nice about it, wrote and said it was all his fault, which it was, of course. Happily, I sold the film rights for $400,000." He also wrote the script, and for her performance in it, Ingrid Bergman won an Oscar.

Bolton encountered and worked with virtually every major figure of the English-speaking theater, and quite a few stars of lesser magnitude. He has memories of every one:

"Noël Coward wouldn't have much to do with me after I commented at lunch one day on the startling resemblance in plot between my *Very Good Eddie* and his *Private Lives*."

"Cornelia Otis Skinner and Jessie Royce Landis both had the sex appeal of a foot."

"Beatrice Lillie had an amusing personality, but she was a very poor actress. Americans took to her for some reason."

"When Plum and I wrote that joint autobiography [*Bring on the Girls*], we never allowed literal truth to get in the way of the story. We even wrote in a 'flop' chapter, even though we never really had one. Plum was a fine lyricist, something people don't remember. Ira Gershwin called him the daddy of us all."

And the Astaires, Alfred Hitchcock, Ethel Merman, Richard Rodgers, W. C. Fields, Vivien Leigh, Lunt and Fontanne, Nathaniel Benchley . . .

Dessert and coffee were served.

"Another cup, love?"

"No thank you, love. I want to show our guest something." Bolton walked off to his study.

"He still works from eight in the morning until six at night," said Mrs. Bolton. "I have to go in and make him stop. It was even worse when he taught himself to type fifteen years ago."

"I'm putting together some things from my library, manuscripts and such," he said, returning with something in his hand. "Giving it all to a university. Look at this." It was a first-folio Shakespeare.

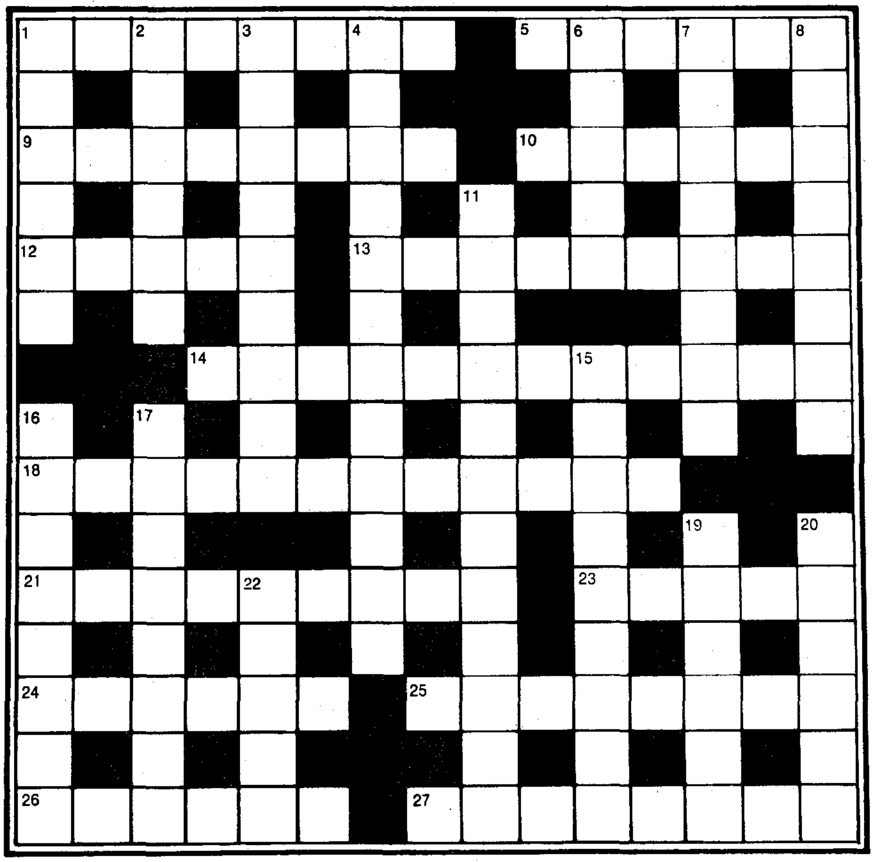
Bolton had turned aside several requests for his (factual) biography. Too final. A surrender. The bequest is not a substitute bid for immortality.

"Good heavens, no," he said. "These are deductible. I have two plays on next year. The taxes will be murderous." ■

Photographed by Herbert Livesey

WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Solution to last issue's puzzle:

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Clues

ACROSS

1 Twice hitched. (8)

5 I am gripped by this philosopher to make spare-time occupations. (6)

9 The finest way of travelling is to cover the ground on foot. (8)

10 Instrument for mixing oil in wine. (6)

12 State in which one is paid a housing allowance. (5)

13 Faint brightness which makes a thing loom strangely. (9)

14 Naval vantage point for studying one who draws? (7-5)

18 The tool is of a sharper variety. (4, 2, 6)

21 Not coloured light for tree? (9)

23 Colourless article about a woman. (5)

24 Is a metal a chemical substance? (6)

25 Embellishment or the last word in the New Testament. (8)

26 Welcomes with little gravity and direct backing. (6)

27 Speaks after an appeal for silence in the covers. (8)

DOWN

1 Reel consisting of endless curtseying. (6)

2 Worker occupied in making as many calls as possible. (3-3)

3 Without company the traveller would have to spoil the game. (5, 4)

4 As much as ever ruined without his and mine being ruined. (12)

6 College window. (5)

7 Lacking back and front, this dress would make everyone go west. (4-4)

8 Stars one transforms into politicians. (8)

11 Piece of drill for the shop walker? (12)

15 One of those violent characters who mince matters about backing a horse. (9)

16 Footnote put up on the cover for a generation. (8)

17 To soften the spouse embraces one with a touch. (8)

19 Said with a smile. (6)

20 Combines one with two points. (6)

22 Order for a hundred in the season going up. (5)

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Results of Competition 307, in which you were asked for an example of Bad News.

Report: First the Old News: assassination, rape, disaster—all still thought to be unfunny. Go know. Now the Bad News. The repeats: "Mr. President, may I present your interpreter, Mr. Steven Seymour?" "Looks like rain, Noah." "It's getting chilly, Isadora." "I, Gerald Ford . . ." "It's right on time, Madame Karenin." "Do you, Anne, take Henry . . ." "Call it Edsel." "Here's the ax I borrowed, Mrs. Borden." "It's the exterminator, Herr Samsa." "I hear Lally is inviting Norman *and* Gore." "Adam, I have a headache." "Here's the new tape recorder, Miss Woods." "Greetings." Plus, Meetings: "Senator, meet Tongsun Park." "Adam, Eve." "Romeo, Juliet." "Your Majesty, Mrs. Simpson." Trojans, meet horse. Etc. Et al. Also: dinner invitations from Empress Livia, Idi Amin. And notices of collect mail to the competition editor. After reading hundreds and hundreds of these, flakiness sets in. Hence, God help me, I found certain anachronisms, near-missisms, and sillyisms hilarious. Hoping you the sane.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

"Looks like ringworm to me, Farrah."
Leslie Reby, St. Louis, Mo.

". . . the good news. Herr Beethoven, the *good* . . . the GOOD NEWS, Herr Beeth . . . Herr . . ."
John P. Eaton, NYC

"We've found Patty, Mr. Hearst."
Leslie Schinto, Greenwich, Conn.

"Good morning, Mr. Levant."
Arnold Kogen, Encino, Calif.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

"She's at a Sex Pistols concert, Mr. Trudeau."
Laurel C. Buschmann, Seattle, Wash.

"Adam, close your eyes and open your mouth."
Rabbi Stephen S. Pearce, Stamford, Conn.

"Heeeeeeeeeeere's Caaaaaaaaaaaaaligula!"
Paul Walker, Cambridge, Mass.

And Honorable Mention to:

"A wise decision, Mrs. Mamet. He'll make a first-rate biologist."
similarly: G. George, NYC;
Grace Katz, Rutland, Vt.

"It looks like three lanterns, Mr. Revere."
Paul Laffer, M.D., Cambridge, Mass.

WELCOME TO NEWARK.
Dora Ullian, Newton, Mass.

"Congratulations. So you're the new dialogue director on the Altman film!"
Coleen Levine, Rochester, Minn.

"Hail, Caesar, and happy March fifteenth!"
Miles Klein, East Brunswick, N.J.
sp. mention: Msgr. A. V. McLees,
St. Albans, N.Y.;
Ann Smith, Mendham, N.J.

"Chief teller Barnes is calling from Acapulco, sir."
Zig Kasyan, North Bergen, N.J.

"Job, I think you'd better sit down for this."
John Pizzuto, Brooklyn

"You've been renewed, Mr. Convy."
George Malko, NYC

"Mr. Fisher, when your wife gets back, will you tell her that the Fox casting office has found a new Marc Antony for her?"
Louise Jones, Minneapolis, Minn.

"Oh, by the way, sir, Mr. Haldeman called."
Sal Salzman, Bronx

"Newspaper, Mr. Dewey?"
Charles Burlingham, Boston, Mass.

"Mr. Crystal, I think my cat crawled in your window."
Christy Brown, NYC
sp. mention: Jack Schindler,
Brooklyn Heights

"Gentlemen of the William Morris Agency, I'd like you to meet Mark Spitz!"
Jay Kogen, Encino, Calif.

"Don't worry, Mr. Macomber, I'll be right behind you."
Zvi Civins, Bradley Beach, N.J

"MOO . . ."
Adair Burlingham, Cambridge, Mass.

"Today's families are all men, Mr. Dawson."
Ed Monaghan, Bayside, N.Y.

"Miss Mitford, we're calling to confirm your reservation . . ."
Victor Goldfarb, Brooklyn

"The chickens have been lifting dumbbells, Frank."
Beatrice Mallon, Rego Park, N.Y.

"While you were gone, I scheduled an interview for you with Mike Wallace."
John C. Williams, Fairport, N.Y.
sp. mention: Steve Kotchko,
East Hartford, Conn.;
Paul L. Gale, Los Angeles, Calif.

"So I told him nobody wants to pay good money to see a film about the Civil War. . . ."
Robin Smith, Cambridge, Mass.

"Tell the program director there's a Mr. Monty Hall to see him."
Jay Livingston, NYC

"Catherine, I'd like you to meet Mr. Ed."
Geoffrey Mandel, NYC

"That's just great, Uri. Now how am I going to get into the house tonight?"
Susan Seltzer, New City, N.Y.

"Well, off you go, Icarus!"
Fran Myers, Encino, Calif.

"Crazy Horse has left himself wide open this time. . . ."
Johanna Wouwenberg, Elmwood Park, N.J.

"I'm not one to brag, Baron Von Frankenstein, but since you ask—I *do* have a very high I.Q. . . ."
Steven S. Palmer, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

"Hey, Beaver, did ya hear that Miss Landers got married?"
B. J. Aillea, Greenwich, Conn.

"Mr. Randy Newman, I'd like you to meet General Tom Thumb and his army."
Ellen Schor, Brooklyn
sp. mention: Alan Levine, Copiague, N.Y.;
Little Florence Berger, Sunnyside, N.Y.

"Hi, everybody! It's me, Hamlet!"
Vivian Sosna, Winnetka, Ill.

"Your wife has been kidnapped, Mr. Youngman."
Chuck Emerson, San Francisco, Calif.

"Let's call him Zbigniew. . . ."
R. E. Kemelhor, Bethesda, Md.
sp. ment.: Terry Martinelli, Yonkers, N.Y.

"And the winner is . . . Greer Garson!"
Joseph A. Logue, Kenmore, N.Y.

"We'll return right after this message."
similarly: Ted Heath, Evanston, Ill.;
Howard Leichter, Warren, N.J.

"The only opening we have, Ms. Bracken, is for a short-order cook."
Richard Fried, Brooklyn

"Well, you presume wrong, Mr. Stanley."
similarly: Valerie Armstrong, NYC;
Alice Charlton, Pelham Manor, N.Y.;
Dick Frank, Brooklyn

"Guess what, Liza? John Simon's out front tonight!"
Randy Buck, NYC;
Ann Woodyard, Westminster, Colo.
similarly: Bill Royce, Beverly Hills, Calif.

"Mr. Hamilton Jordan is pleased to accept your kind invitation to attend the dinner at the Egyptian Embassy. . . ."
Marilyn J. Creager, Rockville, Md.

"If you're going to continue painting, Vincent, you must wear glasses."
Elaine McCormick, Detroit, Mich.

"Rudy, a Mr. Russell is on the phone for you."
Paul Noble, NYC;
Elizabeth Maffei, North Hollywood, Calif.

"Those two termites are missing, Noah."
similarly: Thomas R. Wong, NYC;
Albert G. Miller, NYC

"Madame Gandhi, the election returns are in and . . ."
Victoria Keene, Newburgh, N.Y.

"And we'll call it *Gilligan's Island*!"
H. Aber, Brooklyn

"Look, Kunta, a ship!"
Bonnie Champion, NYC
sp. mention: June Woller, Edison, N.J.

"Say, Will, there's a young fella name of Rickles here I'd like you to meet."
Capo di Fugawi, Dahlgren, Va.

"It's Billy, Mr. President."
Leo Meisels, Ridgefield Park, N.J.
sp. ment.: Timothy Minor, Alexandria, Va.;
R. Petix, Wading River, N.J.

"I'm afraid it's acrophobia, Mr. Wallenda."
Alan B. Levine, Livingston, N.J.

"Zeus says that will be all for today, Sisyphus. See you in the morning."
W. H. Richardson, Peace Dale, R.I.

"The dry cleaners are here for the drapes, Miss Scarlett."
Al Capaccio, NYC

"Dear Mr. Houdini: We regret that because of a luggage mix-up . . ."
Bill Schlicht, St. Augustine, Fla.

"Hey, Mr. Metesky, you forgot your package."
Caroline York, Severna Park, Md.

"Try the *madeleine*, Marcel. Remember how you used to like them?"
James Elward, NYC;
Virginia Feine, Hartford, Conn.

HEAR JOHN GILBERT SPEAK!
Bruce Karp, NYC

"Good luck, and remember . . . we're counting on you."
Morris C. Rambo Jr., Pelham Manor, N.Y.

"Good morning, Miss Pauley. What brings you here so early on a Saturday morning?"
Carol Cummins, Newport, R.I.

"Fellas, say hello to Judas Iscariot."
William Cole, NYC

"Secretary Butz, you'll be seated with Pat Boone and some new reporter. . . ."
Bruce Adamec, Chicago, Ill.

"We're ready to sail now, Miss Keyes. The Wildings have arrived."
Henna Arond Zacks, Brooklyn

"It's an overwhelming mandate of the people, Mr. Nixon."
Harold J. Lund, Des Plaines, Ill.

"We've considered the alternatives you presented, Mr. Henry, and we have decided against liberty. . . ."
Don Wigal, NYC

"We're all set on Eagleton, George."
Linda Sevey, Newton, Mass.

"Doctor, Mr. Blake can see that the clamp is stuck, but he says that if he touches one more patient, he is through selling clamps."
William Freivogel, Hinsdale, Ill.
sp. mention: Phyllis Jeacock, New Canaan, Conn.

"Rachel, there's a small package for you from Vincent Van Gogh."
Jack Labow, NYC
sp. mention: Sally Herzog, Flint, Mich.;
Margie McCormick, Detroit, Mich.

BEARS
Yale Sta., New Haven, Conn.

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 310, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by February 24. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive two-year subscriptions to *New York*, and runners-up will receive one-year subscriptions. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of March 20. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. **Three-by-five postcards, please.**

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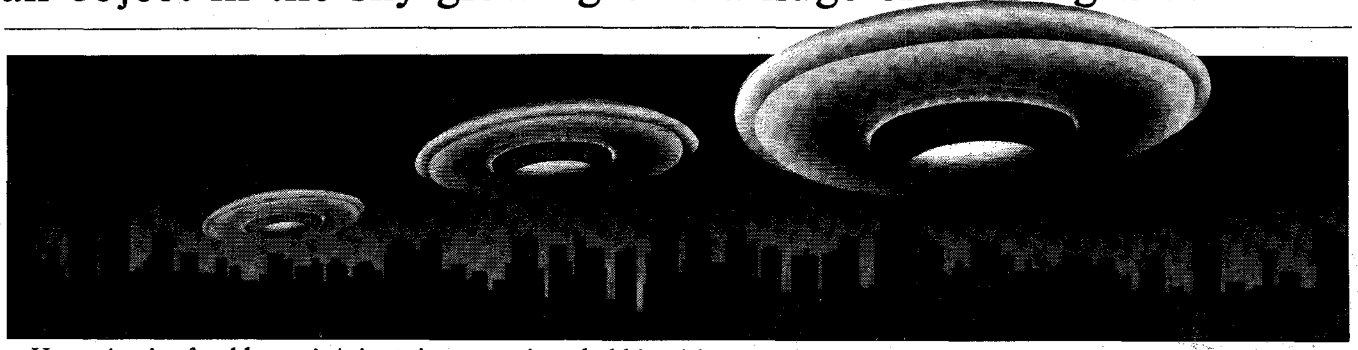
Page of Lists / Terry Clifford

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS IN NEW YORK

"...Muhammad Ali was jogging in Central Park when he spotted an object in the sky glowing 'like a huge electric light bulb'..."



Here is irrefutable evidence that creatures from outer space are trying to contact us. Why they should want to is anyone's guess.

Encounters of the First Kind (Sightings)

1. Just fifteen minutes before the blackout of 1977 struck the city, Susie and Michael Lawrence were walking along 17th Street, looked up, and saw a UFO near the World Trade Towers. It was fat at one end, thin at the other, and had bright multicolored lights which were blinking off and on as it moved back and forth. It eventually made its way along the West Side, moving faster. It blinked. It dipped. "Then it zapped uptown and disappeared," says Michael.

2. That same night Robert Kerman, an actor, reported a similar sighting on Fire Island. He saw "flashing lights moving in unsteady patterns making their way west toward the city."

3. On a bitterly cold January night in 1975, Laura Miller was walking down 62nd Street in Brooklyn. She looked up and saw a silent, low-flying object. Its enormously bright lights were moving in a rotary pattern, blinking on and off, changing from blue to yellow to red. "Then out of nowhere a second one appeared, and they started changing positions in a waving, bobbing motion," says Ms. Miller. Maneuvers complete, they darted off.

4. Two people on Staten Island reported seeing flying saucers on a summer night in 1952. The UFO's—five altogether—were silvery, tinged with red on the rims, and were flying in a V formation. Josephine Hetzel, who saw them, said, "I almost fainted when I looked up at the sky and saw what looked like five large dinner plates."

5. Albert Roger reported a sighting in the summer of 1974. He was standing on 135th Street looking west at the sunset when he saw a "perfect pink triangle floating on the clouds." As the sun went down, the triangle drifted northward and disappeared. "I knew it wasn't normal," says Roger.

6. The Champ, the Greatest, Mr. Muhammad Ali was jogging in Central Park at 5:15 A.M. on December 1, 1971, when he spotted a bright light glowing in the sky. It was, he said, "like a huge electric light bulb."

7. During the evening of June 28, 1973, about a dozen people witnessed a pair of lights pulsating for over an hour. They were red and moved in a circular pattern.

8. A Brooklynite, Claudia Monteleone, had stopped for a traffic light in January 1975 when she saw a UFO from her car window. It was "swaying back and forth over an apartment building, a reddish glowing ship with a circular band of rotating multicolored lights around its edges."

Encounters of the Second Kind (Physical Evidence)

9. On St. Valentine's night in 1975, two fifteen-year-old Staten Island high school students, Mike Kileen and Chuck Damore, stopped at a local pond, ventured tentatively onto the ice, and looked up. Hanging 300 feet above the trees was a strange object. "It didn't budge and there was no sound of engines or propellers," says Mike. It glowed a brilliant shade of orange, had the shape of a football, and was about 25 feet in diameter. Then its shape changed to a sphere and it flew off to the northwest.

The boys went back the following day and found that the tops of several trees had been shorn off and that bark on other trees had been scorched as though by a tremendous blast of heat.

10. Warren Siegmond was taking photos of his lady friend at Union Square in May 1955 when they sighted "an enormous, fiery, circular object" above them. He photographed the phenomenon and the pictures indicated a large "doughnut-shaped unknown."

Encounters of the Third Kind (Contact)

11. At 3 A.M. on January 12, 1975, George Obarski was driving into North Hudson Park on his way home to North Bergen, New Jersey. A 35-foot-wide ship with vertical panels of light landed 50 feet from his car. About ten creatures three and a half feet tall emerged carrying bags and shovels. They dug pouches of Greater New York dirt, got back into the ship, and it lifted silently off the ground. Researchers later found traces of the holes.

12. On an August night in 1952, Alexander McNeill was walking through a swampy area of Oceanside, Long Island. He saw the landing of a UFO craft that "looked like a big, bright egg and carried a crew of three three-foot-high beings with large heads and pointed ears." They wore green ski-type uniforms and blue caps. "One came down a ladder and walked through the swamp; another walked back and forth; and another pointed a rod at me from the ship." McNeill also reported a rotten-egg odor.

Details on some of these and other sightings are in *UFO Exist!* (Putnam), by Paris Flammonde. Or to report a sighting, call the UFO hot line, MU 5-4080, manned by Timothy Beckley, New York's "Mr. UFO." ■

Illustrated by Paul Richer

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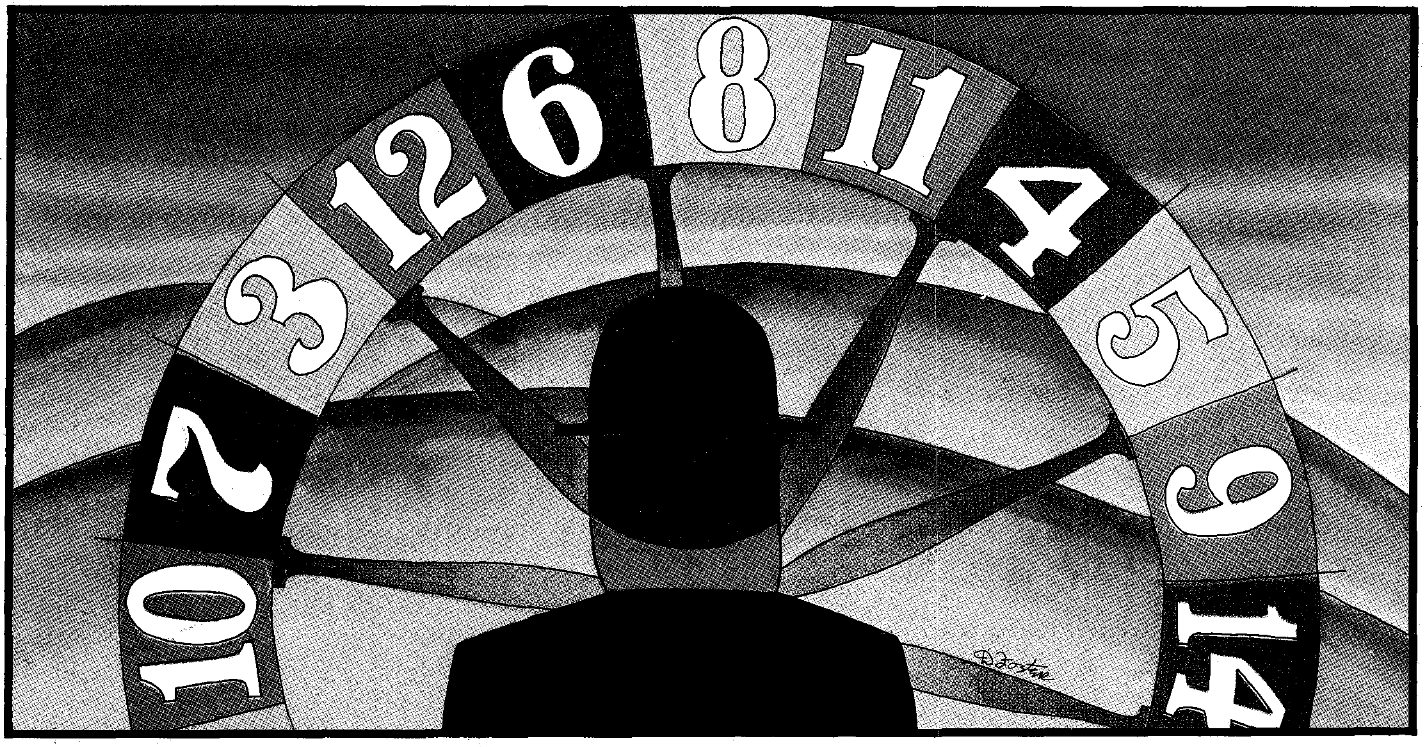
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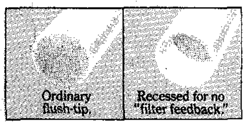
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